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THE NEW YORKER

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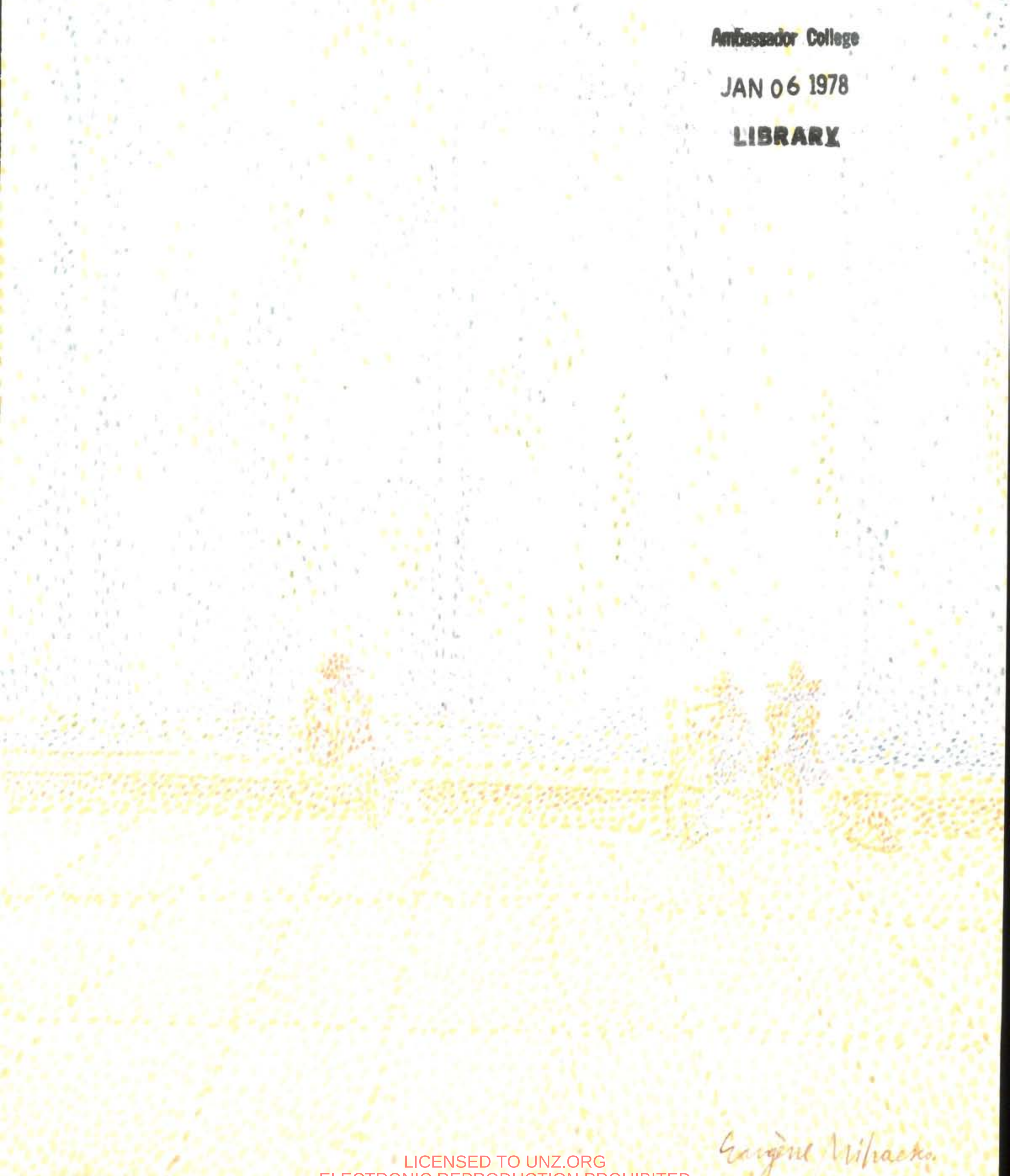
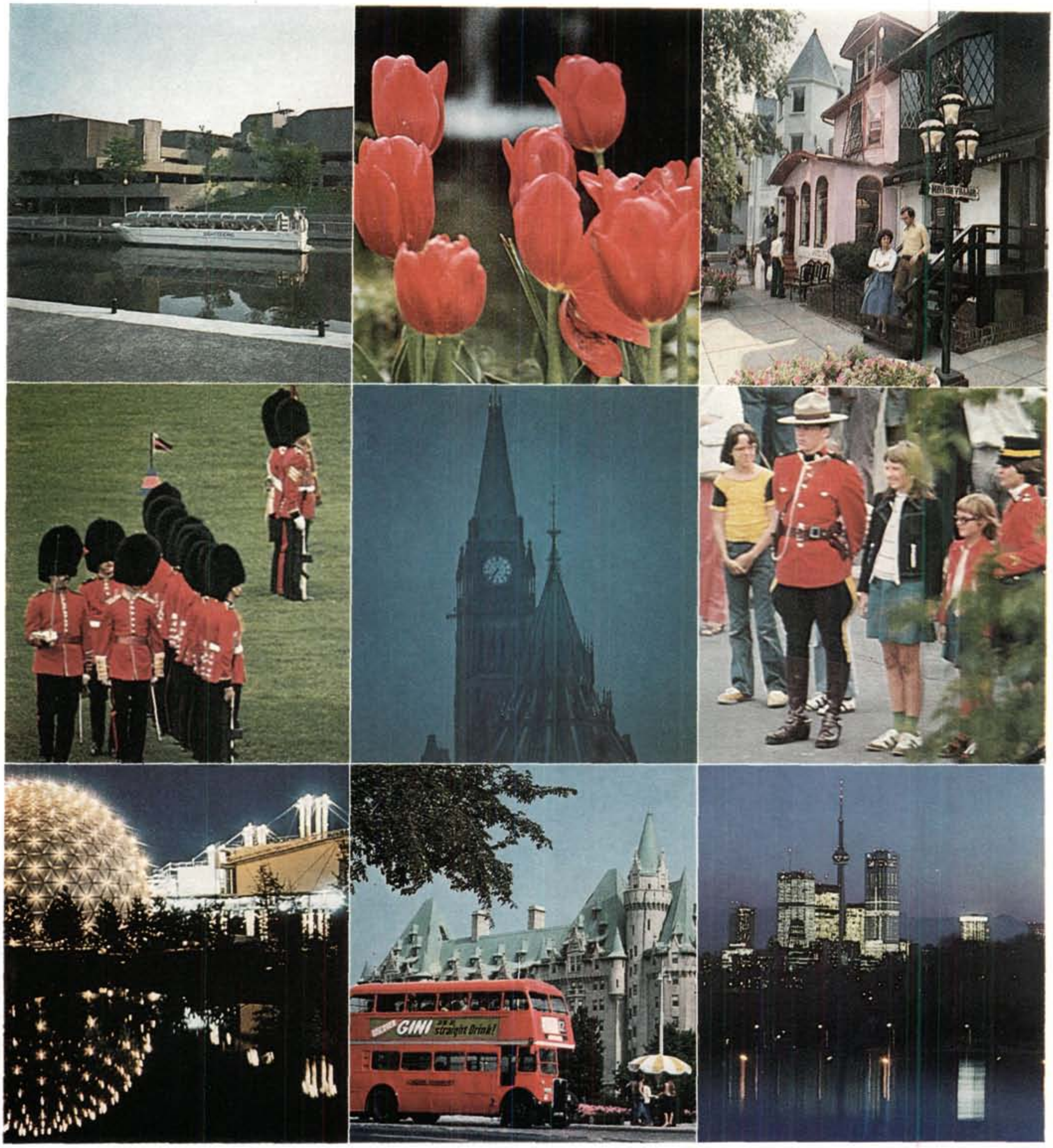


Eugène Mihaesco



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A flabby production of Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedy, but with good performances by Mary Louise Wilson, Patricia Conolly, and Munson Hicks. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons in a play written and directed by the Brazilian playwright Roberto Athayde. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Sloane Shelton, Gwyda Don-Howe, and Josef Sommer. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by a company of six (including two pianists). (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Unsung Cole—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Margery Cohen, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **chicago:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Mati-

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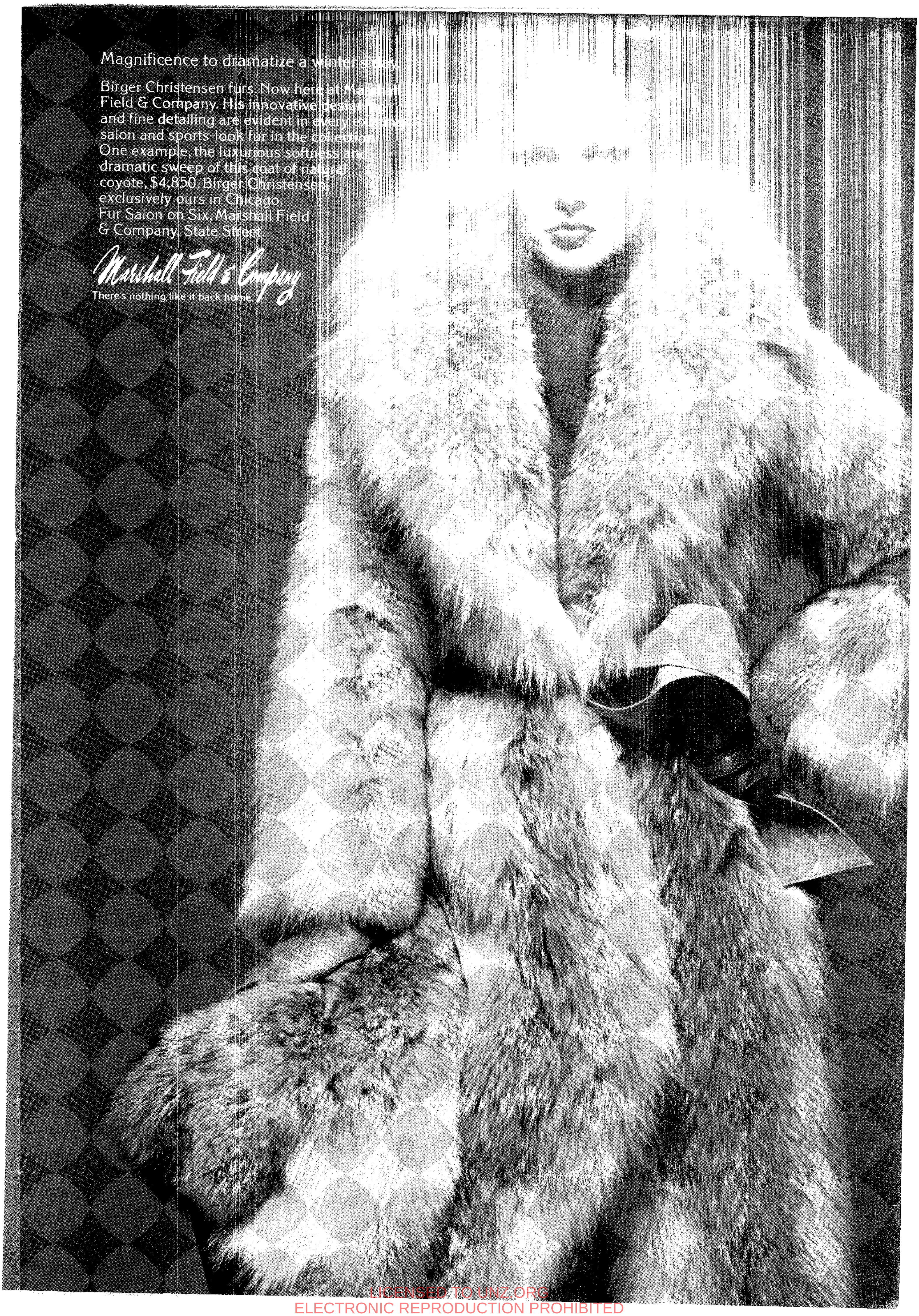

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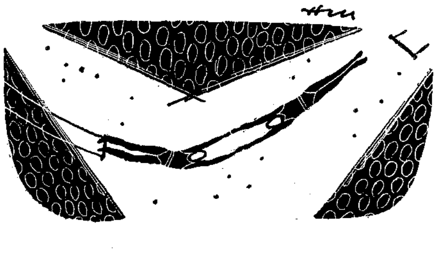
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,201 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A tent circus sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobatic clowns, trapeze artists, and aerialists. (Battery Park Landfill City. Wednesdays at 10:15 and 1; Thursdays through Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 4. For information about tickets, call 586-3581.)

ICE SHOW—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 10, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 21. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend coffee-house-gallery-loft. Clarinettist Perry Robinson, who has performed with the Jazz Composers Orchestra, Roswell Rudd, and Dave Brubeck, leads his own quartet on Saturday, Aug. 13. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL** will lead a quartet. Performances at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Liz Corrigan sings a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of gospel, a bit of seventies pop, with her able and understated backing trio, through Saturday, Aug. 13. Although her repertoire is almost a collection of fragments, she has a pleasingly strong, colorful, wide-ranging voice. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein will begin presenting nightly tributes to Brecht and Weill. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Fridays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Pianist Richie Beirach and his bassist Frank Tusa occupy the picture-window music corner through Saturday, Aug. 13. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 17, **ROLAND HANNA**, a fiery pianist, hunches over the keyboard, digs into the keys, and percussively coerces the music out. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Flutist Bobbi Humphrey is here with her pop-jazz band on Wednesday, Aug. 10; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 11-13, **DOC WATSON**, the legendary folk musician from the North Carolina mountains, will sing and stunningly flat-pick a whole gang of classics, aided by his son **MERLE** and a couple of other young rural musicians; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 14-15, Commander Cody and his new band will perform opposite another rock outfit co-led by guitarists Robert Gordon and Link Wray; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 17-18, will be claimed by jazz-rock composer and pianist Lonnie Liston Smith; and on Saturday, Aug. 20, **GIL SCOTT-HERON**, the protest poet and rhythm-and-blues singer, will begin a two-night stand with his talented colleague **BRIAN JACKSON** (composer, pianist, and flutist) and their band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** team up here through Saturday, Aug. 13; on Monday, Aug. 15, **JIMMY ROWLES**, one of the house favorites, will return with his bassist. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING**, the Bobby Short Summer Replacement for three more weeks, plays solo piano Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. The music usually begins after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

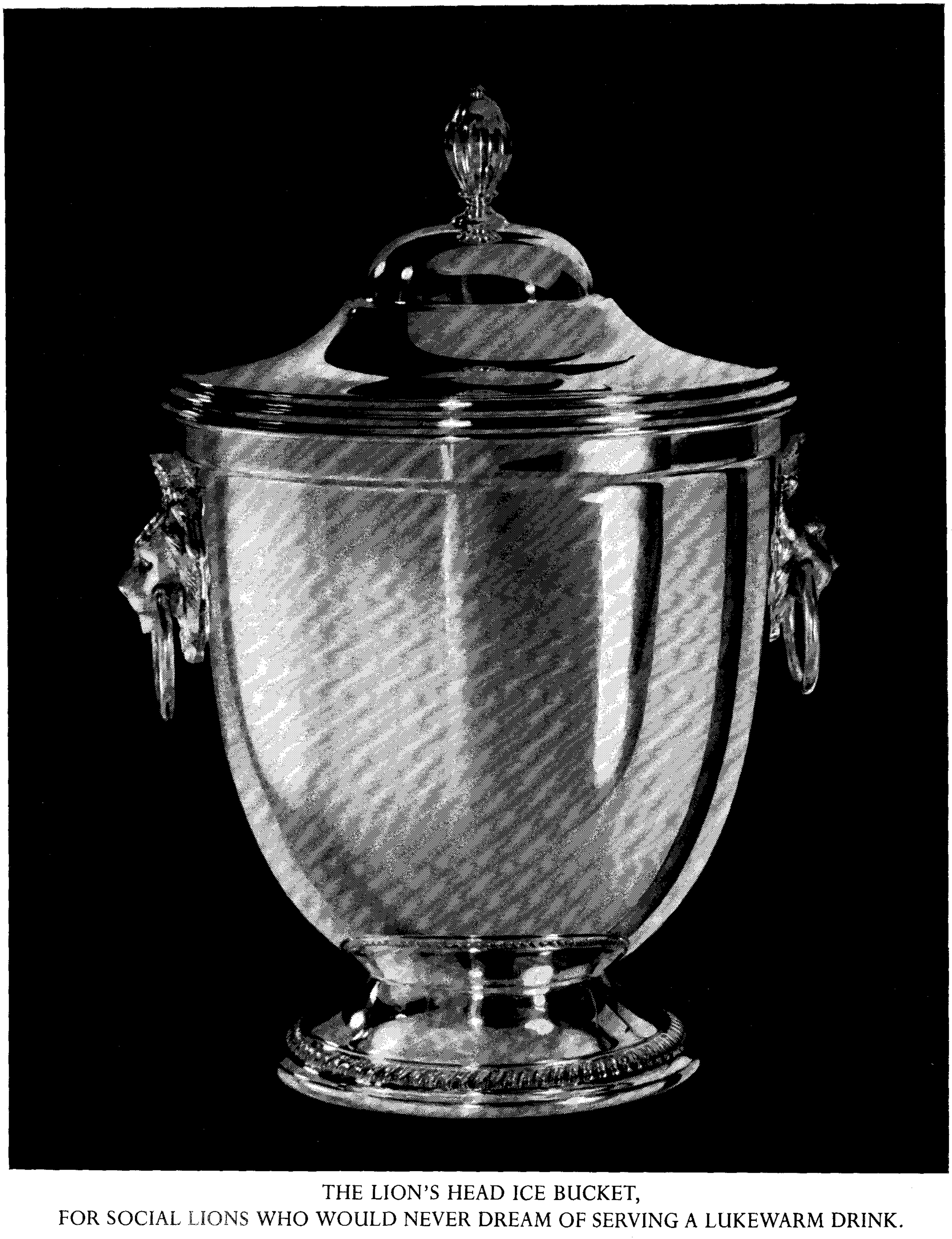
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues through Saturday, Aug. 13, when she'll be away for two weeks. The two-week-long intermission spot has been given to singers and songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD**, who will begin on Monday, Aug. 15. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a very young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, works with a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** is here Wednesdays through Sundays with bassist Frank Luther and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven to three on Sundays. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from five to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The long-standing guitar team of **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS** performs with assistance from a couple of sidemen Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is back and has rejoined the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A tribute to the late Johnny Mercer, done by the singers BOB CARROLL and MARLENE VER PLANCK, and by TONY MONTE on piano, RICHARD DAVIS on bass, and JOE CORSELLO on drums. The distance between this excellent idea and its execution is considerable. Through Saturday, Aug. 13. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, singer Irene (sister of Roy) Kral will arrive with a backup combo. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm-and-blues groups. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13, CHICO HAMILTON, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, good-natured showman—he doesn't simply introduce the members of his band, he improvises a tune about them—will be present. His young quintet, which includes alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE, a wonderful guitarist named MARVIN HORNE, and bassist C. J. McBee, Jr., Cecil McBee's son, plays rhythm and blues at its subtlest. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. The Quicksilver Messenger Service, a reunited twelve-year-old San Francisco-rock quintet, will dominate the stage on Wednesday, Aug. 10. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 11-13, it's strictly for folkies: singer and guitarist Jim Dawson trades sets with Chunky, Novi, and Ernie, a West Coast trio. And Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20, ARLO GUTHRIE, possibly the world's most charming folkie, will be here with his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—BOBBY ROSENGARDEN presides over an orchestra here in Art Deco-land Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer Judith Cohen, wiry, frenetic, occasionally strident, and generally outrageous, performs before her devoted admirers Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Saxophonist and new-jazz activist SAM RIVERS—he runs an on-again, off-again, highly thought-of music loft called Studio Rivbea, in NoHo—leads a quintet that features two longtime associates, bassist DAVE HOLLAND and drummer BARRY ALTSCHUL. The music is avant-gardish and completely foot-tappable. Through Saturday, Aug. 13. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, alto saxophonist PHIL WOODS will arrive with his quintet. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively dark and sleepy-looking, and easy to pass over unless one is aware of what is going on inside. Singer Janet Lawson and her trio perform Wednesdays; traditional trumpeter JIMMY MAXWELL leads a sextet on Fridays. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Saturdays through Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. JACK WILKINS, one of the most exciting young guitarists around—his roots lie with Kenny Burrell, but his technique is faster and flashier—has charge of a quartet through Saturday, Aug. 13; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 14-15, tenor saxophonist DEWEY REDMAN will lead an out-there ensemble; and on Tuesday, Aug. 16, trumpeter RANDY BRECKER will bring in his quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

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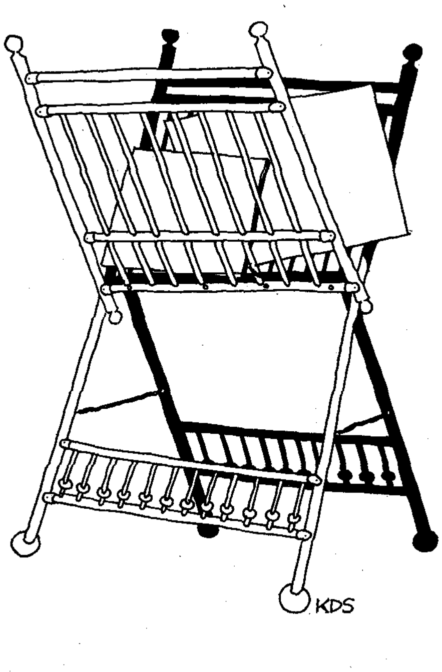
Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—A Spartanly simple and appealing downstairs music haunt that brings the Columbia University community swing jazz on Fridays and Saturdays. On Aug. 12-13, blues and boogie-woogie specialist pianist SAMMY PRICE heads a quartet. On Aug. 19-20, the Courtsmen, a quintet fronted by two Basie exes—tenor saxophonist (and, sometimes, vocalist) EARLE WARREN, who is a real delight near a microphone, and trombonist DICKY WELLS—will take over the stage. Sets begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Snacks and setups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne HELLMAN'S ANGELS (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, EDDIE BERG, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. The literally towering blues pianist, singer, and legend MEMPHIS SLIM, who is here on a visit from Paris, where he has lived for several years, will alternate with hard-bop drummer ART BLAKEY and his JAZZ MESSENGERS. Blakey and company will leave on Sunday, Aug. 14, and jazz-piano patriarch EARL HINES will arrive to perform opposite Slim beginning Tuesday, Aug. 16. Music from about ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Tenor saxophonist PHAROAH SANDERS, who is lately playing almost as much hard bop as spiritual-enlightenment music, heads up a quintet through Sunday, Aug. 14; on Tuesday, Aug. 16, altoist LEE KONITZ, always worth hearing, will descend the stairs with the nonet he's been leading uptown at Stryker's for the past year. They play everything from fifty-year-old Louis Armstrong transcriptions to Lennie Tristano arrangements to the obligatory Chick Corea number. Mondays here have been turned over to saxophonist and composer FRANK FOSTER and his loose, young, exciting twenty-two-piece LOUD MINORITY. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has been relocated at the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays four-string guitarist TINY GRIMES leads a trio through some fifties Basie-band material as well as "Tiny's Tempo," "St. Thomas," and "Lady of Spain." The rest of the week is given over to fledgling or more experienced groups. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays.



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bob Reid and the Emergency Sound—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Aug. 13, from 2 to 5.

Bob Marley & the Wailers—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the ACQUAVELLA, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Frankenthaler, Caro, Kline, and others. Through Sept. 6. . . . AARON BERMAN, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 12. . . . DROLL-KOLBERT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Susan Crile, Charles Fahlen, and Pat Steir are three of the artists participating in a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KENNEDY, 40 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by such twentieth-century Americans as José de Creeft, Georgia O'Keeffe, Ben Shahn, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 19. . . . UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: ALEXANDER, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . CASTELLI, 420 West Broadway. . . . CRISPO, 41 E. 57th St. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St. . . . GENESIS, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . GIMPEL, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.

New Talent Shows—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St., where unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week, a selection from the works inspected last winter is on view. Through Aug. 27. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . TRUMAN, 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, Sonya Rapoport, Stephen Larese, and Marc Boone. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway—An ongoing free exhibition of performing and visual arts, the latter mostly sculpture at the moment—ten upright prisms, nine feet tall, by Charles Ross, which cast rainbows of light into odd corners of the fine old structure; a series of plaster figures by Carol Parker; and a paper environment by Vera Manzi Schacht that is like a sunset one can walk into. . . . ¶ Musical and/or dancing groups perform Wednesdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 3. Through Sept. 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George N. Barnard (1819-1902)—Civil War photographs. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Chauncey Hare—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Edward Weston (1886-1958) / **Leland Rice**—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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seventy-five photographs, some of them vintage prints, the others printed by Weston's sons Cole and Brett, and by George A. Tice. / Color photographs of paint-splattered artists' studios, and other works. Through Friday, Aug. 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clarence H. White (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Impressions of Cuba—In March, seven photographers from the United States spent three weeks photographing the island from end to end, and this exhibit consists of a hundred and fifty of their works. Through Aug. 31. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others have works in a show of new acquisitions. Through Tuesday, Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alexandra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Jim Dine, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs, by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday evenings, from 6:20 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Tuesday, Aug. 16. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

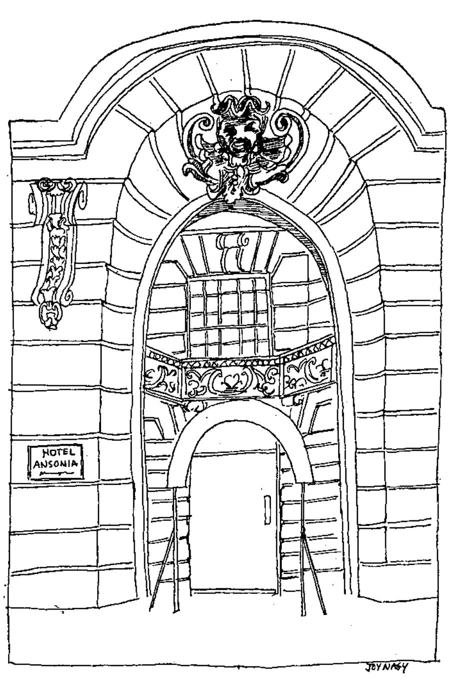
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than a hundred cone shells and cowrie shells collected from tropical waters and displayed in mirrored cases. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, works on paper, and poetry are displayed jointly in a big show murkily entitled "The Object as Poet." It is intended to celebrate the interaction between a poet's work and a craftsman's work; in some cases the interaction is direct collaboration (Howard Moss and Cletus Johnson), and in others it is more tenuous, or even a one-man operation (Saul Steinberg, Margaret Israel, Betye Saar). Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)



New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

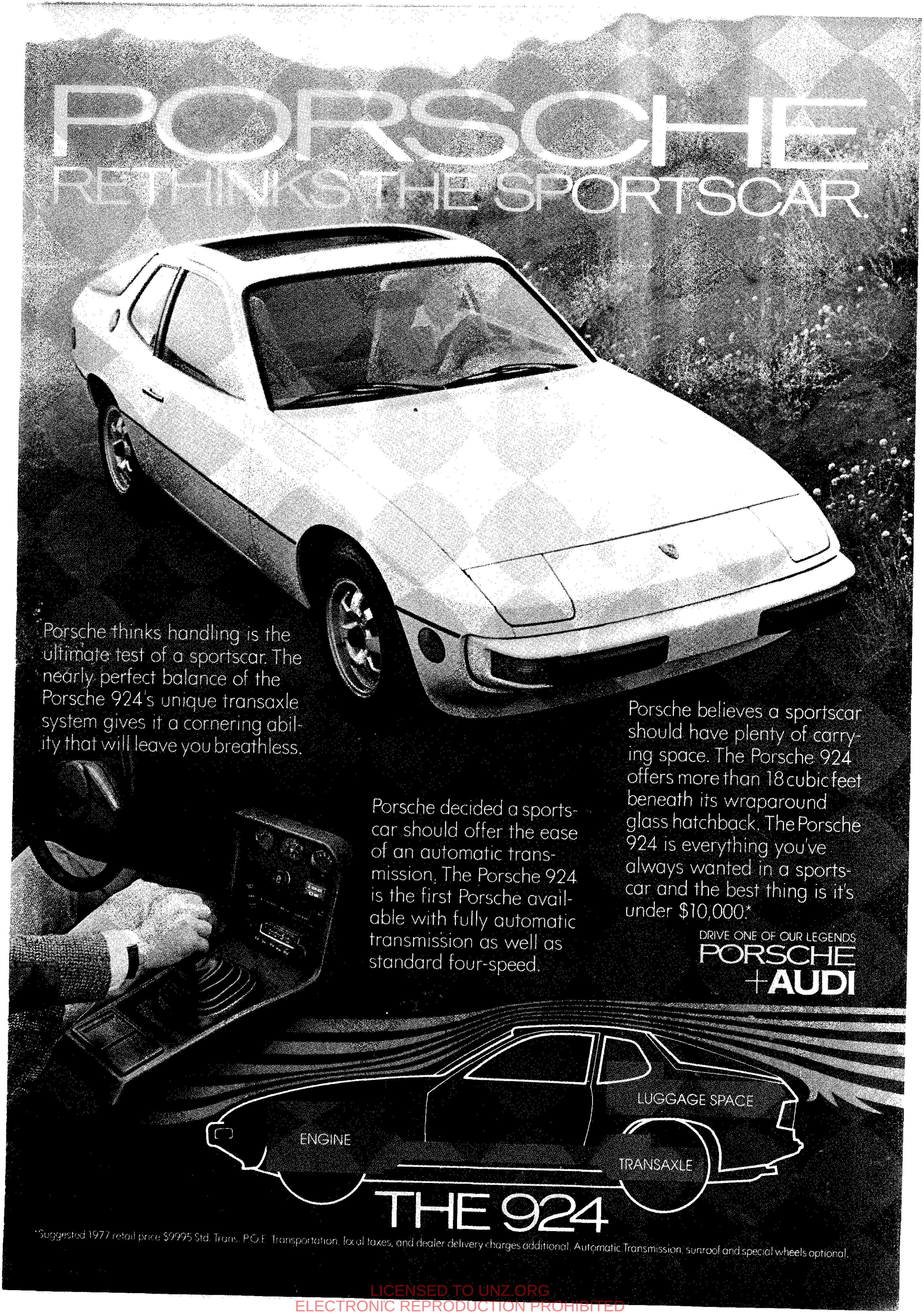
MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Philippe Entremont conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Mr. Entremont and Raphael Hillyer, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 12-13: Rafael Druian conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist in an all-Mozart program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 15, and Wednesday, Aug. 17: Leonard Slatkin conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Jessye Norman, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 16: Miss Norman, Mr. Ax, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18: The Beaux Arts Trio and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20: Lawrence Foster conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Ani Kavafian, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, conducted variously by Arthur Fiedler, Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, and Joseph Silverstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Lois Schaefer, piccolo; Sherman Walt, bassoon; Esther Hinds, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Dominic Cossa, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting; Gunther Schuller will conduct his own violin concerto, with Zvi Zeitlin as soloist. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 7: Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, and Yehudi Wyner, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestras in a benefit performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with Kenneth Riegel, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus and Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Andrew Davis directing the Boston Symphony, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:30: Andrew Davis conducting, with Mr. Riegel and Charles Kavalovski, horn. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 27—Wednesday, Aug. 10: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with André Watts, piano, and Keith Chapman, organ. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 11: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Rose Taylor, contralto; Jerold Norman, tenor; Michael Devlin, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12: Aaron Copland directing a program of his own works, with Gerald Crawford, baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Edgar Bergen (and Charlie McCarthy), narrator, and Annette and Regina DiMedio, duo piano. . . . **NOTE:** Special concerts will be given on Sunday, Aug. 14, at 7, by Linda Ronstadt, and on Monday, Aug. 15, at 8:15, by Tex Beneke, Bob Eberly, and Helen O'Connell. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 17: Sarah Caldwell directing an all-Prokofieff program, with John Reardon, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass-



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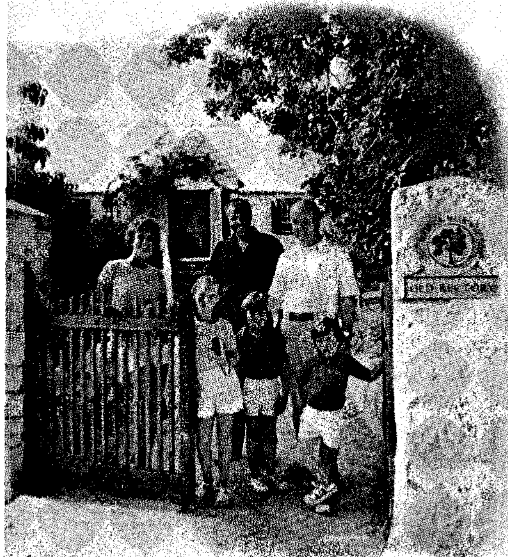

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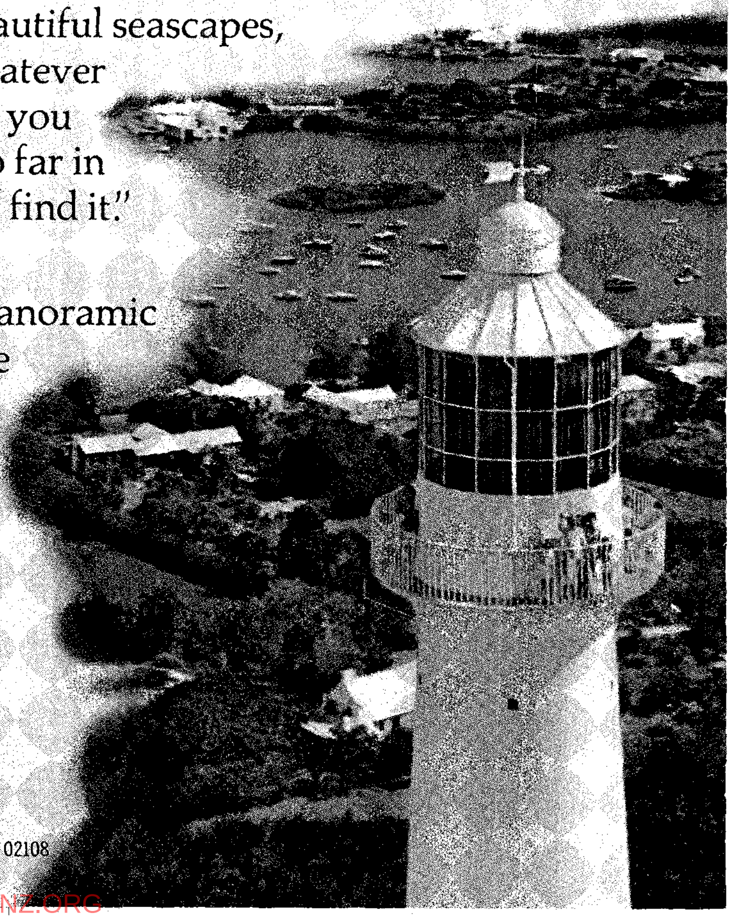

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baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18: Robert Shaw directing an all-Beethoven program, with Penelope Jensen, soprano; Florence Kopleff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20: William Smith conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: A recital by Carlos Barbosa-Lima, classical guitarist. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 5:30: A piano recital by Agustin Anievas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: A piano recital by Philippe Entremont. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of "Italian Music of the Late Renaissance." (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Ohio Ballet Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-20: Dennis Wayne's Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—The first four of eight performances in Newport. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, at 8: Dance Theatre of Harlem. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, Aug. 21-22, at 8: Don Redlich Dance Company. (Rogers High School Auditorium, Wykeham Rd., Newport, R. I.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 19, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 20, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 10-11, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday, Aug. 12, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 13, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle, Don Larsen, and other old Yankee warriors); and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2. . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 15-16, at 8.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8.)

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 18-21.)

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Bernard Baruch Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 10; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 13; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 20. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 13, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Kelly-Olympic Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20.

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—At **FELT FORUM,** Madison Square Garden: New York Apples vs. Soviet Union, Wednesday, Aug. 10. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Cleveland or Indiana, in the first game of the Pro Tennis playoffs, Tuesday, Aug. 16. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.). . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** New York Apples vs Indians. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Saturday, Aug. 13.) Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Aug. 15, through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19.

YACHTING—Australia, France, and Sweden in the second of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Thursday, Aug. 11.). . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 16.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of a revived production of Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of **AGAMEMNON**, the terrifying play by Aeschylus. The second of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Julius Rudel (with Rodney Friend, violin) is conducting the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside, Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf (with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet) will conduct the final program: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8:30. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** Bronx, Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—The first of two performances of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," presented by the New York University Theatre Company. (Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2.). . . ¶ Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Band, with Robert Nagel, trumpet; John Swallow, baritone saxophone and trombone; and Robert White, tenor. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—Opening performances of a three-week festival of dance, chamber music, cabaret, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Tuesday, Aug. 16, Opening Day Celebration (a sampling of things to come) at noon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18, the New California Ramblers at noon and the Beaux Arts Trio at 6. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, Doris Hays' Sensevents at 6:15. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8, the Murray Louis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:15, Country Dance Festival. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:15, the Philip Glass Ensemble performing "Music from Einstein on the Beach."

WOLLMAN RINK—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 10: Dave Mason and Elliott Murphy. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12: Bonnie Raitt and Garland Jeffreys. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13: Phoebe Snow and Dean Friedman. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 15: The Earl Scruggs Revue. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 17: Peter Allen. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20: The David Bromberg Band and Leon Redbone. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **FINIAN'S RAINBOW,** with Beth Fowler and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Thursday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

WALKING TOUR—"East Sixties," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 14, starting at Hunter College, Park Ave., between 68th and 69th Sts., at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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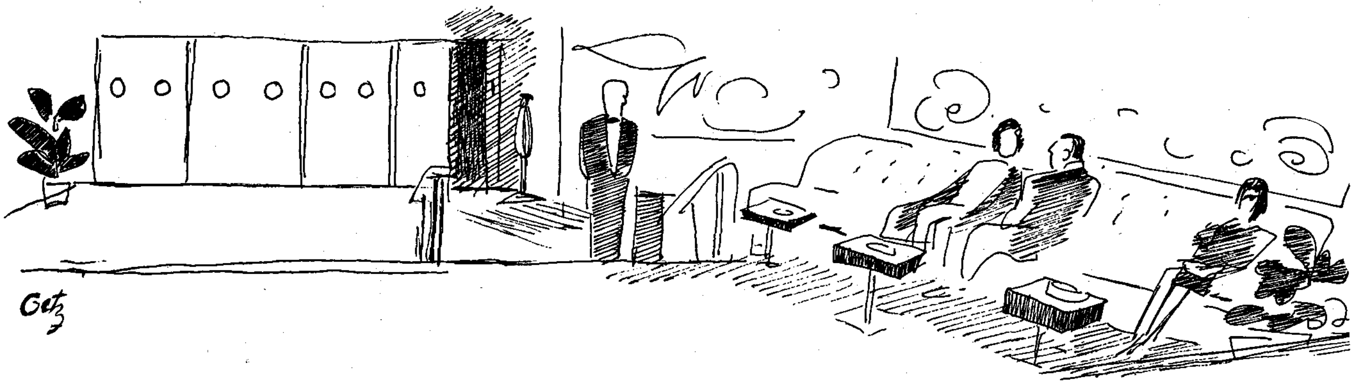

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 16: "3 Women" and "M*A*S*H."
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 16: "Cousin, Cousine."
From Aug. 17: "3 Women."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"March or Die."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Sandakan 8."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The First Nudie Musical."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"March or Die."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 16: "Annie Hall."
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 16: "Greased Lightning."
From Aug. 17: "Fantastic Animation Festival."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Orca."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 16: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
From Aug. 17: "The Aristocats" and "The Littlest Horse Thieves."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 16: "The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane."
From Aug. 17: "Ruby."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Satan's Brew."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 10: "The Great Madcap."
Aug. 11-17: "Daughter of Deceit."
From Aug. 18: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Aug. 16: "Greased Lightning."
From Aug. 17: "In the Realm of the Senses."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "New York, New York."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 16: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo." From Aug. 17: "The Aristocats" and "The Littlest Horse Thieves."
Theatre 3: "The Kentucky Fried Movie."
Theatre 4: "The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 16: "Sorcerer."
From Aug. 17: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 13: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 14: "The Sensual Man."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Cría!"

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 16: "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From Aug. 17: "Fantastic Animation Festival."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Stroszek."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 16: "We All Loved Each Other So Much."
From Aug. 17: "Cría!"

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 16: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo." From Aug. 17: "The Aristocats" and "The Littlest Horse Thieves."
Theatre 2: "Greased Lightning."
Theatre 3: "A Bridge Too Far."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 10: "Cousin, Cousine."
From Aug. 11: "Chac."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 16: "Jaws" and "Swashbuckler."
From Aug. 17: "Cousin, Cousine" and "Obsession."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Aug. 11: "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 12-13: "Baby Doll" (†) and "The Rose Tattoo." (†)
Aug. 14-15: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Aug. 16: "Staircase" (†) and "The Queen." (†)
Aug. 17-18: "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian; and "And Now My Love." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 10: "Burn!" (1970), directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, with Marlon Brando; and "The Battle of Algiers" (1965), in French and Arabic, directed by Gillo Pontecorvo.
Aug. 11: "Safety Last" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon.
Aug. 12: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.
Aug. 13: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh.
Aug. 14: "Our Town" (†) and "Alice Adams." (†)
Aug. 15: "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Sandra" (1966), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig, and Jean Sorel.
Aug. 16: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.
Aug. 17: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins,

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Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Aug. 18: "Why Worry?" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927), directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 11: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).

Aug. 12-13: "Jaws" (†) and "The Sugarland Express." (†)

Aug. 14-15: "O Lucky Man!" (†) and "If . . ." (†)

Aug. 16: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi; and "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

Aug. 17-18: "Pumping Iron" (†) and "Fortune and Men's Eyes." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 10: "Captains Courageous" (1937), directed by Victor Fleming, with Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Melvyn Douglas, and Lionel Barrymore; and "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951), directed by John Huston, with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin.

Aug. 11-13: "The Pirate" (1948), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and Walter Slezak; and "High Society" (1956), directed by Charles Walters, with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Celeste Holm.

Aug. 14-16: "Dinner at Eight" (†) and "Bombshell." (†)

From Aug. 17: "North by Northwest" (†); and "The Thin Man" (1934) directed by W.S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Aug. 11: "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966), directed by Richard Lester, with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern.

Aug. 12-13: "State of the Union" (†); and "The Lady Eve" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, Charles Coburn, and Eugene Pallette.

Aug. 14-16: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965), directed by Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan, with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev; and "Specter of the Rose." (†)

Aug. 17-18: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (†) and "White Heat." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 10: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Aug. 11: "The Spoilers" (1942), directed by Ray Enright, with Marlene Dietrich, Randolph Scott, and John Wayne; and "Santa Fe Trail" (1940), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ronald Reagan, and Raymond Massey.

Aug. 12-13: "Murder" (†) and "Young and Innocent." (†)

Aug. 14-15: "Anything Goes" (†) and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

Aug. 16: "The North Star" (†) and "A Farewell to Arms." (†)

Aug. 17-18: "Beat the Devil" (†) and "The Big Heat." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 11 at 2:30: "The Rebel" (1933), directed by Luis Trenker, with Vilma Banky and Victor Varconi. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6: "Resurrection" (1931), directed by Edwin Carewe, with John Boles and Lupe Velez. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 8:30: "The Last Performance" (1927), directed by Paul Fejos, with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin; Danish inter-titles, simultaneous translation. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2:30: "Lonesome" (1928), directed by Paul Fejos, with Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon, sound print; and "The Last Performance.". . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines" (1950), directed by Fritz Lang, with Tyrone Power. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at noon: "Air Mail" (1932), directed by John Ford, with Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2:30: "Lonesome." . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 5: "Captain of the Guard" (1930), directed by John S. Robertson and Paul Fejos, with John Boles and Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at noon: "The Great Waldo Pepper" (1975), directed by George Roy Hill, with Robert Redford. . . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Air Mail.". . . ¶ Aug. 14 at 5: "Quick Million" (1931), directed by Rowland Brown, with Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at noon: "Indian Summer" (1958), directed by Jules Schwerin; and "Pablo Casals" (1953), directed by Robert Snyder. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 2:30: "East Is West" (1930), directed by Monta Bell, with Lupe Velez, Lew Ayres, Edward G. Robinson, and Mary Forbes. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "The Doomed Battalion" (1932), directed by Luis Trenker and Cyril Gardner, with Tala Birell and Mr. Trenker. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at noon: "Indian Summer" and "Pablo Casals.". . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 2:30: "American Madness" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Walter Huston and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "See America Thirst" (1930), directed by William James Craft, with Harry Langdon and Bessie Love. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Captain of the Guard." . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 6: "Moonlight and Pretzels" (1933), directed by Karl Freund, with Mary Brian. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 8:30: "Tom Brown of Culver" (1932), directed by William Wyler, with Tom Brown and Andy Devine; and "The Stolen Ranch" (1926), directed by William Wyler. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

And Now My Love (1975)—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 17-18.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 16.)

Anything Goes (1936)—Directed by Lewis Milestone and starring Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Not to be confused with the less good remake of twenty years later, also with Bing. The general liveliness of the original Broadway show seems to have survived intact in this version, like the Cole Porter music (including the more stately rhymes from "You're the Top"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14-15.)

The Aristocats (1970)—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 17.)

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll and engrossing carnal comedy, set lowdown in Mississippi. The infantile erotic heroine (Carroll Baker) sucks her thumb and sleeps in a crib. Her middle-aged husband (Karl Malden) has agreed not to consummate the marriage until she is twenty; meanwhile her husband's enemy, a sharp Sicilian (Eli Wallach), lays expert hands on her. (His performance is also expert.) With Mildred Dunnock and a number of residents of Benoit, Mississippi, whom the director, Elia Kazan, employed as extras. There are some wobbly moments toward the end, but it's an entertaining picture. When it came out, it was condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency, and *Time* said that it was "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited," with "Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." It's not quite all that. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 12-13.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17-18.)

The Big Heat (1953)—It would be a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style and brought off a few stunningly executed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is a cop who ignores the orders of the brass and investigates a gangster (Alexander Scourby). Scourby's men plant a bomb in Ford's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. One of the gangsters (Lee Marvin) also throws scalding coffee at the high-living, tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame). Ford leaves the Police Department, and with Grahame's aid he enables the film to accumulate corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17-18.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Regency; Aug. 14-16.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket

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IBM Reports

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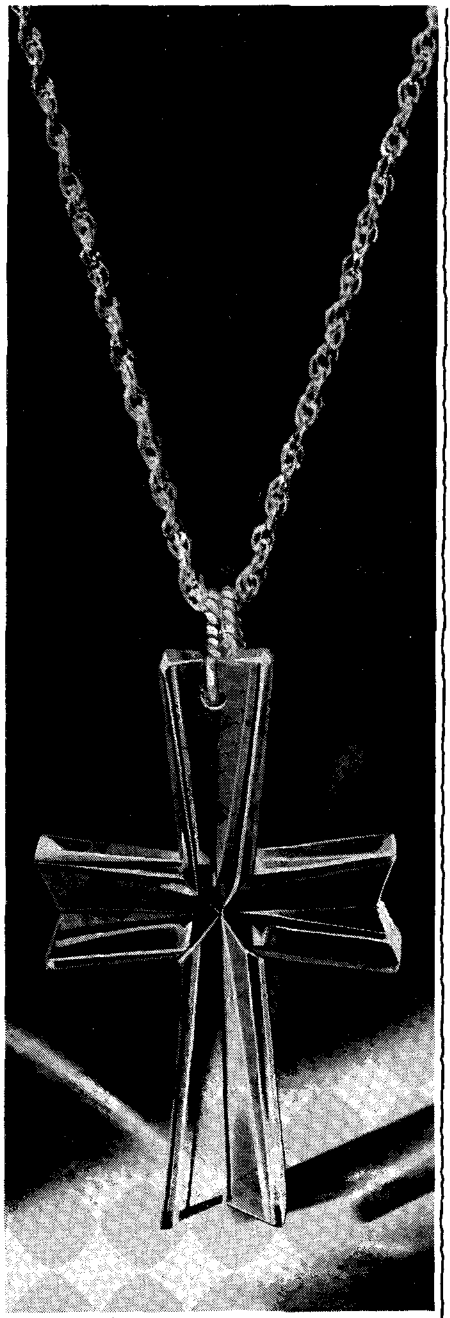

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

money. (6/20/77) (Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Chac—A film about the Mayan Indians today, directed by Rolando Klein. In the Tzeltal and Mayan dialects. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 11.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ New Yorker; Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 17.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 17.)

Daughter of Deceit (1951)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Aug. 11-17.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Regency; Aug. 14-16.)

Fantastic Animation Festival—A film made up of sixteen award-winning animated short subjects. (U.A. East, and Paramount; starting Aug. 17.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue, while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably *appealing*—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16.)

The First Nudie Musical—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes (1971)—Based on John Herbert's play about prison and homosexuality, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer. Directed by Harvey Hart. (Cinema Village; Aug. 17-18.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Aug. 16.)

Greased Lightning—With Richard Pryor, Beau Bridges, Pam Grier, and Cleavon Little; directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ U.A. East, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 16.)

The Great Madcap (1949)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo—From the Disney studios: the further adventures of Herbie, the self-willed VW beetle. With Dean Jones, Don Knotts, and Julie Sommars; directed by Vincent McEveety. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 16.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (Thalia; Aug. 17-18.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Cinema Village; Aug. 14-15.)

Illusion Travels by Streetcar (1952)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Aug. 18.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. The "cure" is not complete, but we were never promised a rose garden. (8/8/77) (Cinema I.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 17.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (Olympia; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Aug. 12-13.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane—With Jodie Foster, Martin Sheen, and Alexis Smith; directed by Nicolas Gessner. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 16.)

The Littlest Horse Thieves—From the Disney studios, with Alastair Sim, Peter Barkworth, and Susan Tebbs; directed by Charles Jarrott. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 17.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

March or Die—With Gene Hackman, Terence Hill, and Max von Sydow; directed by Dick Richards. (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 16.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people, not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to ridicule the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12-13.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, Quad Cinema, and Ziegfeld.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Regency; starting Aug. 17.)

The North Star (1943)—Samuel Goldwyn produced this Second World War atrocity in his typical, shiny prestige format. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lillian Hellman wrote the script, Aaron Copland wrote the music, James Wong Howe did the careful, studio-ish cinematography, and Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation with "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanizes the Germans and, in the process, romanticizes the Russians so foully that they're turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. Among the stock characters are Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Martin Kosleck, Tonio Selwart, Esther Dale, Paul Guilfoyle, and Carl Benton Reid. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued under the title "Armored Attack;" the version showing here is the original. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Olympia; starting Aug. 17.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet; a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer; the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's. Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Cinema Village; Aug. 14-15.)

Orca—More underwater killers snooping about. An incensed whale this time. With Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Michael Anderson. (86th St. East.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

Our Town (1940)—Despite all one's conscious

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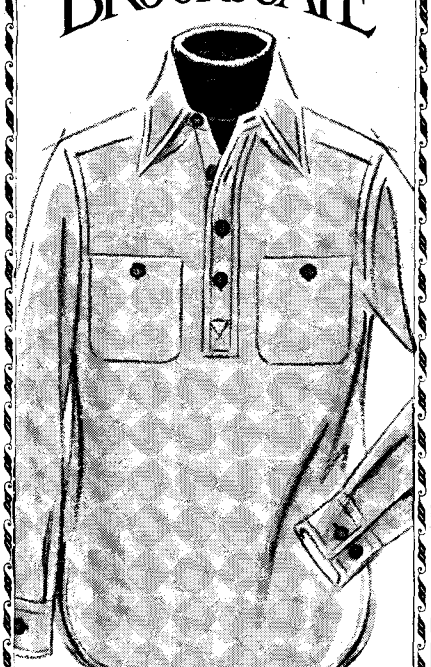

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objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—the movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Outrageous—With Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren, directed by Richard Benner. (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Baronet.)

Pumping Iron—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Cinema Village; Aug. 17-18.)

The Queen (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection, a woman cut off from the life around her because nothing is as good as that dream (and, from the way it looks, the squalid Gulf Coast town around her isn't up to anybody's dream). Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semi-comically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Magnani won an Academy Award for her performance; Tennessee Williams reputedly wrote the role for her, though Maureen Stapleton played it on Broadway. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. James Wong Howe also won an Academy Award, for cinematography. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 12-13.)

Ruby—With Piper Laurie and Stuart Whitman, directed by Curtis Harrington. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 17.)

Sandakan 8—Directed by Kei Kumai. In Japanese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Fine Arts.)

Satan's Brew—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Waverly.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sensual Man—With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting Aug. 14.)

Sorcerer—William Friedkin's remake of Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear," about four men at the end of their endurance in Latin America. In spite of the title, the quality of the film is not metaphysical but lies in the tension of the gesture of defiance by the four men, who have nothing real to lose, though capitalist society dependent on labor has trained them to think their null existences of value. After a wretched hour of unnecessary opening plot, the sad thriller is set. See the Clouzot version in preference. (7/18/77) (Playboy; through Aug. 16.)

Specter of the Rose (1946)—Ben Hecht wrote, directed, and produced this gorgeously florid melodrama about a great mad dancer (Ivan Kirov) who is suspected of having murdered his dancing-partner wife. He marries his new partner (Viola Essen), and it isn't long before George Antheil's music is suggesting horrors to come. Lionel Stander plays a moody poet with a broken heart, and he rasps out the gaudiest mots ever heard in an American movie, while Judith Anderson, as a ballet teacher, and Michael Chekhov, as a shoestring impresario, engage in dialogues about the deep-down-under meaning of art and life. Kirov, a California high jumper, was a shudderingly bad dancer to have been cast in this Nijinsky ripoff, but Viola Essen is lovely. (Thalia; Aug. 14-16.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian woman spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Gone are the days of the early Bond pictures, with their vivacity and circus hucksterism. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Columbia I, Columbia II, and Loews Ciné.)

Staircase (1969)—Stanley Donen's conventional and rather untender film made from Charles Dyer's play about two homosexuals, acted by Rex Harrison as if he were doing a turn that alarmed him, but by Richard Burton with more feeling and heroic comedy than anything else in the film possesses. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and she's his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearance's sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. Van Johnson, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Walburn are in the cast, along with such troupers as Marion Martin and Tom Pedi. If you want to see what Arthur O'Connell looked like when he was younger, watch for the reporter who turns up. (Thalia; Aug. 12-13.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German, who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simple-minded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio.)

The Sugarland Express (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet its director, Steven Spielberg, who is in his twenties, is a wizard at action sequences, and this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (Cinema Village; Aug. 12-13.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Olympia; through Aug. 16.)

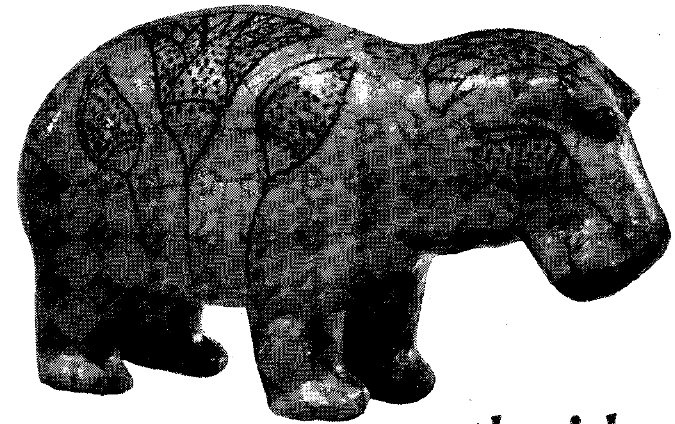
3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 17.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 16.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of the shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14-15.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Thalia; Aug. 17-18.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12-13.)



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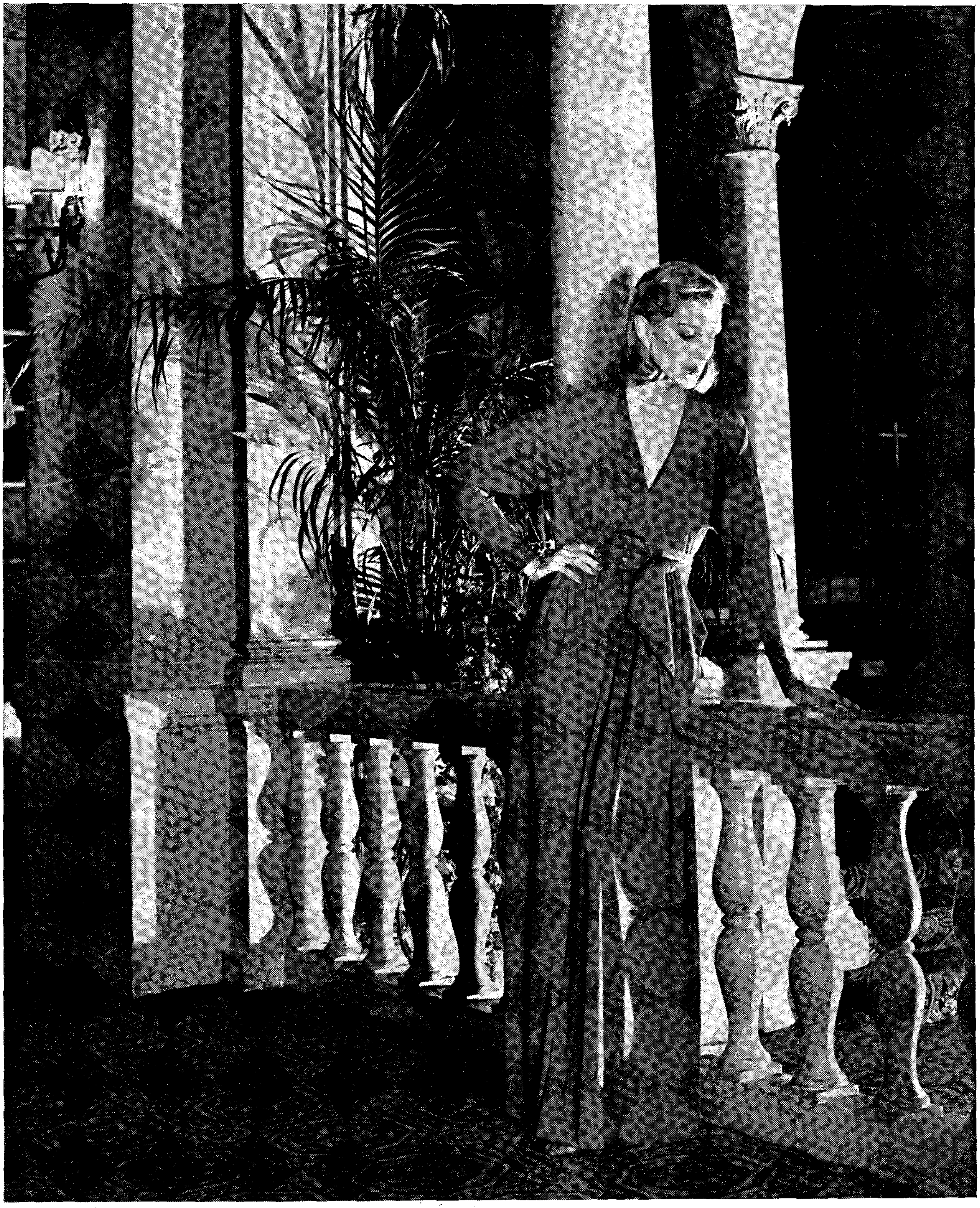

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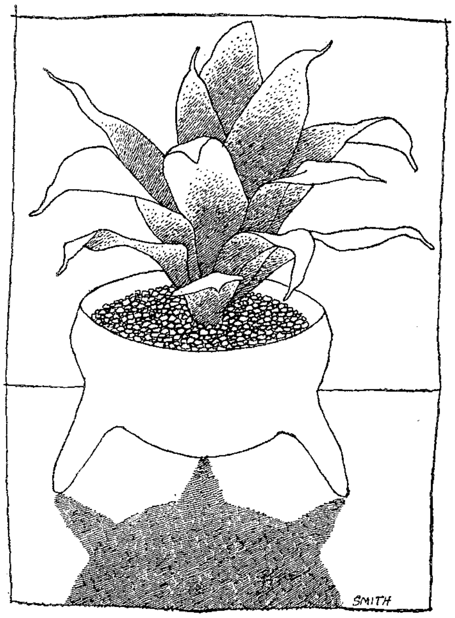
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Son of Sam has killed six people and wounded seven, and he has sold a lot of newspapers. While the killer's assaults are news, and the press is entitled to report whatever it wants to report on the subject, just about everything done by the press here—especially by the *Post* and the *News*—has made a bad situation worse for the residents of New York. By transforming a killer into a celebrity, the press has not merely encouraged but perhaps driven him to strike again—and may have stirred others brooding madly over their grievances to act. He has a public reputation now, and must live up to it. By transforming what should be a quiet police operation into a political issue, the press has forced the Mayor and the Police Commissioner to reduce the day-to-day protection provided by the police around the city, in order to concentrate on the search for the murderer—a search that, given the lack of clues, is unlikely to be aided by the assignment of more officers. Almost certainly, the killer will be captured (if he is captured) because of a fluke, not because three hundred policemen have been engaged in a blind chase in the dark. And by transforming a person who has killed or wounded thirteen people into a seemingly omnipotent monster stalking the city the press has created the kind of public and official hysteria that may cause the death of innocent suspects and will make a fair trial of an accused killer nearly impossible.

In this case, the right of the press to report the news has been asserted by the tabloid press's reporting more non-news than this city has seen since the Mad Bomber was captured in 1957. Because almost nothing is known about the Son of Sam except that he has used the same weapon in each assault—a .44-calibre revolver, which is one of twenty-eight thousand such revolvers manufactured by the Charter Arms Corporation, in Stratford, Connecticut—and that he may resemble one of the composite portraits put together by the Police Department, reporters have dwelt, in sickening detail, on the grief of the relatives and friends of the young people who were murdered, and on just about everything that could conceivably, and sometimes inconceivably, be related to the case. As the first anniversary of the killer's first murder, July 29th, approached, the *News* and the *Post* indulged in a frenzy of non-news that must have driven the Son of Sam to a frenzy of determination to deliver as expected, though not when expected. In the *News* the day before the anniversary, Jimmy Breslin's column was announced on the front page under the heading "Breslin: A Year Ago the .44 Killer First Struck." Early in June of this year, Breslin received a letter from someone claiming to be the killer, who wrote that he was a fan of the columnist's. Another journalist might have kept this news to himself, but Breslin did not. He published the letter in a column, and later wrote frequently about the case. His July 28th column was dedicated "To the .44-Caliber Killer on His 1st Deathday." After recounting the circumstances of the first murder, Breslin quoted part of the letter again:



> Tell me, Jim, what will you have for July 29? You can forget about me if you like because I don't care for publicity. However, you must not forget Donna Lauria and you cannot let the people forget her, either. She was a very very sweet girl but Sam's a thirsty lad and he won't let me stop killing until he gets his fill of blood.

Then Breslin wrote:

> What do I have for the 29th? I have this, a column about the .44 killer and his victims, particularly the first victim, Donna Lauria. Which is exactly what the killer wanted when he sent me the letter. He who would be God with the lives of young women can also use his great power to direct the newspapers to write what he wants and when he wants it.
>
> And, somewhere in this city, [a] loner, a deranged loner, picks up this paper and gloats. Again he has what he wants. Is tomorrow night, July 29, so significant to him that he must go out and walk the night streets and find a victim? Or will he sit alone, and look out his attic window and be thrilled by his power, this power that will have him in the newspapers and on television and in the thoughts and conversations of most of the young people in the city?
>
> I don't know. Nobody else does either. For we deal here with the night wind.

Of course, the letter to Breslin had said nothing about any intention of killing again on the anniversary, and, of course, it was Breslin—the journalist most likely to be read by the Son of Sam—who saw fit to print the idea that the killer might go out the next night and "find a victim." Journalism schools could use these paragraphs as examples of journalistic irresponsibility. But there were plenty of other examples. On July 29th, the *Post* ran the front-page headline "Gunman Sparks Son of Sam Chase," with a story beginning below it and continuing on the second page. As it turned out, the gunman was chased but not captured, and the police said he could not have been the Son of Sam. Also on the second page was a lengthy story, under the headline "A Year Can't Erase Their Grief," about an anniversary Mass held for Donna Lauria. The *Post's* centerfold was entirely given over to Son of Sam material, including a photograph of the street where the first victim had lived, a story about her father headed "The Bitterness in Donna's Dad," a picture of the office in Flushing where the police coördinate their search for the murderer, a picture of a victim who was wounded last fall, a picture of the office of a civilian-patrol outfit in Pelham Bay, and a picture of a clock in a police squad room. The same day, the *News* devoted page 5, a column on page 16, and page 27 to the Son of Sam, with articles entitled "Finding .44 Killer Is Like a Shot in the Dark," "Horror That Is Queens: Shrinking from Killer," and "Face to Face with Son of Sam, the Father of Fear." There wasn't a scrap of new information in the lot. In fact, most of the information published in the period before the latest murder was information that would have been of the greatest interest, and help, to the killer—that the police here had warned Nassau County law-enforcement officers that he might strike there next, for instance, and that the police had staked out the likeliest trysting spots in Queens and the Bronx. When the anniversary passed without another attempt by the killer, the *News* ran a piece headed "Cops Mark Son of Sam's Anniversary." There was nothing in it besides the news that the police had extra patrols out that night. The *Post*, for its part, ran a story that took up nearly half a page to say that nothing had happened.

When the killer struck again, two days after the anniversary, killing another young woman and wounding another male escort, the *News* and the *Post* ran screaming headlines, and page after page about the young couple's hospital treatment, including the bloodiest details; about their parents' agony; and about the Police Department's failure to catch the murderer. Mayor Beame ordered another hundred police officers assigned to the search, and Commissioner Codd personally took command. There were more reporters from the *Post* and the *News* with the parents than there were relatives and friends—a disgraceful, and useless, intrusion on private pain. The next day, in the centerfold of the *Post*, a reporter by the name of Steve Dunleavy wrote a long story, preceded by the statement "For 13½ hours a *Post* reporter stood at the side of four courageous people in a painful and often stirring vigil—praying, talking about God and swearing at an unknown madman who has launched a guerrilla war against the young and beautiful of this city. . . . Never before has this reporter seen such pain, strength, and old-fashioned guts." Of course, Breslin was with the parents, too, and he wrote a lachrymose column about their suffering.

Two days after the young woman, Stacy Moskowitz, died, the *Post* ran a story charging that the suspect who had earlier eluded a policeman might actually have been the Son of Sam. Although the police saw no reason to believe that the man was the fugitive, and although the pursuing officer hadn't got near the man, the *Post* story was headed "Did Cop Have 'Sam' & Let Him Get Away?" The *News* reported that the Police Commissioner had "ordered a citywide reshuffling of detectives and uniformed cops to throw additional officers into the biggest manhunt in New York history." Since there were still no more clues, and since the thousands of leads the police had got had led nowhere, it was clear that three hundred policemen couldn't accomplish much more than ten could. But the press had created a political issue, and now the Mayor and the Police Commissioner had little choice but to act politically. The assignment of the additional officers left residents of the city with less protection than before against ordinary muggers and killers; how many of these criminals will get away with their crimes because of the reduced police protection will never be known. A couple of days after the murder, the *News* reported that the police had admitted using the press to taunt the killer, and thereby "smoke" him out. If that was true, it was a case of double irresponsibility, which may have caused another death. In any event, the *News* responded to the crisis that it had helped create by running an editorial on page 3 of its August 2nd edition saying, in part, "Millions of New Yorkers have been shocked again by the .44-caliber killer's assault on a young couple. Along with the chill of fear, there is a terrible feeling of frustration, a sense of helplessness, of not being able to end the continuing nightmare." The *News* didn't reveal how many extra newspapers it had sold during the nightmare. And the *Post* ran a front-page "open letter to Son of Sam" appealing to him to turn himself in—to the *Post*. "We don't want hysterical vigilante justice," the open letter declared. Immediately underneath it was the headline "Mobsters Join Hunt." The story began, "The Mafia is going after Son of Sam. Carmine Galante, who succeeded the late Carlo Gambino as the most powerful Mafia chieftain in the nation, sent the word out Monday to New York's five organized crime families to find the .44-caliber killer." In the meantime, Breslin and a colleague are working on a book on the Son of Sam. The advance paid is reported to be a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

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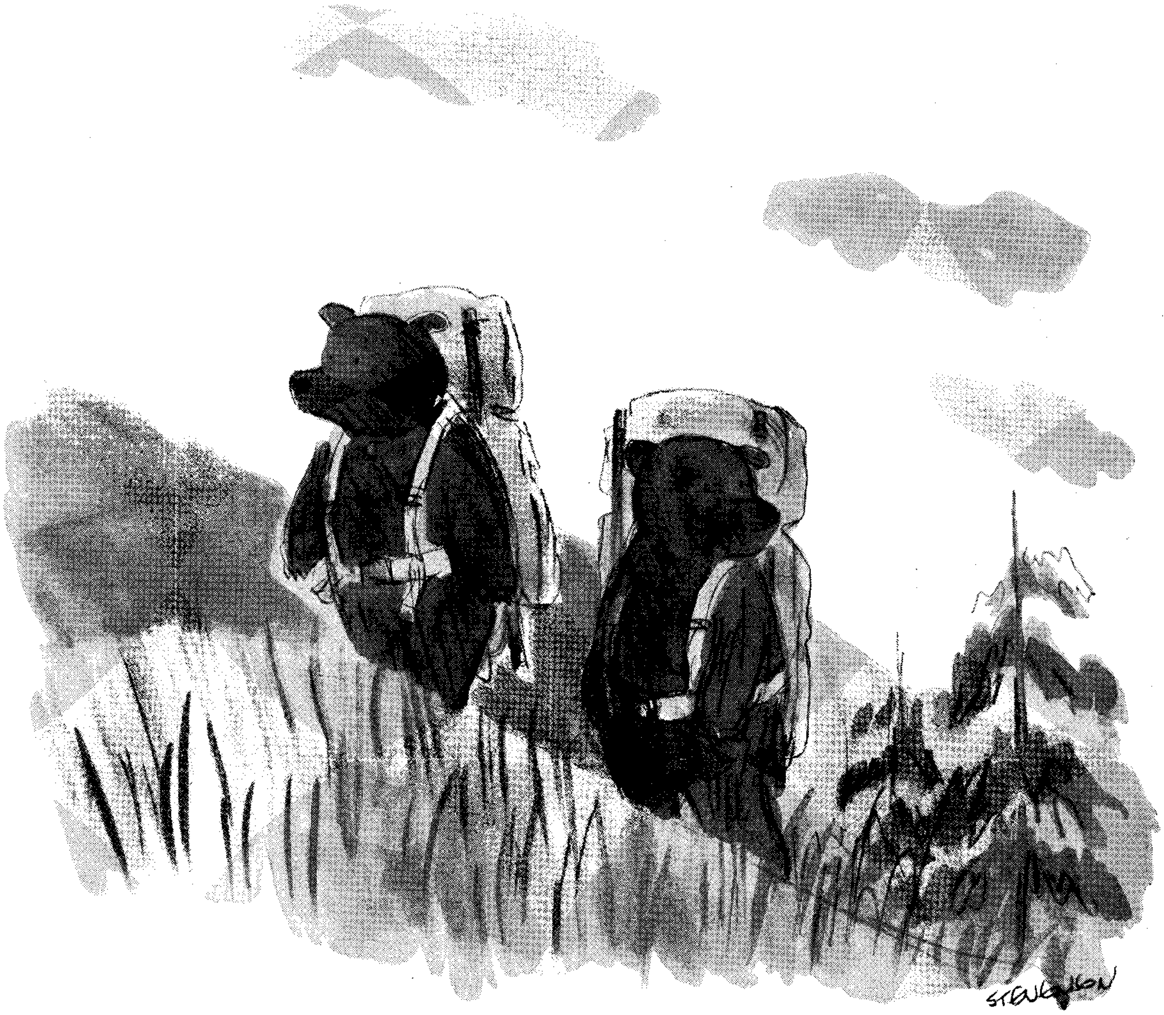
Herbs

ONE muggy day recently, we sat in on part of a symposium at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden which celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its Herb Garden. A two-day birthday offering—briskly titled Herbs—of the Brooklyn garden and the Herb Society of America (New York Unit), it began its first session, Herbs and Their Uses, at 9:15 A.M. in the auditorium of the garden's Administration Building. An audience of about a hundred and fifty had assembled by the time Elizabeth Scholtz, the garden's director, walked onstage to extend a welcome and to turn over the proceedings to Paul Rogers, a writer and consultant on horticulture, from Charlton, Massachusetts, who acted as moderator. Mr. Rogers is a robust man with a loud laugh and a sense of discipline: a kitchen timer buzzed whenever a speaker exceeded the ordained twenty-minute limit.

Elizabeth Van Brunt, the B.B.G.'s honorary curator of herbs, spoke first, on the subject of herb magic, and she was followed by Amy Bess Miller, the director of the Hancock Shaker Village, near Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who gave a talk—with slides—about the Shakers' lucrative seed industry, which flourished in the nineteenth century. Mrs. Miller, small and blond, impressed us with her ability to interpret slides that had arranged themselves upside down, and with her obvious affection and regard for the Shakers' way of life. "They lived calm lives," she concluded, well within her time limit. "They were kind to one another. There are only six left, but they still live that good life."

Then Dr. Ralph H. Cheney, from the Marine Biological Laboratories at

Woods Hole, discussed the use of herbs in modern medicine. Dr. Cheney's message, which lasted longer than it should have, made the point that herbs could be potent and that scientists dealing with them should proceed with caution.



Our award for best performance by an actress in a featured role goes to Thelma Dear, of Morristown, New Jersey. Mrs. Dear is an authority on fragrance and old herbals, and, as such, swept in from the back of the auditorium with a large basket of herbs and sachets on her arm. An animated woman with soft blue eyes, she wore a blue sweater and skirt, and gold-and-diamond earrings in the shape of honeybees. Mrs. Dear began with a professional's icebreaker ("I asked Elizabeth Scholtz what I was to talk about and she said, 'About twenty minutes'") and was soon handing members of the audience her sachets, along with small plastic bags of her bee balm, sweet marjoram, and pineapple sage, and bundles of her dried-lemon-verbena stalks. The sachets, bags, and bundles were passed around. Mrs. Dear's presentation focussed on the preparation of herbs to be used for fragrance, and ended with a vivaciously delivered bit of advice: "Remember, making potpourri is as personal as choosing a hat. Your nose should be your guide."

At the conclusion of the morning session, Mr. Rogers invited all present to stimulate their appetite for an herbal luncheon by touring the Botanic grounds and, in particular, the Herb Garden itself. It proved to be a modest-sized plot situated on a rise overlooking Brooklyn's busy Washington Avenue. We thought it deserved an anniversary celebration, for on that damp day it provided its visitors with a small treasure of texture, scent, and whispery sound. There was considerable ruffling of interesting leaves, and a surreptitious plucking of samples too fragrant to resist. Murmurs of delight or contention: "That is not *Ricinus communis*." "It *is*." Sprigs of thyme mysteriously appeared tucked into waistbands or as boutonnieres; beads of lavender crumbled deliciously in the hand. A nearby teasel plant, five feet seven and with small thorns along the underside of its leaves, drew a respectful audience of its own.

Luncheon took place in the Members' Room, on the second floor of the Administration Building, and was largely the handiwork of Daphne Drury, a former B.B.G. instructor recalled for service, and Margaret Mallory, a gourmet member of the H.S.A., New York Unit. We sat down at a table with seven women, six of whom turned out to be from places as far off as Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. The seventh, Lea Singer, of Brooklyn Heights, sat on our right. She was wearing a green print blouse and black leather trousers, and she at once commended the herbed tomato juice we were having for starters. After the tomato juice, we had rice salad with chives and parsley, French bread with dill butter, tomatoes with basil, hard-boiled eggs with tarragon, and two kinds of tea: Dixie's Delight—a blend of peppermint, lemon verbena, camomile, comfrey leaves, lemon balm, strawberry leaves, and nettle—which, according to Mrs. Drury, was named after a female farmer in New Hampshire who thought it up, and which tasted good; and sage tea, which tasted funny. For dessert, brownies topped with icing and candied peppermint leaves; gingersnaps; and green, or mint, cookies.

We turned to Mrs. Singer. "Do you ever cook with herbs?" we asked.

"Well, I cook all the time, but I never think of it as cooking with herbs. I use oregano and basil, but not rosemary. What can you cook with it?"

"Lamb," we said.

"I have lamb with mint. Ever grow mint? I try to grow it and it always dies. Some people are mint people and some aren't." Mrs. Singer stood up to get a second cup of Dixie's Delight. "Anyway, in cooking you've got to be careful," she said. "God didn't make laboratories. Man did."

Buffett

JIMMY BUFFETT, a thirty-year-old songwriter, singer, yachtsman, and accomplished sybarite, came to New York early last week, at the end of a month-long concert tour, and got rained out of an evening performance in Central Park. When baseball players get the night off on account of rain, they generally manage to snuggle down in their hotel rooms and applaud the occasion. However, when this happened to Jimmy Buffett, a slightly built, blond man who is almost never not genial, the situation nettled him a bit. He had spent a good part of the afternoon watching the rain through the window of a suite at the Sherry-Netherland and trying, with inspiring optimism, to wish away the downpour. At regular intervals, he announced to the small crowd in the room, which included us, that the rain would end in twenty minutes. Once, he spied an evanescent break in the clouds, and leaned over the back of a couch and shouted, "Awright! Awright! Awright!"

"I told you it would stop," said his manager, a young man named Irving Azoff.

"I knew it," said Buffett. "I just wanted to make sure I knew it."

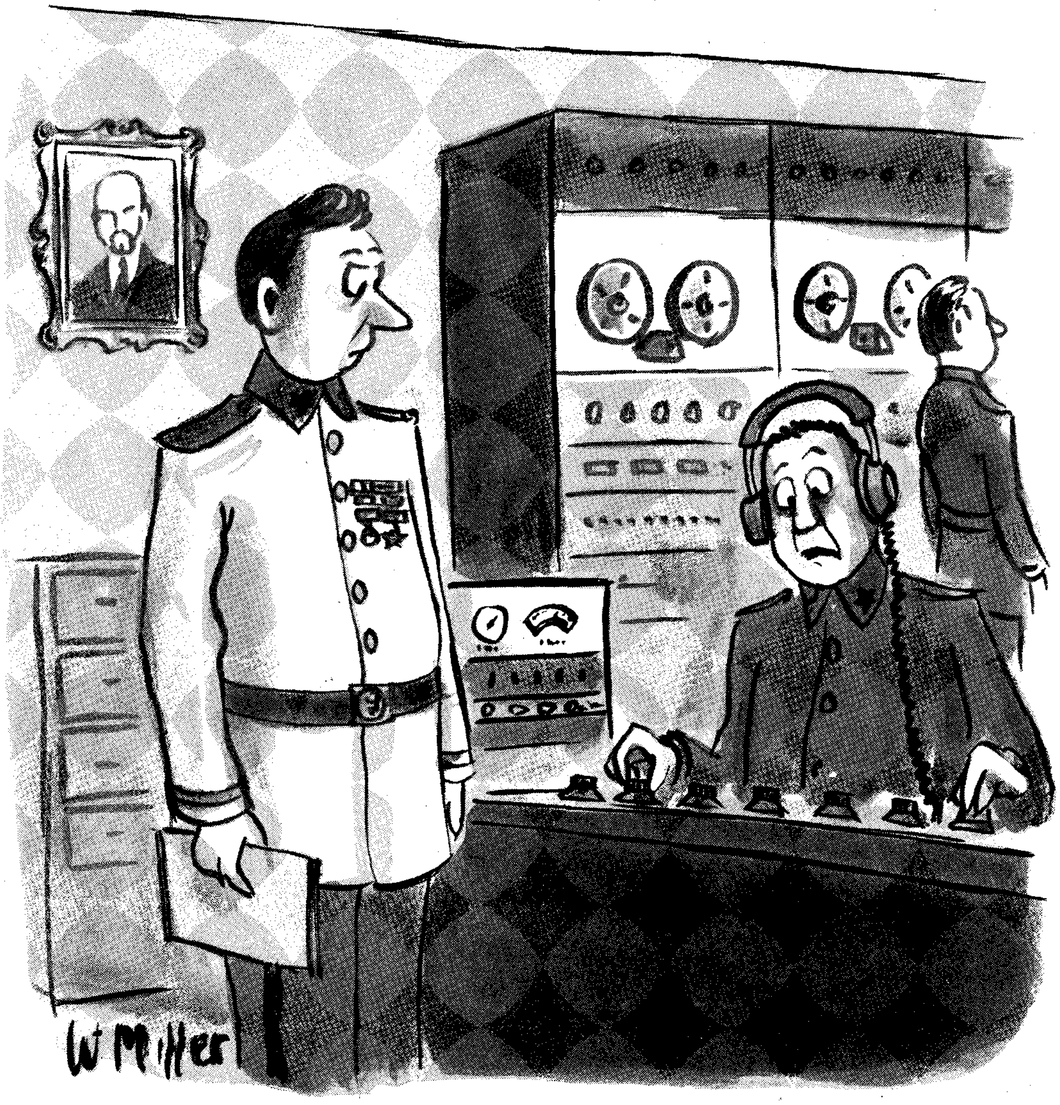
But in fact the rain kept falling, and the room began to flutter with minor business activity. The conversation bounced from "I can't get a record deal for her. Chick singers are so much tougher" to "I had Boz Scaggs at Avery Fisher the night of the blackout" and on to "Y'ever see a road manager or publicity man in a hotel room and they don't have dial phones? It drives 'em crazy." At one point, we heard Buffett say, "We've got some dupes of the Carter pics."

"What are those?" we asked.

"Oh, we played Washington the other day, and while we were there we went over to the White House and noodled around with El Presidente and had our pictures taken," Jimmy Buffett explained. "A friend of mine works there as a photographer. We really went there twice. First, we did the official tour, and my friend sneaked us into the Oval Office when Carter wasn't there. It looked as if there were a few senators waiting around the doorway, but we breezed through. I had my Yankee warmup jacket on. The second time, we dropped by to say 'Hi.' I talked with Mondale for about fifteen minutes, and then Jimmy came out. Admiral Rickover had just been in there with Carter, so I got to meet him, too, which was nice, because he reminded me a lot of my grandfather. I worked for Carter in the Oregon primary—played a couple of rallies when we were on tour out there. I enjoyed campaigning for him. Right now, looking toward my old age, I think I'd like to be Ambassador to Martinique."

Jimmy Buffett's training for the diplomatic corps began in Mobile, Alabama, where he grew up. After that—we'll condense this somewhat—he went to college at Auburn and the University of Southern Mississippi; played his guitar and sang; spent a good deal of time in tropical climates; worked as a reporter for *Billboard;* grew a drooping reddish-blond mustache, which fits neatly between his dimples; played his guitar and sang some more, in bars in New Orleans and the Florida Keys; and began to develop a style of music that has been called "shrimp-boat rock," although "shrimp-boat country rock" comes closer to it. The most ardent Jimmy Buffett fans, who now tend to be concentrated in the South and the Midwest, say that it is hard not to dance to his music. The lyrics—we would quote a few, but they're not quite separable from the music—romanticize piracy; disdain trailer parks and the sombre view of life; and admire the virtues of cold margaritas, grapefruits, suntan oil, Nashville, landfalls, and parrots. Several Buffett songs seem to have their genesis in conversations overheard in Southern roadhouses, and a lot of the rest appear to have been written while their composer was casually afloat somewhere in the Caribbean Sea. Onstage, talking to an audience, he free-associates about Kentucky Fried Chicken, warm beer in the morning, and the wisdom of speaking politely to state troopers.

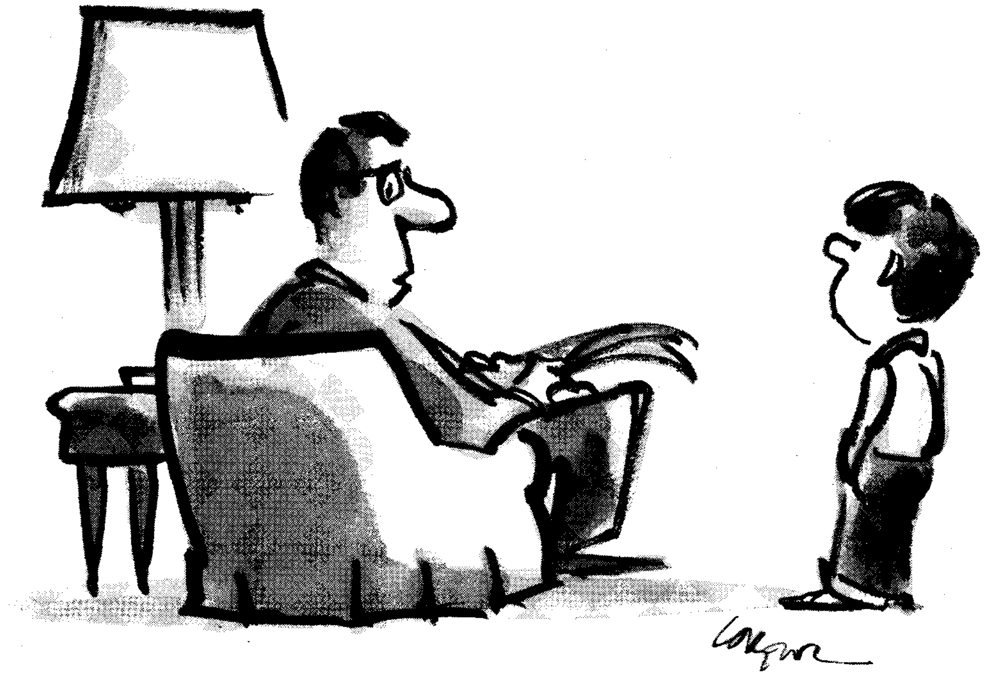
The day after the rainout, the sun emerged, and that evening Jimmy Buffett and his band, the Coral Reefers, finally made it to Wollman Memorial Rink, in Central Park. The day after that, the principals all flew to different points south. Jimmy Buffett went to Florida and loaded up



"Something must be wrong with my equipment. All I get is Dial-a-Joke."

his thirty-three-foot ketch, Euphoria, for a week-long cruise. In a few more weeks, he will be getting married to a young woman from South Carolina who answers to Miss Jane and is, like Jimmy Buffett, blond and slight and not very tall. When we met her, she told us, "Jimmy's just a real good guy." Miss Jane showed us one of the wedding invitations, which gave the date and the place and then said, "It will begin at five in the afternoon and last until it is over. In addition to the usual eating, drinking, dancing, and carrying on, we intend sometime during the evening to be married."

"We've had the date set solid for three weeks now," said Miss Jane. "I've told Jimmy to be there, because I plan to marry *somebody*."



"You'll have to check with your mother from now on, son. I'm abdicating my responsibility as a parent."

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Rafts

ON the eve of the Third Annual Great Connecticut River Raft Race, we drove over to the starting line, at the town landing of Deep River (pop. 3,500)—a bucolic launching site about ten miles upstream from Long Island Sound—to observe the preparations. Fifty or sixty spectators were standing on the banks with an air of eager anticipation (for Deep River), and half a dozen rafts of curious design were already moored in the water between the shore and Eustasia Island, which is small and beautiful and wooded; beyond were low hills of thick forest turning blue-green in the twilight. The tranquil water was broken at intervals by fish leaping. "Menhaden, probably," said a spectator. "Too early for blues."

The crowd cheered as a large raft with a hull of oil barrels and a plywood deck was shoved carefully into the river. A crew member hopped aboard, and waved proudly while the raft drifted out. Then the deck began to fold slowly into a V-shape under his feet. The spectators groaned. We found Frank Burton, Jr., the unofficial commodore of the Third Annual, standing by a pickup truck answering questions from contestants and making swift decisions on policy. A curly-haired young man, he had the concerned air of an America's Cup committeeman, except that he was wearing a white undershirt and had a red bandanna around his neck.

We said hello to Burton and asked how the race was shaping up.

"Three years ago, we had seven rafts," he said. "Last year, we had sixteen, and this year we have fifty-seven, so we have to get some of them into the water tonight." Burton told us he is a carpenter and a wreck diver, and lives on a boat. He and his friends thought up the race, because it seemed like a chance to have a good time and, he added, "the Connecticut is probably the finest river in America." He went on, "The race is a local thing, mostly, where everybody knows everybody else. We never wanted to promote it, but it seems to have touched a chord in people—it appeals to the youth in them—and now it looks as if the race would become an institution. We've got rafts coming from as far as New Jersey, and some people even want to *win*. We charge five dollars per person on each raft as an entry fee, and we give the money to charity—no prizes. The rafts have to be homemade, and not bigger than thirty-six feet in length and twelve feet in width, and no motors are allowed. But we keep the regulations to a minimum, because we're trying to let people express themselves. We like to see what marvels they'll construct. The finish line is at Nott Island, across from Essex—six and a half miles downriver, where the winners will find a keg of beer and there will be a big party for everybody. Last year's winner ran the course in an hour and fifteen minutes. Most rafts are built on oil barrels or Styrofoam, but that one"—Burton pointed to a plain-looking raft moored in the river—"is built on three hundred and forty-four plastic milk jugs. My own raft last year was thirty-six feet long and powered by twenty-two sculling oars, and had a crew of fifty-two, which included a band, and during the race we all ate a Sicilian recipe of Cornish game hen on hot-dog rolls. We came in sixth."

Burton introduced us to Pat Quinn and Dick Harding, two genial young men with reddish beards, who were, respectively, captain and crew member of Morning Star II, which had won the flag in 1976. "We were so far ahead last year we got lonely," said Quinn. (Quinn works at Pratt Read, a local manufacturer of piano keyboards and actions; Harding is employed by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, which makes jet engines.)

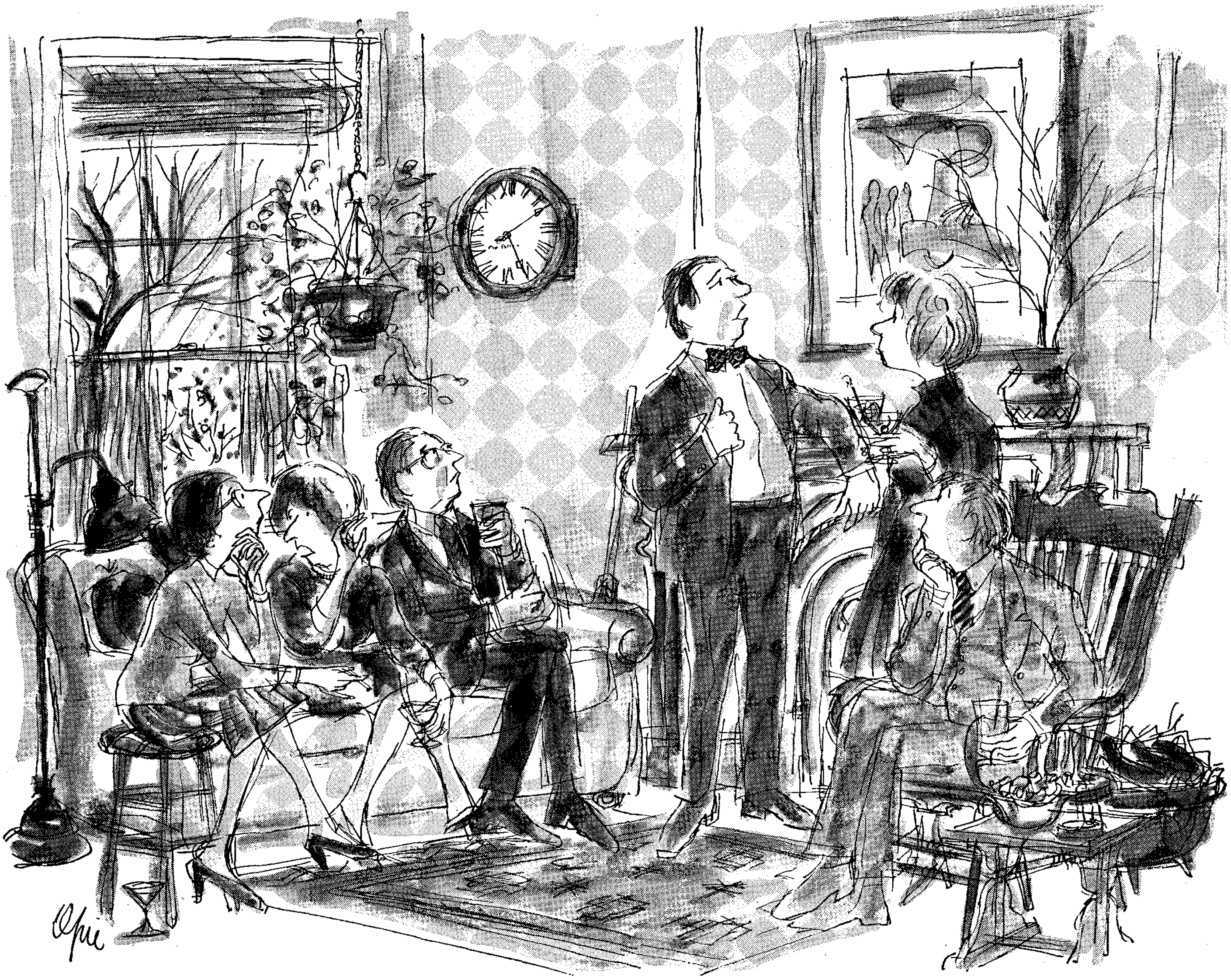
We asked Quinn if he was worried about the enlarged field of competition.

"It's getting serious," he conceded. "There are rafts secreted all around the area here, covered with leaves and branches."

"But we're not afraid," said Harding. "We have an additional secret weapon. Last year, our secret weapon was a papier-mâché dragon with blue-flashing electronic eyes, which helped our rowers keep the beat. We had it on the bow, so it would also distract our competition. It's still on the raft."

We urged them to tell us about the new secret weapon.

Quinn lowered his voice. "It's a stuffed buffalo," he murmured, glancing around. "We got it from the Earth and Environmental Sciences Department at Wesleyan, up the river at Middletown. Last night, under cover of



"Actually, his mind was at its zenith between his second and third marriages."

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darkness, we carried it out to Nott Island. If anybody is neck and neck with us as we approach the finish line, our helmsman will yell to them, 'Hey! Look at the buffalo!' They'll stop rowing and look at the buffalo, and we'll win."

Quinn and Harding asked us to help load Morning Star III onto its trailer, so we jumped in the back of a pickup truck and roared down a twisting road to Jimmy LaMay's house, where the raft was sitting in the back yard next to a vegetable garden. Morning Star III, mounted on Styrofoam, was twenty-three feet from bow to stern, with its bowsprit and the blue-eyed papier-mâché dragon, which still served as its figurehead. It had a furled jib and spinnaker; oarlocks for ten oarsmen; and, near the stern, a paddle wheel with two bicycles (minus wheels) to drive it. "Last year, we spent nine dollars for U-bolts for the paddles," said Quinn, "but this year the raft hasn't cost a penny." About fifteen people were standing there, joking and having a splendid time, and we all lifted the raft onto a trailer. It was not immediately apparent how we would get the trailer and raft out past the vegetable garden and some surrounding apple trees and around the house, but, abruptly, plans changed—something about the Coast Guard wanting a regatta permit. All of us (along with a big, friendly black dog) got back in the pickup truck and raced down the road to the landing.

By now, several rafts were lined up waiting to get into the river, and one, which had a huge stern paddle wheel with a metal frame above it, was being launched. One of its crew—a young man in a blue shirt—told us that the wheel was eight feet wide and six feet high. "We're all computer programmers from Gerber Scientific, up in South Windsor," he said. "We applied our experience to that wheel." He climbed aboard.

"How fast can you go?" we inquired.

"I don't know exactly!" he called. "But we aren't able to pull more than four water-skiers!"

In the distance, beyond Eustasia Island, a Moran tug was pushing an oil barge upriver: strictly business. A full moon was hanging low over the dark, wooded hills. Suddenly, there were cheers and applause from the spectators. The raft was moving majestically away from the shore, powered by four young men who were clinging to the metal frame and running furiously on the paddle wheel's treadmill in the moonlight.

The next afternoon, under gray skies, we observed the great race from a cliff high above the river. The rafts, many with bright sails, were strung out over several miles—tiny, cheerful flecks on the water. They were hard to identify, but one raft was in the lead throughout. We could follow it right up to the moment it won, because the blue eyes of its dragon kept flashing all the way.

THE NIGHT OF THE GIFTS

IT was many years ago in the old Confitería del Águila, on Florida Street up around Piedad, that we heard this story. The problem of knowledge was being discussed. Someone invoked the Platonic theory that we have already seen everything in a previous world, so that to know is to know again. My father, I believe, said that Bacon had written that if to learn is to remember, not to know is in fact to have forgotten. Another person, a man getting on in years, who was probably a bit lost in metaphysics, decided to enter in. Speaking slowly and deliberately, this is what he told us:

Frankly, I don't understand all this talk of Platonic archetypes. Nobody remembers the first time he saw the color yellow or black, or the first time he tasted a certain fruit—maybe because he was small then and had no way of knowing he was initiating a very long series. Of course, there are other first times that no one forgets. I can tell you what a certain night of my life gave me, one I often recall—the night of the twenty-fifth of April, 1874.

Summer holidays were much longer then, but I don't know why we stayed away from Buenos Aires until that late date. We were at the ranch of some cousins, the Dornas, not far from Lobos. During that time, one of the cowhands, Rufino, initiated me into country things. I was approaching thirteen; he was somewhat older and had a reputation as a daredevil. He was quick, agile. When the younger hands played at knife-fighting with burnt sticks, the one who always got his face marked was Rufino's opponent. One Friday, Rufino suggested we go into town the next night to have a little fun. Of course, I leaped at the chance, but without really knowing what it was all about. I warned him I didn't know how to dance. Dancing was easy to learn, he said.

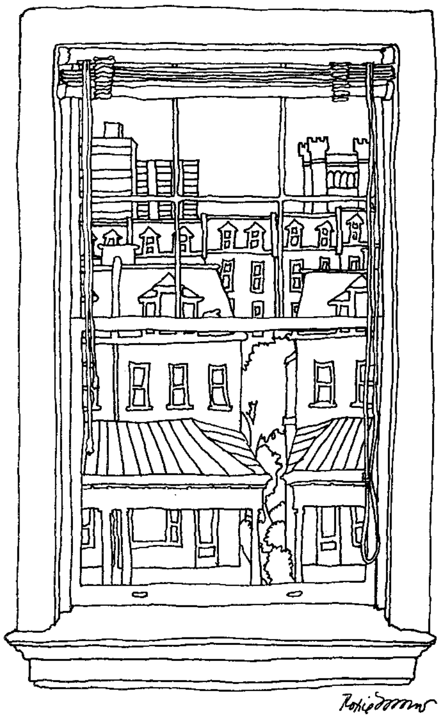
After dinner on Saturday, at around seven-thirty, we set off. Rufino had rigged himself out like someone going to a party, and he wore a silver knife in his belt. I had a little knife like it, but I didn't bring mine, for fear of being laughed at. It was not long before we glimpsed the first houses. I don't suppose any of you has ever been to Lobos. Not that it matters. There's no small town in the Argentine that isn't exactly like all the others—even to the point of thinking itself different. Each has the same unpaved alleys, the same empty lots, the same one-story houses—all of which make a man on horseback seem more important.

We dismounted at a certain street corner in front of a house painted sky-blue or pink, with a sign saying "La Estrella." Tied to the hitching post were some horses with good saddles. Through the half-open street door I saw a shaft of light. At the end of the entranceway was a large room with wooden benches on either side and, between the benches, a number of dark doors that opened who knew where. A little mongrel with yellow fur ran up barking to welcome me. Quite a few people were about, and a half-dozen or so women in floral dressing gowns came and went. A respectable-looking lady, dressed in black from head to foot, seemed to be the owner of the house. Rufino greeted her, saying, "I've brought a new friend, but he's not much of a rider."

"Don't worry," the woman answered. "He'll learn soon enough."

I felt ashamed. To draw their attention away, or to make them see that I was a boy, I began playing with the dog at the end of one of the benches. On a table in the kitchen burned some cheap candles in bottles, and I also remember a small brazier in a corner to the rear. On the whitewashed wall opposite was a picture of Our Lady of Mercy.

Somebody, between one joke and another, was tuning a guitar that gave him a lot of trouble. Out of sheer timidity I did not refuse a gin, which burned my mouth like a red-hot coal.



Among the women I noticed one who seemed different from the others. They called her La Cautiva—the Captive. There was something Indian about her, but her features were like a picture and her eyes very sad. Her braided hair reached her waist. Rufino saw that I was looking at her.

"Let's hear about the raid again—to refresh our memories," he said to her.

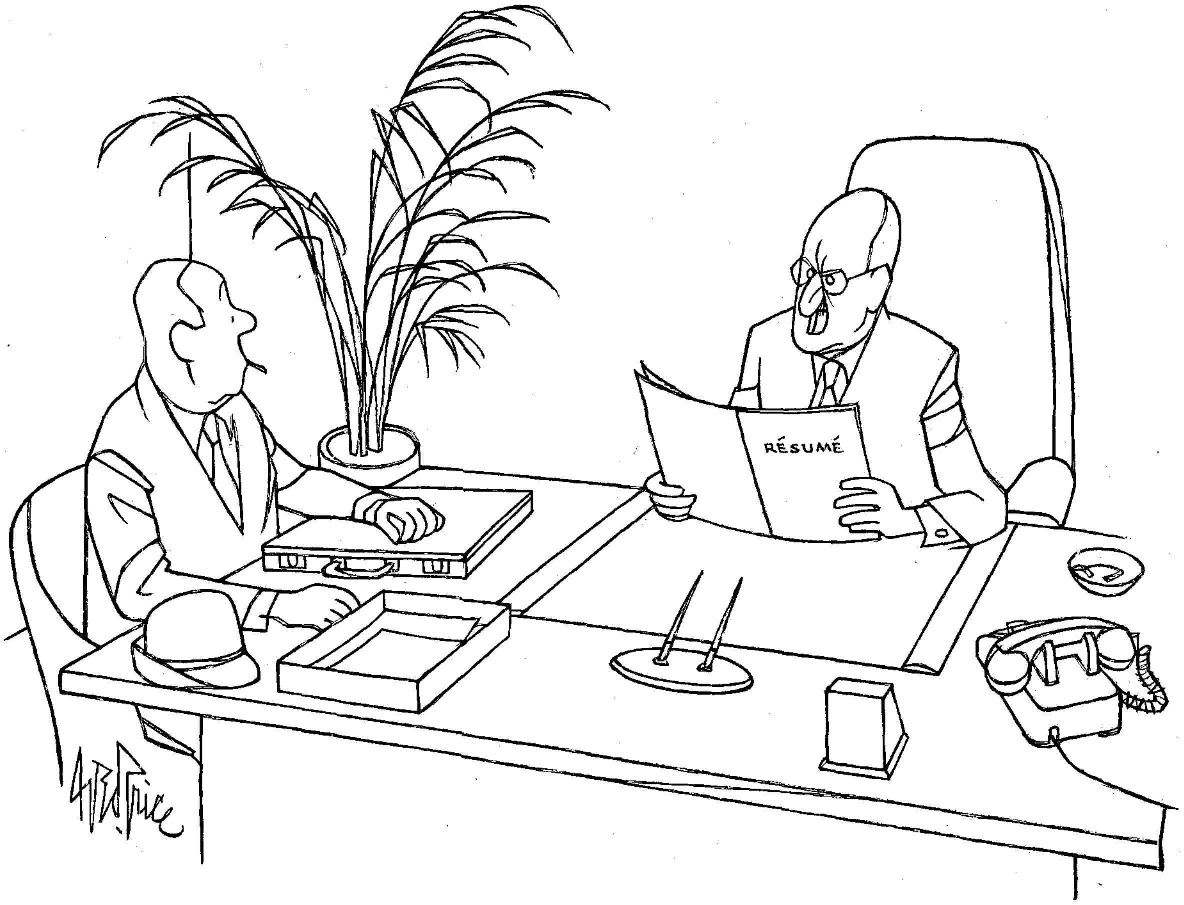
The girl spoke as if she were alone, and in some way I felt that she was unable to think of anything else and that the story she told us was the only thing that had happened to her in her life.

"I was very young when they brought me from Catamarca," she said. "What did I know about Indian raids? On the ranch at Santa Irene we didn't even mention such things, we were so scared. As if unravelling a secret, I gradually found out that Indians could descend like a cloud and kill people and steal their stock. Women they carried off into the pampa, and they did everything to them. I tried as hard as I could not to believe any of this. My brother Lucas—the Indians later put a spear through him—swore it was all lies, but when a thing is true it has to be said only once for you to know it's so. The government hands out strong drink and yerba to keep the Indians happy, but they have very clever wizards telling them what to do. At the word of one of their chiefs, it's nothing for them to attack a ranch somewhere out between the forts, which are far apart. Just from thinking about it so much, I almost wished they would come, and I knew how to look for them out toward the setting sun. I don't know how much time went by, but there were frosts and summers and roundups and the death of the foreman's son before the raid."

She paused for a moment or two, lost in thought, then went on. "It was as if the south wind brought them. I saw a thistle in a ditch, and that night I dreamed of Indians. It happened at daybreak. The animals knew it before we did—the same as when there's an earthquake. The cattle were restless and birds wheeled in the sky. We ran to look in the direction I always looked."

"Who warned you?" someone asked.

Distant as ever, the girl repeated her last sentence. "We ran to look in the direction I always looked. It was as if the whole desert had begun to move. Through the bars of the window grille we saw the cloud of dust before we saw them. It was a raiding party. They



"The italics, I assume, are yours."

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beat their hands over their mouths, whooping. We had some rifles at Santa Irene, but all they were good for was making noise and turning the Indians even more savage."

La Cautiva spoke like someone saying a prayer she had learned by heart, but out in the street I heard the desert Indians and their war cries. There was an eruption and, as if riding in on horseback in the fragments of some dream, they were there in the room. They were local toughs and they were drunk. Now, in my memory, I see them as very tall. The one who came in at the head of them elbowed past Rufino, who stood by the door. Rufino changed color and got out of the way. The lady in black, who had not stirred from her place, rose to her feet.

"It's Juan Moreira!" she said.

After so much time, I no longer know whether I remember the man of that night—the outlaw Moreira—or somebody else I was later often to see around cattle fairs. The long, thick hair and black beard of stage characters based on Moreira's life come to mind, but I also recall a ruddy face pitted by smallpox. The little dog scurried forward to give him a welcome. With a single whiplash, Moreira left it in a sprawl on the floor. It lay on its back and died pawing the air. This is where my story really begins.

Without a sound I made my way to one of the doors, which opened into a narrow passageway and a staircase. On the upper floor, I hid myself in a dark room. Apart from the bed, which was very low, I never knew what other furniture was there. I was trembling. Below, the shouting did not let up, and there was a shattering of glass. I heard a woman's footsteps coming up the stairs and I saw a momentary slit of light. Then La Cautiva's voice called out to me in a whisper. "I'm here to serve—but to serve peaceable people," she said. "Come closer, I'm not going to hurt you."

She had taken off her dressing gown. I lay beside her and felt for her face with my hands. I have no idea how much time passed. We exchanged neither a word nor a kiss. I untied her braid and my hands played with her hair, which was very straight, and then they played with her. We did not see each other again after that, and I never learned her real name.

A shot startled us. La Cautiva said, "You can leave by the other stairway."

I did, and I found myself out in the dirt alley. It was a moonlit night. A police sergeant, Andrés Chirino, stood on watch by the wall with a rifle and fixed bayonet. He laughed, saying to me, "I see you're an early riser."

I must have answered something, but he paid me no attention. A man was lowering himself over the wall. With a bound, the sergeant buried the steel in his flesh. The man dropped to the ground, where he lay on his back, moaning and bleeding to death. I remembered the dog. To finish the man off once and for all, Chirino sank the bayonet in again.

"You didn't make it this time, Moreira," he said almost joyously.

From every side came uniformed men, who had surrounded the house, and then the neighbors. The sergeant had a struggle to pull out the bayonet. Everybody wanted to shake his hand.

"The fancy footwork's all over for this hoodlum," Rufino said with a laugh.

I went from group to group, telling people what I had seen. Then, all at once, I felt very tired; maybe I was even feverish. Slipping away, I found Rufino and we started home. From our horses, we saw the pale dawn light. More than tired, I felt dazed by that torrent of events.

"By the great river of that night," my father said when the man had finished.

"That's right," he agreed. "In the bare space of a few hours I had known love and had looked on death. All things are revealed to all men—or, anyway, all those things it's granted a man to know—but to me two fundamental things were revealed in a single night. The years pass and I've told this story so many times I no longer know whether I remember it as it was or whether it's only my words I'm remembering. Maybe the same thing happened to La Cautiva with her Indian raid. It doesn't matter now whether it was I or someone else who saw Moreira killed."

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

GRAVEL

1
The many here
Are like those crossing
Rivers into exile, the many felled
In Mexico by the crossbows of Cortes,
The French falling in the Russian snows,
But none like these are constantly run over
By heavy wheels or suddenly shadowed
By heights it is impossible to fathom.

The most gentle of the small stones
Has fallen in love
With the ordinary flower beds of summer,
Lying helpless till winter effects
The divorce of sunlit wood and violet,
The slow parting of shadow and hydrangea.

Among these dead, these small leftover
Fragments of something once colossal—
The glacier moving southward with its ice—

There is one lying in the path in stillness,
One awaking to a grand piano
Somewhere in the house,
Who is grappling inside the hard room of its head
With syllables, or a phrase of song,
All ears gathering to sound.

2
If you should hear
The sound of the rustling
Of fallen oak leaves,
Would it remind you
Of the wind in the upright
Bole of summer?
And would the upright
Oak tree remember
The mast of the green sail
High above it?

High above
The level
Of gravel?

3
Suppose they were countries,
Territories,
Each with its central
Intelligence, each
With its nucleus
Surrounded by matter,
And spilled from the flatbed
Of a truck
Onto a roadway,
Or hauled to a roof,
Afraid of nothing but tar.

4
They have laid down
The armor of the big stone
By being movable,
Their lichen and moss
Rubbed to nothing
By endless stormy
Crack divisions.

Today they are hit
By a steady rain;
Rivulets run
Between, connecting
The white and the brown one,
The gray and the blue one.

5
There is a line downtown
Which is the end of Italian ices

And the beginning of trading posts
In Chinatown. Not as definite

As edges that separate small stones,
It is unquestionably there,

There in a park where old men weigh
The Chinese young on trays of swing.

6
A foot at wrong angles
Shoots one under
The house
Into permanent black,

A hand flings one
Onto a field
Into the desert
Of sun forever.

7
To the ant
They are possibly boulders,

To the hawk
Nothing at all.

To themselves
They are always a mixture

Never to be singled
Out as one—

They yearn
To be made separate

Or to be part
Of some great thing.

They yearn
To be made solid.

8
These pebbles bristle. Whoever loves
The feel of nails could bed here forever
Stuck by the sharpest prickles of needles,
The flat blade and the serrated edge,
The pointed end, the ridges of hardness
Pressing in and hurting slightly
To stick in the sweating flesh of summer
Till somebody mad for a coldsuit of water
Might lie in the heat of an August driveway
Covered from head to foot with gravel,
Rolling this way and that in a fever.

9
Bone of a leaf
On stone,

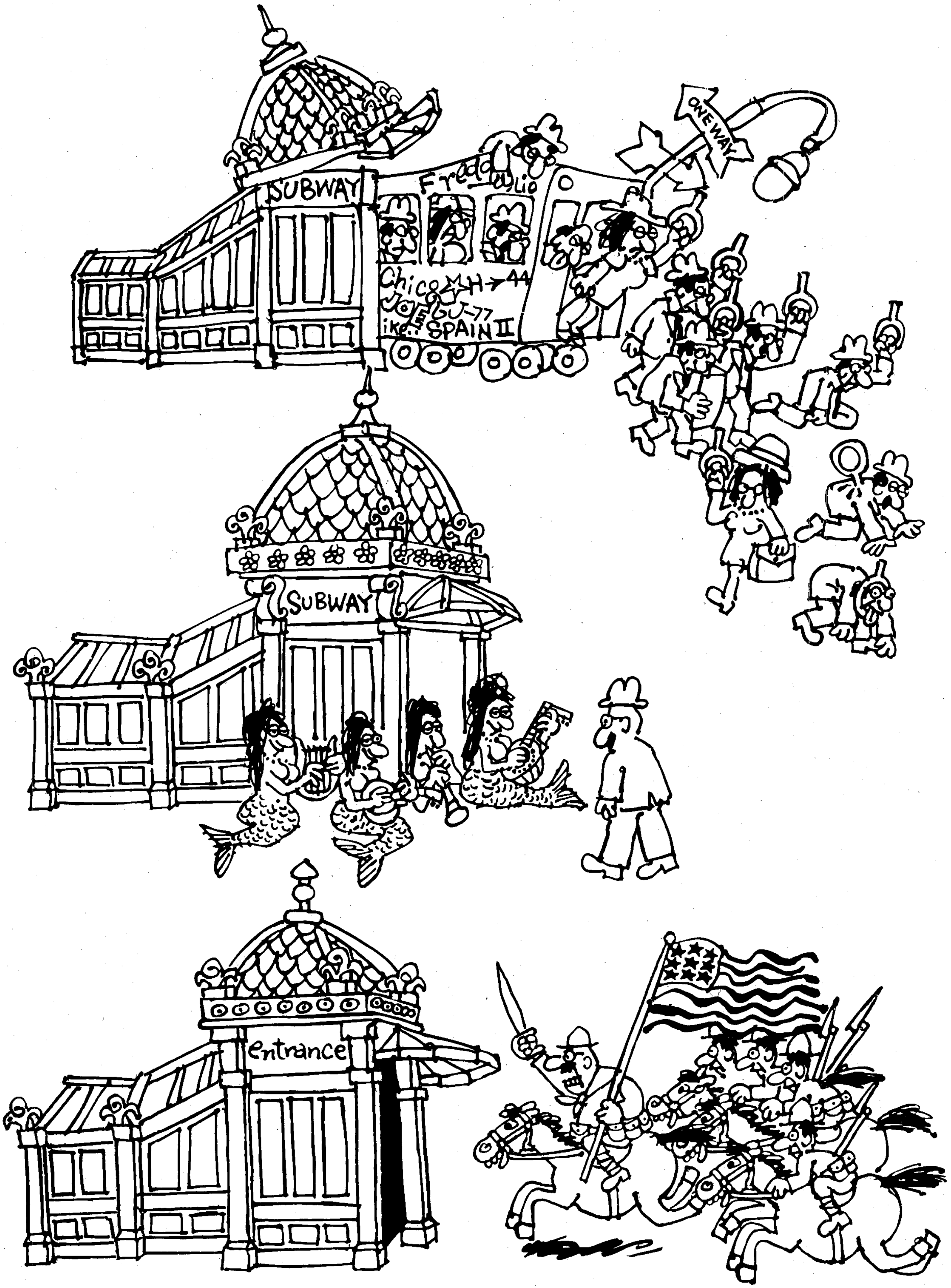
You are the smallest
Lithograph.

10
Whatever has been taken out
Will be put back,
The drawers filled again
With their pressed clothes,
The organs of the body
Folded back whole,
And the shell underfoot,
Inadvertently broken,
Reassembled
With every flute of the scallop
Intact, and be placed
In its place in the glass
Container, and
The wings of the moth
Singed so the body
Spiralled in flame
Will arise anew
To be healed again,
To achieve again
Its rise and fall,

So the name of the thing
Will be truly the thing,
And stone
Will be more than stone.

—Howard Moss

Subways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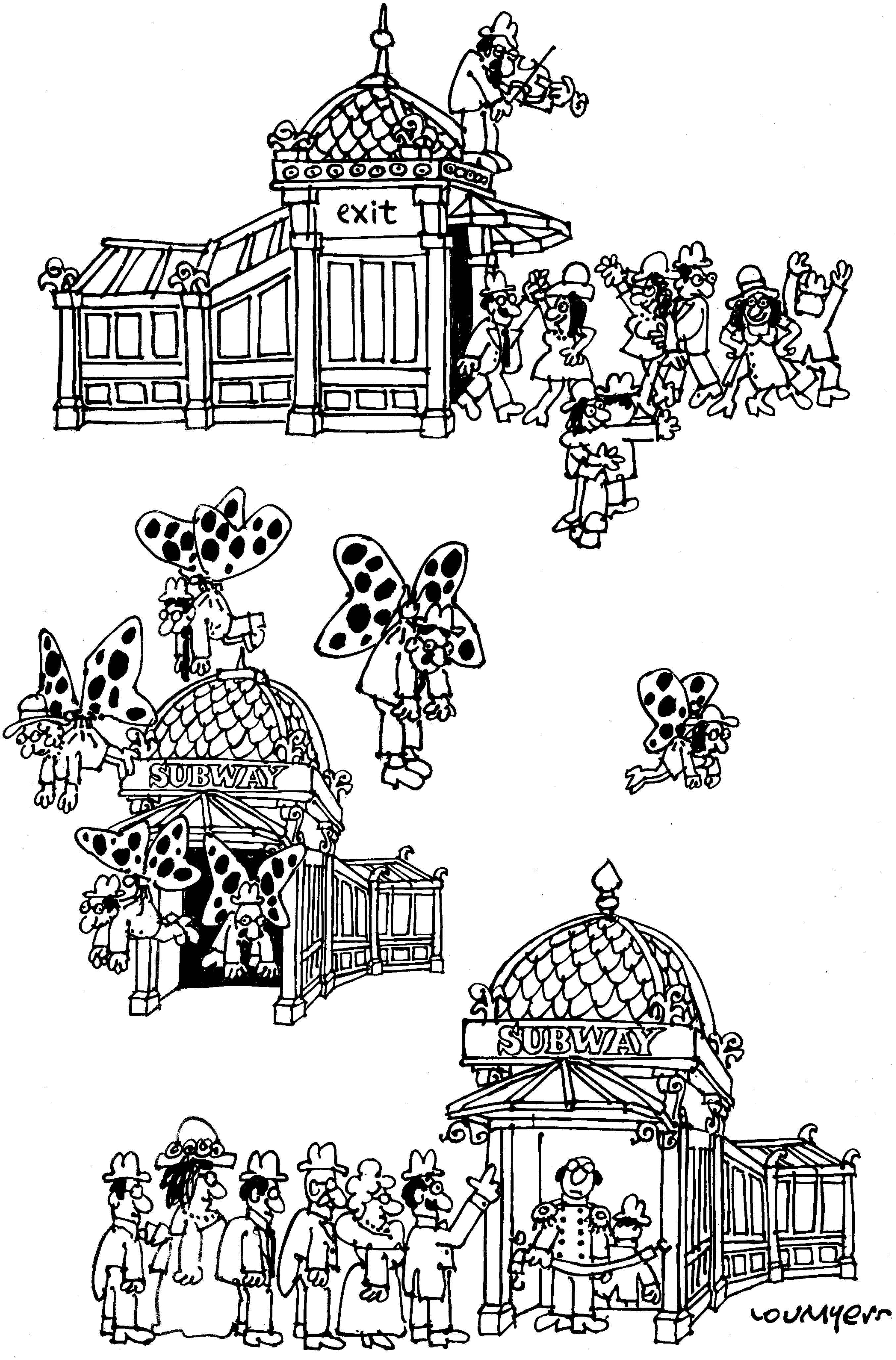
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SUBWAY
SUBWAY
LouMyers

A GOOD LOSER

WHEN I was twenty-six I went to Ireland and lived there for two years. I did this on the strength of a day and a half I'd once spent driving from Cork to Dublin on a three-week vacation in Europe. I was taken with the plain-looking Irish villages, the simple cities, with the modest beauty of the people and the extravagant beauty of the countryside. At home in New York, where I worked for an advertising agency, I began saving money and when I had enough I went back to study at the College of Art in Dublin. Afterwards the time I spent there struck me as the most interesting thing I had to say about myself, and I was always bringing it into the conversation, with the result that eventually I came to disbelieve in those years. I also became reluctant to go back. From year to year I'd decide I couldn't afford the time or the money to go over for a visit, and the years added up to ten when last summer I was offered the use of a house in Booterstown. A friend of a friend was coming to New York for the month of July. Her name was Hope Hazlitt, and she was a transplanted American such as I'd been, though unlike me she'd taken root. She had some sort of job and she had this house, which she rented furnished and didn't want to leave empty. Hope Hazlitt was also rich, a purebred Presbyterian from Seattle, divorced and with a young son, who was to be enrolled in an American summer camp. I had my doubts about returning under these conspicuously alien auspices, but still, a whole house for a month, rent-free—it seemed too good to pass up. I consulted the map of Dublin that hangs on the wall behind my sofa and located Booterstown on the south side of the city, roughly between Ballsbridge and Blackrock, which meant that it was at least a suburb, not some godforsaken spot, and so I took the plunge.

In a recurrent dream I used to have, pure, classical Dublin had been reconstructed along lines that my sleeping mind must have lifted from forgotten pictures of Mussolini's Italy. All the streets were the width of the New England Thruway, all the buildings were massive blocks of stone, in all the statues the men were muscle-bound. Dreams have a way of affecting conscious life, and gradually this one took on an authority that I felt less and less able to question, and so I was in a state of joyful relief that day last summer as I rode in from the airport and discovered, street by street, that there were really no changes to speak of. I'd arranged to spend my first night at Buswell's, an inexpensive hotel in the center of town. My room was on the Kildare Street side, and the maid had opened the window to let the place air. I went and looked out. There were gulls roosting on top of the National Museum across the street—I'd forgotten the Dublin gulls. I'd forgotten just how low the Dublin roofscape is, and how low-key the sounds of a business day are in that capital city—how nonchalantly people there go about their business. As I took all this in, the gray city that I'd been carrying around in my head faded into thin air. The real city, incomparably gay and unfathomably careless, was mine once again. I was starting to unpack when the phone rang. It was Hope Hazlitt. She said, "Can you come on out and see the house?" For "on" she said "an," and I was impressed—she still had her American accent, whereas half an hour in Dublin and I was already rushing my words in the Irish way.

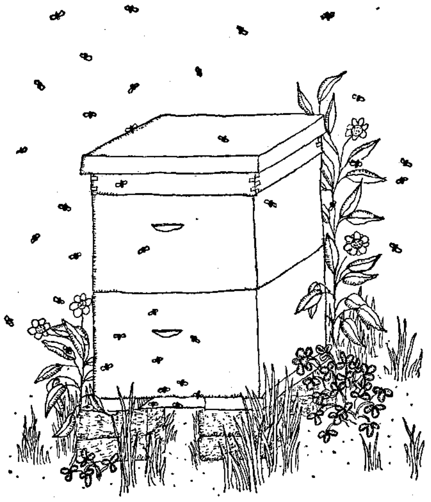
I said, "I'm free anytime."

"How about now?" she suggested firmly. "We're leaving first thing in the morning, and I'd like to get things settled."

I said, "Give me an hour or so."

"We'll say half past one." It was then about noon. "You can take the 6, the 7, the 7A, the 8, or the 45 bus. When you get to Booterstown, look on the right-hand side for a big pub called The Punch Bowl. That's the corner of Booterstown Avenue, where you get off. Castle Court is just off Booterstown Avenue."

I'd waited ten years to come back to Dublin and I wasn't going to wait another couple of hours to touch home base. I dashed over to Grafton Street and wandered up and down there in an ecstasy of recognition. I bought an Irish *Times*, I stopped and had bacon and egg at Bewley's; then I walked down to College Green and caught a No. 6 bus. As I swung on board I had a powerful sense of going away from where I wanted to be, but I was happy, too, riding past the noble Georgian squares, then on into Ballsbridge, where the dark-red brick houses look like small orphanages or reformatories. Ballsbridge is a rich neighborhood; soon it gave way to lesser suburbs. Dublin Bay came into view on the left. Merrion Road expanded to four lanes and became Rock Road. I was unfamiliar with this stretch, and I became distracted and missed the big pub Hope Hazlitt had told me to look out for. By the time I realized my mistake and got off, I was close to Blackrock and I had a long walk back and then another long walk the length of Booterstown Avenue, in both directions, for there was no street marked Castle Court. Not that I minded this walk. Booterstown was everything I could have asked for—a small place, hardly more than one long street lined with gray stone bungalows set close to the curb behind strips of garden where the occasional stunted palm or monkey-puzzle tree grew among purple and pink snapdragons.



Back on Rock Road, I went into The Punch Bowl and asked the barman where Castle Court was. "That's the place off Beech Road," he said, smoothing his hair with one hand and then with the other. "Take the first turn to your right off Booterstown Avenue." He gave me these directions with a look of distrust, which I understood after I'd followed them. Castle Court was a development, a group of twelve identical, brand-new two-story whitewashed brick houses that belonged in suburban Long Island or New Jersey. I was bitterly disappointed, half an hour late, angry at having been misdirected, and ready to make light of all this as I rang Hope Hazlitt's doorbell, but Hope wasn't in a light mood. "You're late," she said as she opened the door.

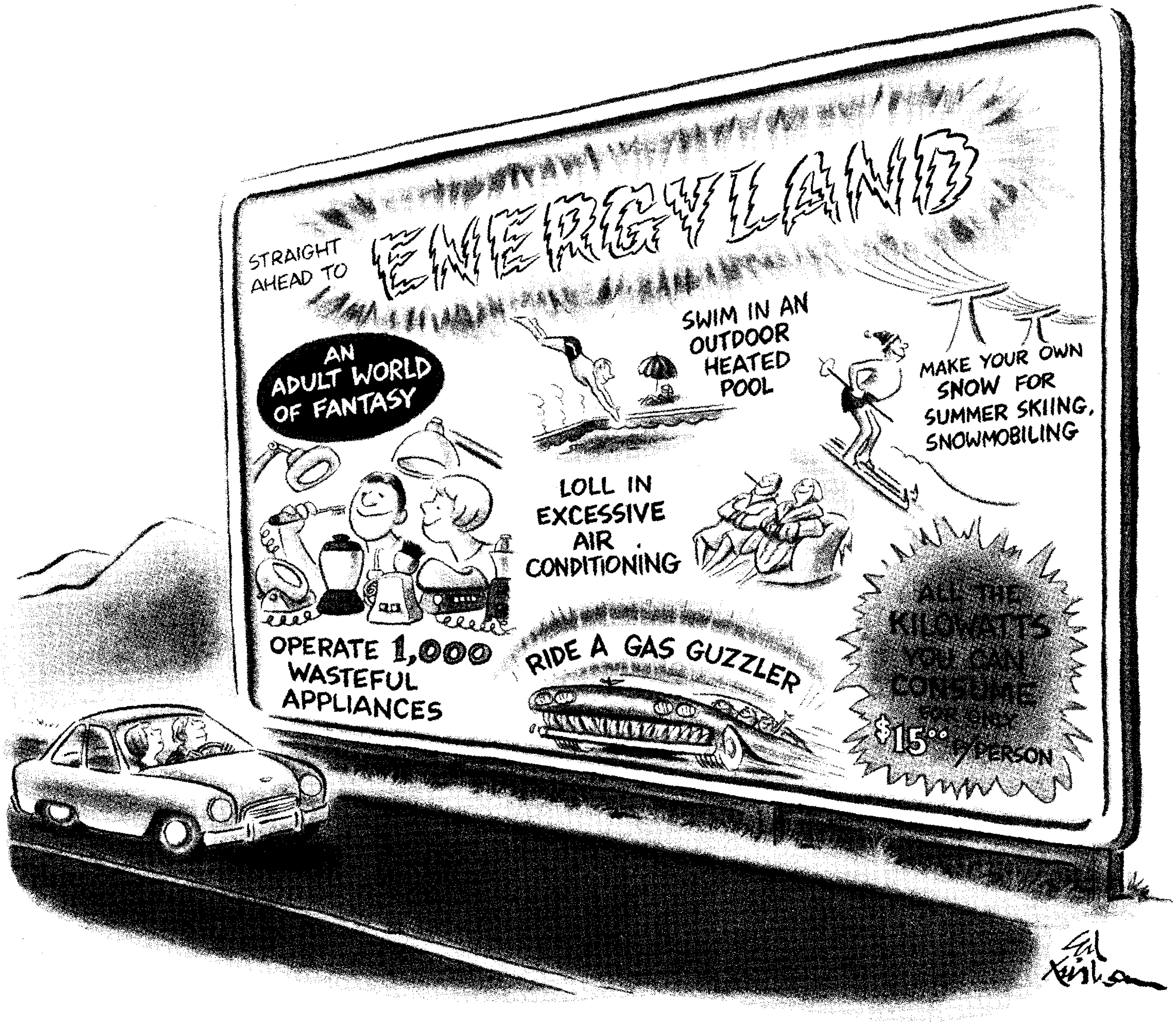
I said, "I got lost. Castle Court isn't marked."

She said, "Yes, it is."

"Not on Booterstown Avenue," I said.

She said, "Come an in." As I stepped inside, two things hit me simultaneously: The house was grotesque, and I was stuck there. "I haven't finished cleaning up yet," said Hope.

"You don't have to bother," I assured her. What I felt was something like "Why waste energy cleaning a place as ugly as this?" But if Hope Hazlitt read my mind or if she noticed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• •

the dismay behind my politeness she didn't let on.

"Shall we have a look around?" she said.

What impressed me most about that house was the carpeting, which was mercilessly wall-to-wall—the front hall, the living room, the staircase, the upstairs hall, and the dining room were all covered in sleazy red nylon pile with a design that looked like a lot of fat gold snakes. Then there was the living-room furniture: two chairs, sofa, and hassock upholstered in light-tan imitation leather. In the dining room, a spindly drop-leaf table was opened out and surrounded by six heavy chairs of vaguely ecclesiastical and definitely secondhand appearance. There was also an upright piano. A wrought-iron chandelier hung from the low ceiling, and there were French windows facing a walled square of lawn. The kitchen was presentable, but as we stepped onto the orange plaid linoleum I was filled with homesickness for the bed-sitter in Fitzwilliam Square where I'd lived ten years before. The kitchen there had been a sort of shed built into a corner, though in no way detracting from that beautiful room with its ornate marble fireplace, one tall window, and high carved and gilded ceiling.

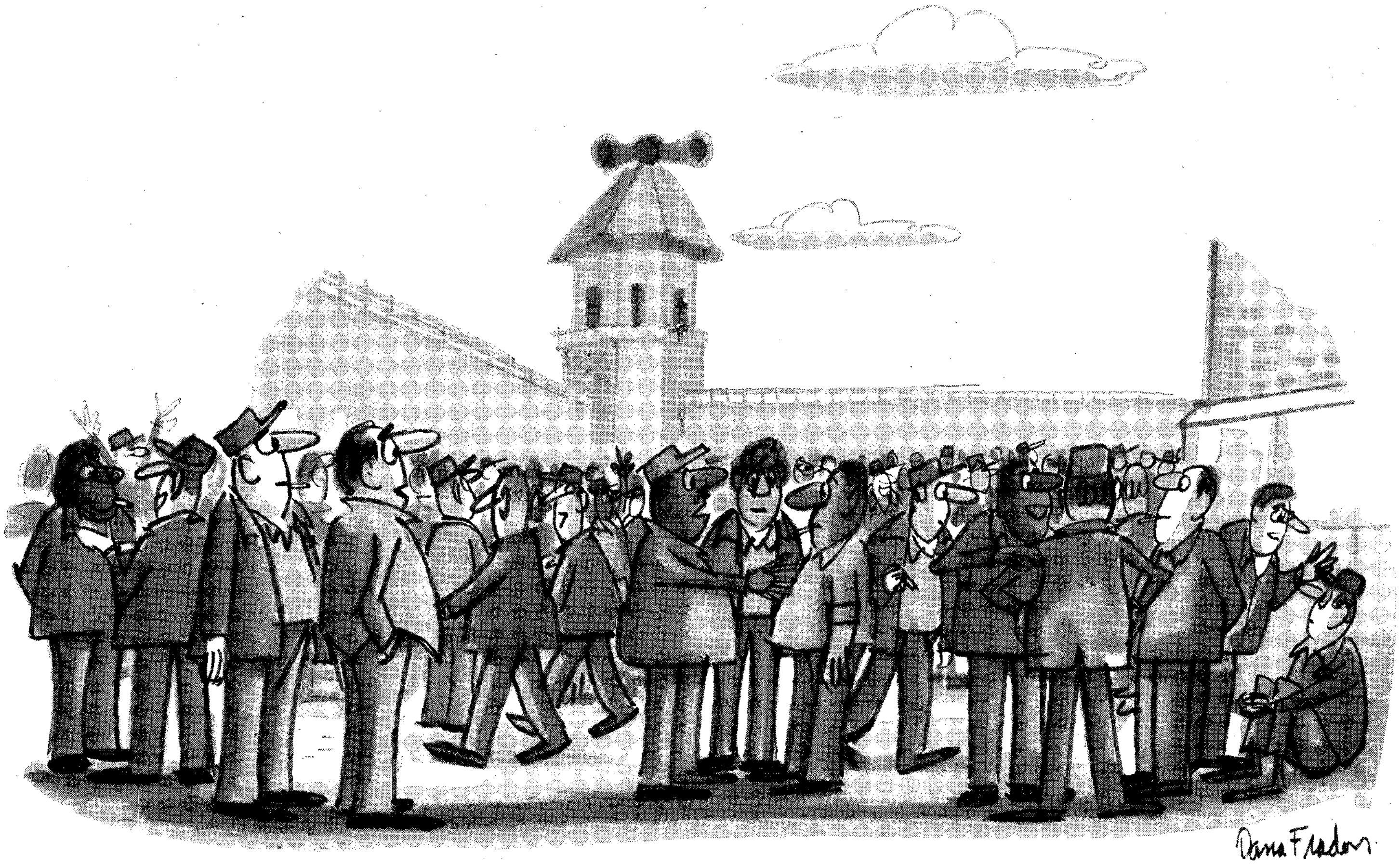
"How did you happen to choose this place?" I asked Hope Hazlitt.

She said, "It was exactly midway between Bobby's school and my job in town. Come on upstairs."

On the second floor there were four small bedrooms and a pale-yellow bath. Hope opened the first door on the left and said, "This is Bobby's room." The walls were covered with pictures of English pop singers and American baseball players. She said, "I'm not going to bother doing any cleaning in here. I figured it wouldn't appeal to you." She was absolutely right. We crossed the hall to a much smaller room—suitable, I thought, for the maid. Hope said, "I thought this would suit you."

I said, "What about the others?"

She said, "I use the little room next door as a kind of study." It contained a desk, a file cabinet, and a couple of folding chairs. "Then there's my room." She was ready to pass it by, but I stopped, and so she opened the door. "I won't be cleaning this up, either, so don't bother coming in here. Just leave everything the way it is." This was spoken peremptorily, as much as to say "Keep out." And so after I moved in I made a point, every couple of days, of going in and walking around Hope Hazlitt's bedroom. It was a real boudoir and, true to her word, she hadn't done a thing in the way of tidying up there. Clothes were piled on the red velvet boudoir chair. Shoes stuck out from under the bed, which, beneath a



"Man! I hate to think of what the collective guilt adds up to around here!"

• •

pink satin comforter, was obviously unmade. A hair dryer trailed its cord from the open drawer of an antiqued white night table, and the table itself was covered with curlers. The wastebasket was overflowing.

I was amused by all this. Or rather, it amused me to turn the emotional cartwheel it took to go from Hope Hazlitt's vulgar boudoir in that ghastly house in Castle Court out into the sober charm of Booterstown with its gray stone cottages, its vivid gardens. Being a seaside suburb, the place had a holiday air. There was no beach, but people would climb the steps at one end of the seawall to sit on the rocks and sun themselves or go swimming in the shallow water. That was an exceptional July—at least, it would have been exceptional anywhere else. For Ireland it was miraculous. Day after day, the sky was blue, the sun was strong, and there was a wonderful breeze. The pleasure I took in all this, the bliss I felt at being back in Ireland, soon permeated the house in Castle Court. After a couple of days I was quite content there.

WHEN I lived in Dublin before, I made no friends at the College of Art—that is, not among the girls. Love can develop under almost any conditions, but friendship, in its beginnings, requires the right medium, and for me the College of Art was all wrong. I wasn't a full-time student, which set me apart to begin with, and my nationality finished the job. I used to feel that the girls in my classes had an image of me that corresponded to what an old woman I'd met in Mayo must have had in mind when she addressed me as "Yank."

If the boys at the College of Art thought me Yankish, it didn't seem to matter, and I didn't lack boyfriends in Ireland. Dublin social life was democratic and it flourished after hours. When the pubs closed, word would go out that someone's flat was available, and at the subsequent "party" you'd come across anyone from members of the Dail to fiddlers up from the country for the day. But the nicest Irishman I met came my way by a roundabout route. One day toward the end of my second year, a letter arrived from someone named Stephen Cronin, who said he was just back from New York, where a girl we both knew had told him to look me up. I didn't particularly like the girl and so I ignored the letter. Two weeks later my doorbell rang; when I answered it, a tall, very thin young man with curly gray hair introduced himself and said, "You didn't answer my note, so I thought I'd come round."

Stephen worked in the publicity office of Aer Lingus. He was appalled at how little I knew of Irish life, apart from the pubs and parties and the College of Art, and he set out to correct the situation; in his little white sports car, we went flying in every direction along the empty Irish roads. He was an ideal guide—well informed, funny, tireless, and above all cultured. He had a passion for Georgian furniture and silver, old Waterford glass, English pictures, Indian carpets, all of which he collected and stored in the basement of his parents' house in Dalkey. I began to envision life among these things, and the vision appealed to me. I'd been in love a lot and always found it harrowing; I was ready for something more civilized. Then one evening Stephen came by in a terrible state. "Forgive me, Ann," he said, "but I must talk to someone."

It's doubly flattering to be chosen as a confidante; you feel both important and on the verge of becoming more so. I said, "Come on in. I'll make some tea."

Laughing with embarrassment, groaning with real misery, he sat down and launched into a story that floored me. "I've been in love with someone for three years—a Spanish girl who worked in the Embassy here. I was never so involved with anyone, but she was very neurotic and used to throw terrible scenes."

I wasn't in love with Stephen but I hadn't ruled out this possibility, and as I listened to him what was uppermost in my mind was covering myself. "What sort of scenes would she make?" I asked.

"She'd quite literally beat her head against the wall."

"What would you do then?"

"Simply walk out."

"What would set her off in the first place?"

"It was mostly that she wanted to live with me and try it out, but I wanted to get married. Otherwise I knew I'd be left high and dry."

"What finally happened?"

"She transferred to London. Now she's come back and says she wants to marry me."

I said, "Do you still want to marry her?"

He didn't. The Spanish girl went home to Barcelona, and Stephen and I continued to go out, but things weren't the same. The illusion was gone, and we spent most of our time together analyzing his previous love affairs: the Norwegian, the Belgian, the Venezuelan, the Israeli—they were all more or less the same type, a little disturbed and very determined. When I came back to New York, we exchanged a few letters, and occasionally he flew over on Aer Lingus business; I'd wonder then whether something mightn't yet develop between us but I felt that in the light of the Spanish girl I struck him as a bit tame—that was how I struck myself, compared to her—and so I held back. When one Christmas he wrote that he was getting married (surprisingly—for him—to a girl with an Irish surname), I was relieved, though I got the impression that he felt guilty with respect to me. He seemed bent on establishing the image of us as having a unique kind of friendship and after the marriage he kept me posted on his affairs. They bought a house in Monkstown. He wrote, "I hope you'll come over and stay with us. There's plenty of room." Soon there was a baby. "You wouldn't believe what a frightful business it is," he wrote. And then, "Stephen George has a sister, Bianca." In the end I did feel some sort of connection with this unknown family; when I agreed to take Hope Hazlitt's house I wrote and told Stephen, and after I was installed in Castle Court he was the first person I called.

"Ann," he said, "I was delighted to get your letter. When will you come to supper?"

I said, "When would you like?"

There was a high-pitched scream at his end. "No, no, Bianca," he said off to one side, and then to me, "Hang on, will you? Let me talk to Suzanne."

With the toe of my shoe I traced one of the gold snakes on the Castle Court carpet, imagining the sort of carpet where Stephen would be standing and the sort of room—a perfect sort of room.

He came back on the line and said, "How would Wednesday suit you?"

I said, "Wednesday's fine."

"I'll pick you up. Will we say half six?"

"Fine," I said. "Wait'll you see this house."

When he did, he frowned and smiled and shook his head, like someone bearing up well under bad news. I said, "Isn't it awful?"

"It's pretty bad," he said. "All the same, I expect you're comfortable."

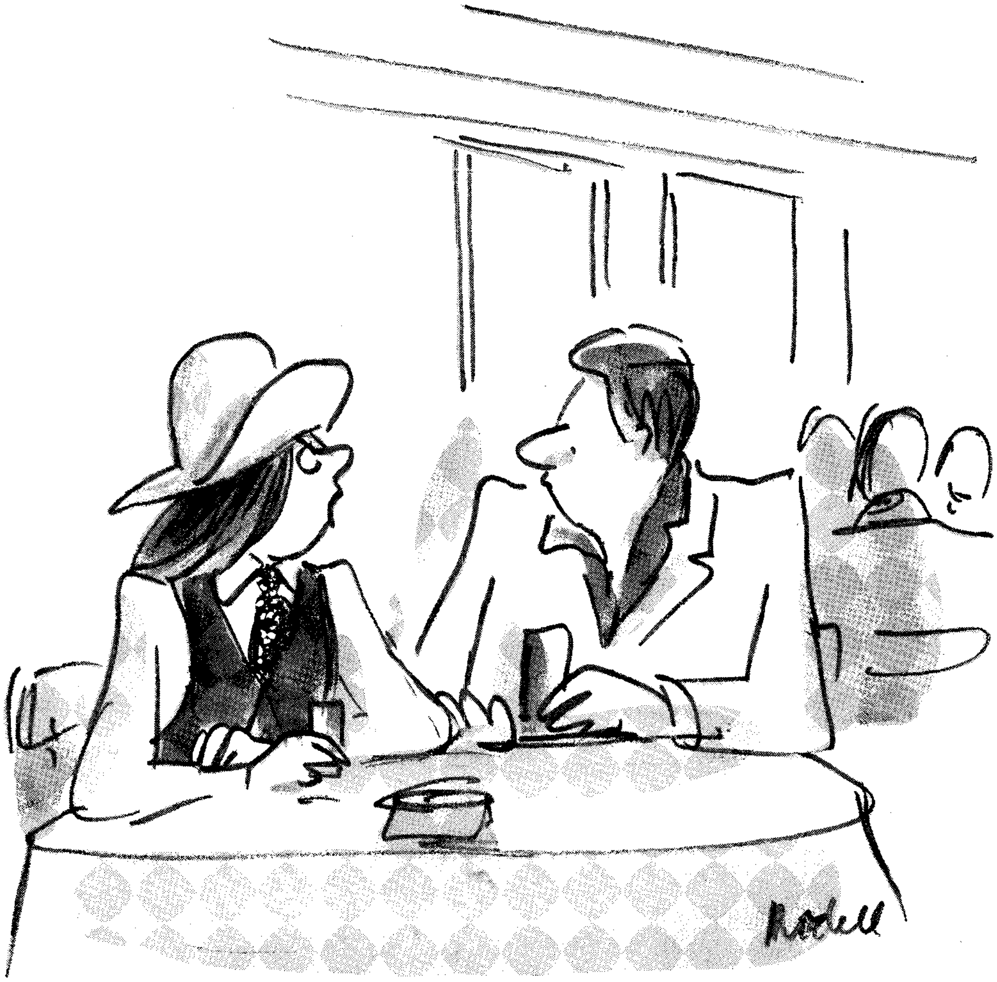
I said, "In a horrible sort of way I am."

He looked at his watch. "Can I tear you away?" He no longer had a sports car—he drove a small station wagon now. The weight of family life had fallen on him, and he bore it with a touching mixture of gravity and lightheartedness. "Suzanne is looking forward to meeting you," he said as he turned carefully into the traffic on Rock Road.

I said, "I'm looking forward to meeting her." It would have been truer to say I was curious. I wondered how he'd made out—whether his story had a happy ending or one that was merely acceptable. "I was surprised that you married an Irish girl."

"Suzanne's not typical," he said. "She has a mind of her own."

In my experience, Irish girls always had minds of their own—quick, canny, sometimes generous, usually critical minds. I'd never been particularly comfortable with those girls and I felt in no great hurry to meet another, but Monkstown was practically on top of Booterstown, and it took about three minutes to get to Stephen's house. As we drove up, the front door opened, and two women and four children came out onto the doorstep. One woman was rather matronly. The other was a short, thin girl with the blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and curly black hair that are traditionally called Irish beauty. She proved to be Stephen's



"Well, you may not, but a lot of people happen to think I look a lot like Diane Keaton."

wife, which meant that the little girl who looked just like her was Stephen's daughter; the little boy with the long blond bob turned out to be Stephen's son. The two other children were strikingly overweight, and when they and the matronly woman had gone and we'd stepped inside, I for some reason—as a rule I'm not outspoken—brought this up. "I'm glad Stephen George and Bianca are who they are," I said. "Those other children were awfully—"

"Fat!" said Suzanne. "That's all I can think of when they're around. I never get used to it."

"It's my one prejudice, fatness," said Stephen. "I loathe it."

The ice was broken. We were of one mind and off to a good start. Suzanne said, "I've got a couple of things still to do for our supper, Ann. Would you like to help Stephen get the kids ready for bed?"

Stephen George was four and a half, Bianca just three. They were beautiful and full of energy and they took complete advantage of their father as he struggled to get them undressed. "You see what it's like," he said to me, helpless with love and exasperation.

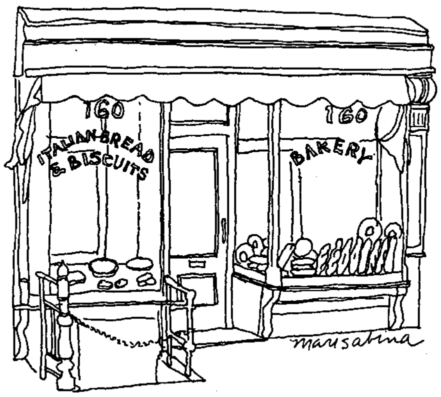
Finally Suzanne came upstairs. "Are you being very bold?" she asked the children. This set off a fresh struggle, but it was the last. Stephen George and Bianca were exhausted. The covers were drawn up over their beds, the light was put out, and we left the room. Suzanne said, "Come see the house, Ann."

I have an impression of that house now rather than a clear image of any part of it. I remember rooms painted wonderful colors—rose red, deep Wedgwood, bright yellow. I see marvellous chests and chairs, the fruits of Stephen's long, profitable bachelorhood—his carpets, his interesting objects, his pictures. One thing stands out in my mind, a series of paintings of some big, serious, creamy-looking sheep shown close up in a dark meadow. They're as clear to me now as if I'd lifted my eyes to them again and again, but in fact I got only a glimpse of those creamy sheep, for they hung in the dining room, and we didn't eat there. A small table had been set up in the drawing room, and this was where we spent the evening, though I can't describe the drawing room, either—probably because I was distracted. We had a good time; we three hit it off. In the middle of dinner, Suzanne put down her fork and said, "I can't believe how different you are from what I expected."

I said, "What did you expect?"

"Someone sort of pale and serious." Stephen blushed and protested. She said to him, "I suppose you were trying to make me jealous—jealous and not jealous. Tearing poor Ann down but letting me know she was in the picture."

I said, "Shame on you, Stephen," but I didn't really mind. That I'd made a contribution to this happy household seemed to entitle me to share the happiness, which is something I don't often feel. I'm not someone who's comfortable as a third, or a fifth, or a fifteenth. I believe people are meant to pair off and I accept the corollary to this: that people who don't pair off, for whatever reason—bad judgment, or bad luck, or some quirkiness of mind or heart—must suffer the consequences. But there was nothing to suffer that night at the Cronins'.



Suzanne said, "Anyway, I'm glad you're not pale and serious."

"But I am," I said. "Serious, anyway."

Stephen said, "The trouble with most people is they're not serious enough."

"Or personal enough, I think," said Suzanne.

I said, "It's a question of technique, isn't it? Knowing when to be one thing or the other and how much."

"One's constantly readjusting," said Suzanne. "God, I hate it! Have some more lasagna, Ann." I passed my plate; she gave me a second helping and said, "Why haven't you got married?"

Stephen laughed in embarrassment, but I wasn't embarrassed. I said, "That's a good question."

"A good question that I suppose doesn't have an answer," said Suzanne.

She needn't have let me off the hook; I had an answer. "Somebody once said to me that when a man isn't married you can't help wondering why, but with a woman it just means she didn't like the people who asked her, and the people she'd have liked didn't ask."

Stephen said, "Do you think that's true today?"

I said, "I think it'll always be true, more or less."

"I wonder," said Suzanne. "We have a friend who's a doctor and has

HAT OF AUGUST

We have trimmed the night to the size of a wick,
my uncle and I, on the patio where he walks. We rise,
or some part of us: bits of the rendered stuff
changed to light. He flips cigar ash
at the carving of a snake, a two-dimensional back
the sculptor wrapped into a pile tight as a mountain road,
until he broached its arrow face.
And all of what we've been rising toward
forgets its inducements: stars, corks, and sherbet
—whatever we've skinned our dark horizons to.

". . . but what have I been saying?" my uncle asks. These end-of-summer ravellings,
birds and such out of work, prompt us to bay at the moon,
old dogs too tired to finish supper.
But the hat of my uncle

is truly magnificent, sombre in its wings, and apt to
peer at me with his face when it is held as now
against the night. He holds it from him,
mouth up, as though it were possible
that anything might gutter and drop.

He is moving from me toward the edge,
and the bald head once contained
barely gleams now, dull as our clean platters.

—Alex Stevens

• •

Executive Sneak Attack

two children, and she positively refuses to marry their father. She says she has quite enough to handle."

"Well," I said, "it's true of me."

"Still and all," said Suzanne, "you should be married."

Stephen said, "You really should, Ann."

"I know. It's odd," I said, "not being. Sometimes it feels a bit like never having been a child."

Suzanne nodded vigorously. "There's that whole area missing."

I said, "I seem to attract the wrong sort of men."

"What sort?" she asked.

"Oh," I said, "people who for some reason think I'm going to give them a bad time. And then I don't."

She shook her head from side to side, slowly, several times. "I know, I know," she said. "I was the same. By the time I met Stephen I was so fed up that I said I'd only just try the marriage and only for three months."

"So you see how lucky I am," said Stephen.

I saw this and something else: To the extent that his happiness was hard-won it was still threatened. Happiness is at best a day-to-day affair, but this was a lucky day, and the luck had something to do with my not being pale and serious. I felt like a piece of missing evidence—the proof that Stephen had had a real choice, which, in turn, enhanced the choice he'd made. I think this was why the three of us got on so well—we had a common interest.

"Look," Suzanne said, "are you doing anything this Saturday?"

I said, "I'm not sure."

"A friend of ours, a cellist, is giving a recital. If you're free, why don't you come along?"

"To be perfectly honest," I said, "things like that—quartets and things—put me to sleep." I wasn't being honest at all. I was hedging, reluctant to wear out my welcome, but the welcome was real and not to be backed away from.

Suzanne said, "What about Sunday? We could do something in the afternoon. Were you ever to the Botanic Gardens?"

Stephen said, "I think I took you there, Ann—just before you left."

I said, "That was the zoo."

"The zoo! What was I thinking of?" He'd been thinking of the Spanish girl. He was probably thinking of her again. I know I was—of her and of the evenings in my flat spent talking out his past and talking away the then present. I really didn't regret any of this but I recognized that possibly the time could have been better spent.

"Anyway, it was a very nice zoo," I said.

"And it's a very nice Botanic Gardens," said Suzanne. "Come for Sunday lunch; then we'll all go off. It's a while since we took the kids to the Gardens."

The kitchen in the Cronins' house was small and it had an old-fashioned look. Doing the dishes there was as pleasant as dinner in the drawing room had been, and when the dishes were finished there was pleasantness left over. "Shall we go for a walk?" Stephen suggested.

Suzanne said, "We could take the dogs over to the strand and give them a run."

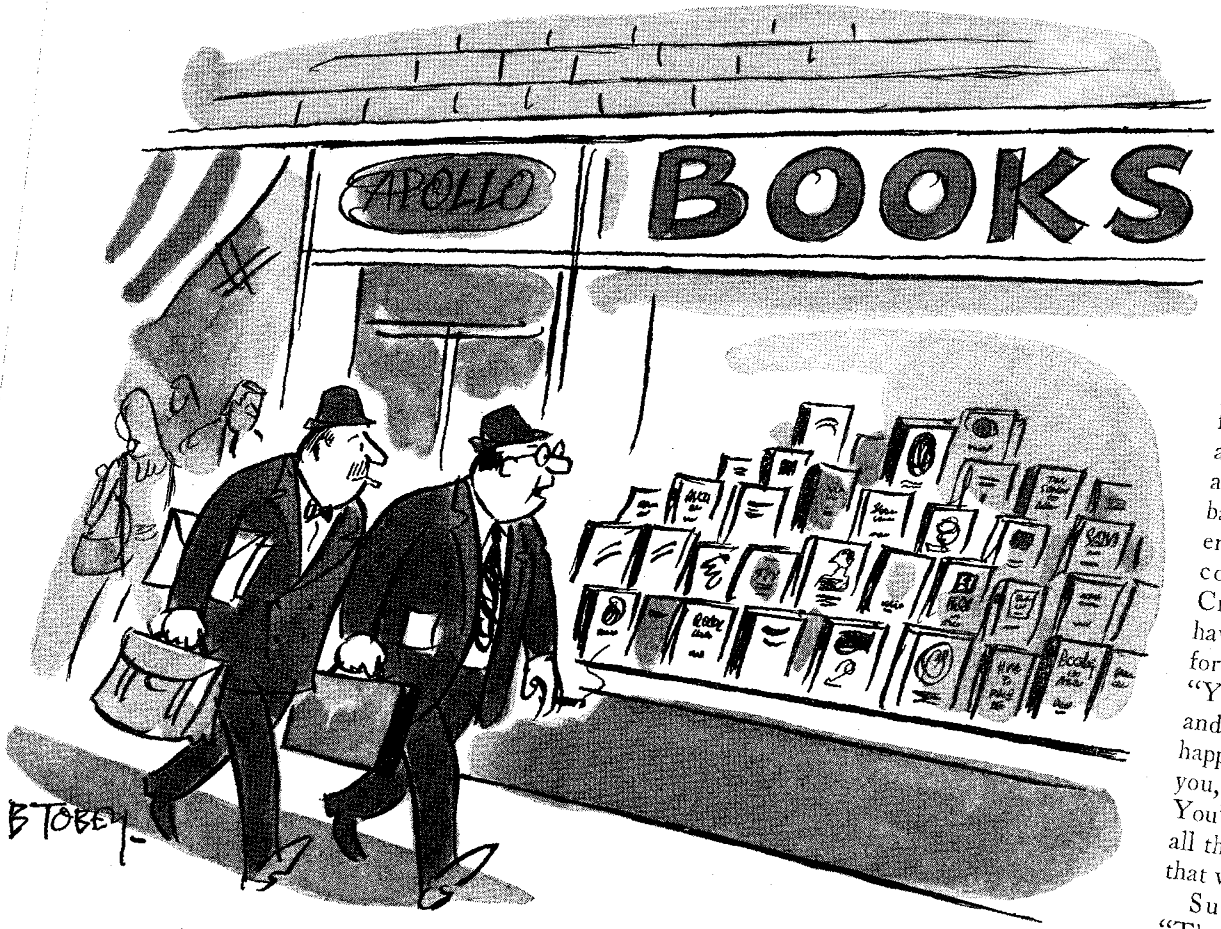
I said, "What dogs?"

"Dora and Margo," she said. "They live in the garden."

I said, "Is it all right to leave the children?"

"Oh sure," she said. "We'll only be a minute."

Stephen let himself out the kitchen door and met us in front with a sheepdog and an Airedale. Monkstown strand was only a couple of blocks away, but we drove there with the dogs panting and whining and trying to pace



"By God, this year on my vacation I'm going to read a book!"

in the back of the station wagon. When they were let loose they began racing up and down the promenade, but Dora, the sheepdog, soon got tired and settled down to a melancholy trot alongside us. Stephen patted her and said, "Poor Dora—she's too old to keep up with Margo, and it drives her mad."

I was struck by that remark. It seemed to me to contain a world of sympathy and understanding—that is to say, sympathy and understanding beyond the requirements of family life—which was the great thing about the Cronins. They weren't as closed off in their intimacy as married couples usually seem to me to be.

ON Friday I went down to the country to visit friends who have a farm in Monaghan. I've always lived in the city—I'm happy and at home there—but at that farm I'm happier and more at home than I've ever been anyplace else. You can practically taste the air there; you can hear the stillness. I was supposed to stay one night but I stayed two. Sunday morning I took the bus back to Dublin, stopped in at Castle Court to change my clothes, heard Mass at the big, homely Booterstown church, and then went straight to the Cronins'. This quick succession of drastically different perspectives left me keyed up—in contrast to Stephen, who looked a bit played out when he answered the door. "The children have been outrageous," he said. "It took us half an hour, but we finally got them down for their naps."

I said, "I thought things seemed awfully calm." Things, in fact, seemed not so much calm as cool. Inside, in the hall, I felt as if I were receiving the house's equivalent of a blank look but I told myself it was my imagination. When we walked into the kitchen, I changed my mind again and decided I'd been right the first time.

Suzanne said, "Forgive us if we're a bit droopy, Ann. We were at the most dreadful party last night. It went on and on and got more and more boring. Both of us drank too much and slept badly."

States of grace or of mere congeniality don't often survive a change of scene or additions to the cast of characters. The events of a couple of days had been bound to bury our pleasant evening, and I blamed myself for not bearing this in mind. "Then today you had to have me," I said.

"Not at all," said Stephen. "We were looking forward to it."

Suzanne said, "Yes. You can put it all out of our minds."

The third person is often called on to provide distraction, to smooth over rough places or otherwise ease family pressures. I set about this task willingly and with a confidence based on long experience and the proven compatibility of the Cronins and myself. "I have a foolproof routine for parties," I said. "You stay in one place and talk to anyone who happens to come up to you, no matter who. You'd be surprised at all the people you meet that way."

Suzanne said, "That'd be the trouble."

"It beats dodging around, picking and choosing," I said.

"I suppose you don't feel so morally empty afterward," said Stephen. He had a nice way of sharpening your point without turning it against you.

I said, "Exactly."

Suzanne said, "Stephen, will you open the wine?" She went to the refrigerator and took out a salmon salad, molded in the shape of a fish and decorated with sliced olives and strips of pimento; it seemed the only thing we could have eaten in that pretty kitchen. "That's your place, Ann." She indicated the middle chair.

I sat down and rested my elbows on the inlaid beechwood table. "You can't imagine how good it feels to be in a house like this," I said. "After Castle Court."

"What exactly's wrong with the place?" asked Suzanne.

"For one thing, it's too done up." I helped myself to the salad and passed the plate to Stephen.

He smiled and said, "Ann had a great liking for dilapidation."

"I wasn't happy unless the stuffing was coming out of the furniture."

"Well, we all get a bit sentimental that way, don't we?" said Suzanne.

I'd always admired Irish hardheadedness, the national determination to

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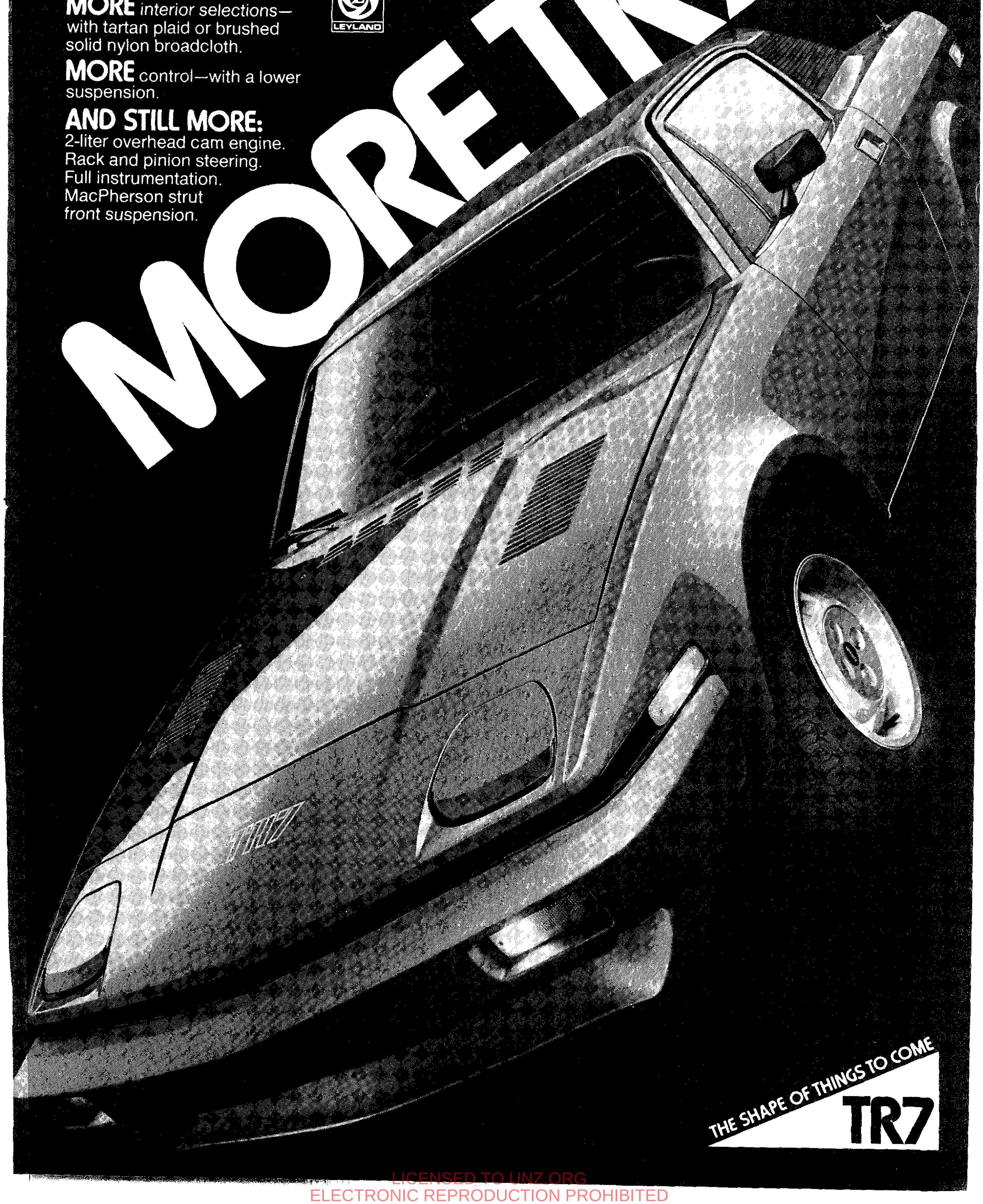
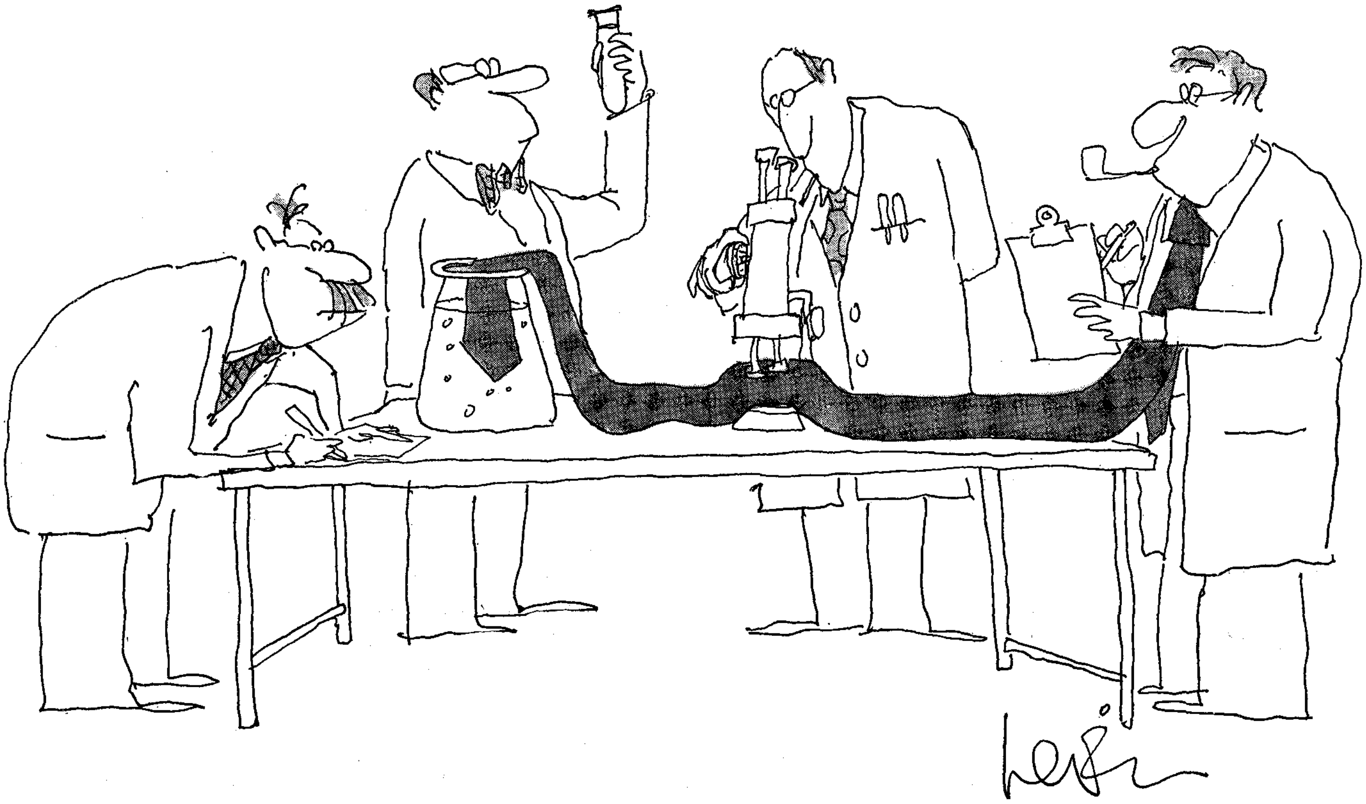


THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

TR7



call a heart a bleeding heart even, or maybe especially, when the heart was my own. I said, "I suppose that's what it amounts to."

"The next time you come to Ireland you must stay with us," Stephen said.

At the moment I was glad I hadn't taken him up on that old invitation. It's the hostess who ends up with the guest on her hands, and I'd begun to suspect that Suzanne Cronin and I might have also ended up getting on each other's nerves. I said, "I'm not a very good guest, even with people I'm close to."

Suzanne said, "I don't believe that." She spoke not deprecatingly but in a positive way, as if I'd exaggerated. It occurred to me then that there was something more than tiredness in the air. I wondered if the Cronins had quarrelled, and in the interest of winning myself immunity, even at the cost of my pride, I offered a dreary bit of autobiography. "We lived with my grandmother when I was a child. We couldn't ever have company of our own, and I never really got over it. I'm still self-conscious in other people's houses."

"Families," said Stephen. "My grandfather lived with us when I was a kid. He used take snuff, and I was so ashamed that I'd tell the other kids it was medicine."

"My grandparents died before I was born," said Suzanne. "I was always jealous of people who had them. Have some bread, Ann." She passed me the board; I cut myself a slice and passed it to Stephen.

"Do you find Dublin much changed?" he asked.

This was a subject I could throw myself into, having thought of little else for days. Watching the bathers at Booterstown, gazing up at my old house in Fitzwilliam Square, mingling with the lunchtime crowd in Stephen's Green, wandering among the shoppers at Brown Thomas, standing on O'Connell Bridge, walking the quays, I'd turned the past and the present over and over in my mind and come to a rather complicated and idiosyncratic conclusion which I was very pleased with and more than happy to air: "Different but not really changed."

"Explain yourself," said Stephen. He loved this kind of talk.

I said, "I get a real sense of how things have kept on going. I mean ordinary things—people having birthdays and getting sick and getting better, or getting mad at each other and making up or holding a grudge; and the whole time everyone running into everyone else on Grafton Street or in the Green. Somehow it all adds up to something that looks practically the same and feels totally different."

"But not changed," said Stephen. He looked puzzled but interested. Suzanne looked bored.

I said, "Maybe it's me. In a lot of ways I've been standing still."

Stephen said, "Some people should. Some people are right the way they are."

I saw then what was wrong. After I'd left the other night, they'd talked about me. Suzanne had said, "Ann's really awfully nice," and Stephen had gone on from there, for that was the trouble with him—he was injudicious. He always had been. He was open and enthusiastic and truthful and he didn't know when to keep quiet. He'd gone on about the Spanish girl with me and he'd undoubtedly gone on about me with his wife. Suzanne would have said, "Why didn't it come off between you two?"

And instead of "We weren't in love," he'd probably answered, "I don't know," or words to that unnecessarily honest and ambiguous effect.

Suzanne got up and put the salad plate on the counter, replacing it with a bowl of fruit. "We stayed up talking about you the other night," she said as she sat down again. "Stephen is awfully fond of you, Ann."

It made me sad and it made me furious. I said, "The truth is, I was always too odd for Stephen's taste."

"But that's what we like about people, isn't it?" she said. "The thing that makes them different is the thing that attracts us."

"I was a little too different." I turned to Stephen for corroboration of what he must have at some point acknowledged to himself.

He said, "I think of you whenever I go down Fitzwilliam."

Into this conversational dead end walked Bianca, crying to herself and rubbing her eyes. Behind her came Stephen George, who looked at the remains of the salad and said, "I want some lunch."

Stephen said, "I think we'll ignore that."

"I want lunch!" said Bianca.

"We're all finished," their mother said. "Besides, you had yours before, you and Stephen George. You had your lovely eggs. Remember?"

Stephen George said, "I don't remember." Bianca began to scream.

I took a pear from the bowl, pushed my chair away from the table, and said to the children, "Take me outside and show me the garden."

OF all the good things about that house, the garden was possibly the best. It was a long stretch of level ground surrounded by a high hedge, with borders of flowers on the two sides and a vegetable garden at the back. There were trees—an apple, a handsome chestnut, a laburnum, and a young elm with a swing attached to one of the branches. Two wooden deck chairs were set up near the house; when my eyes adjusted to the sunlight I noticed croquet wickets sticking up in the grass. The dogs ran up and jumped all over us and then ran off again. Stephen George said to me, "Do you want to see the game?"

I thought he probably wanted to play croquet and I said, "Sure."

He led me to the back of the garden, where a short, sturdy flight of wooden stairs stood against the hedge; we climbed the stairs to what was a small private grandstand looking out on a playing field. A cricket match was in progress. Stephen George and I watched for a minute or two; then he said, "Would you like to swing?"

I translated this as "I'd like to swing," and said, "Sure." But Bianca had got there first. I said, "How about a push, Bianca?" She stood up and sat down again, but the swing was slightly off balance, and my first hesitant push made it zigzag; Bianca began to scream. I steadied the swing, and she jumped off and ran into the house.

"Now it's my turn," Stephen George said with innocent satisfaction.

I'd sent him up half a dozen times when his father came out into the garden and strolled over to us. Stephen looked preoccupied and a little sheepish, and so the change of plan he proposed came as no surprise, though I was irritated by the way he put it: "Do you feel like going to the Botanic Gardens?" It was as if it were a brainstorm he'd just had, and from this I gathered that the plan had already been rejected. I felt a little left out, a little in the way, and no less so for the recogni-

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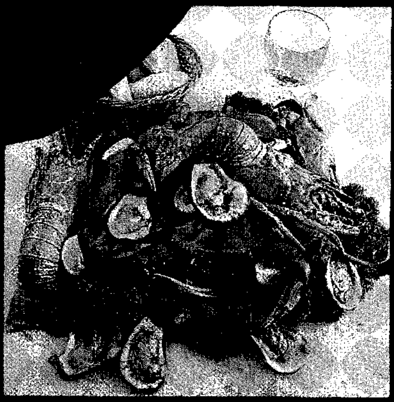
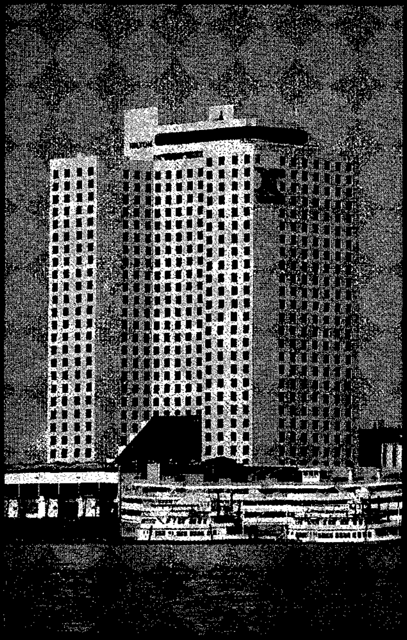




tion that the feeling was unreasonable, since I no longer had any desire to go to the Botanic Gardens.

"Why don't we skip it?" I said.

"It's difficult with the children," he explained. "When they start acting up, there's not much you can do."

I said, "Don't be silly. They're fine children."

"We might sit out here and relax," he suggested.

"That's just what I feel like doing." Sunbathing is conducive to silence, and I was tired of making conversation, tired of being taken the wrong way.

Suzanne came out in a bikini. "Would you like to borrow one?" she asked. I declined, feeling overly fastidious, which I probably am. Stephen brought out another deck chair and set it up; then he inflated and filled a plastic wading pool for the children, who took off their clothes and began to dash in and out of the water. "Watch me!" they cried as they bellyflopped or lay on their stomachs splashing each other. The dogs retreated to the far end of the garden and lay down under the trees, though every so often Margo, the Airedale, would get up and make a frantic circuit of the yard, while poor Dora looked on, her rheumy old eyes full of despair. In this desultory but slightly hectic fashion, an hour passed, then another hour. Finally the sun went behind the trees, and I sat forward.

"I'd better be going," I said.

Suzanne said, "Won't you stay for tea?"

The offer was a formality, a way of keeping up the appearance of friendship, when in fact we'd had more than enough of each other's company. For the same reason and also for the sake of my self-respect, I made an offer of my own. "Why don't you come back and have tea with me? You could see the famous house." This plan offered activity, distraction, and a change of scene, which made it seem, at that point, like a good idea, or at least the better one. The children were dressed, Suzanne changed into a skirt and blouse, Stephen put on a sweater, and we climbed into the car and drove to Castle Court. In the strong late-afternoon light the twelve white houses stood out like twelve sore thumbs.

"My God!" said Suzanne.

"The last one on the right," I reminded Stephen. He circled the development and came to a stop at the end house.

Suzanne said, "It's all very mock Georgian."

"More like mock Levittown," I

said. Stephen, knowing something of America, laughed.

"Well, anyway, it's very mock," said Suzanne.

She began to rub me the wrong way. It wasn't as if I were to blame for the flareup of Stephen's interest in me. It wasn't even as if that interest meant anything—it was a simple reflex, as inconsequential as the blink of an eye. Still, I could see her side of it—balance is crucial to marriage, and if I'd tipped the balance then I had to go. It was cut and dried and had nothing to do with me personally. The recognition of this revived something in me—my sense of proportion, my sense of humor. I said, "Ta-da!" and opened the front door and let them in.

Suzanne turned in a circle, took everything in, and said, "How hideous!" In her, too, something had suddenly revived—the authority that was hers by virtue of the beautiful house in Monkstown. She led the way into the Castle Court living room, turned another circle, and said, "It's perfectly hideous." The children, running from room to room, found the piano and began to bang on the keyboard; the noise drew us to the dining room. Suzanne looked out the French windows at the neat patch of grass and shook her head in disbelief. "You'd think there'd at least be a few marigolds."

I said, "You would, wouldn't you?"

She shuddered. "I couldn't live in a place like this."

I said, "I think of it as just a place I'm staying."

She said, "I couldn't *stay* in a place like this. I'd be too depressed."

I said, "I can't afford to get depressed. I'm stuck here."

"I'd get out of it somehow," she insisted. "I'd go to a hotel."

"I can't afford that, either." My sense of humor began to give way again. I said, "You don't want to go upstairs, do you?"

"Let's," she said.

And so I led them up to the second floor and showed them my little cell, Bobby's bedroom, the pale-yellow bath, Hope Hazlitt's study. The boudoir door was closed. "What's in there?" asked Suzanne.

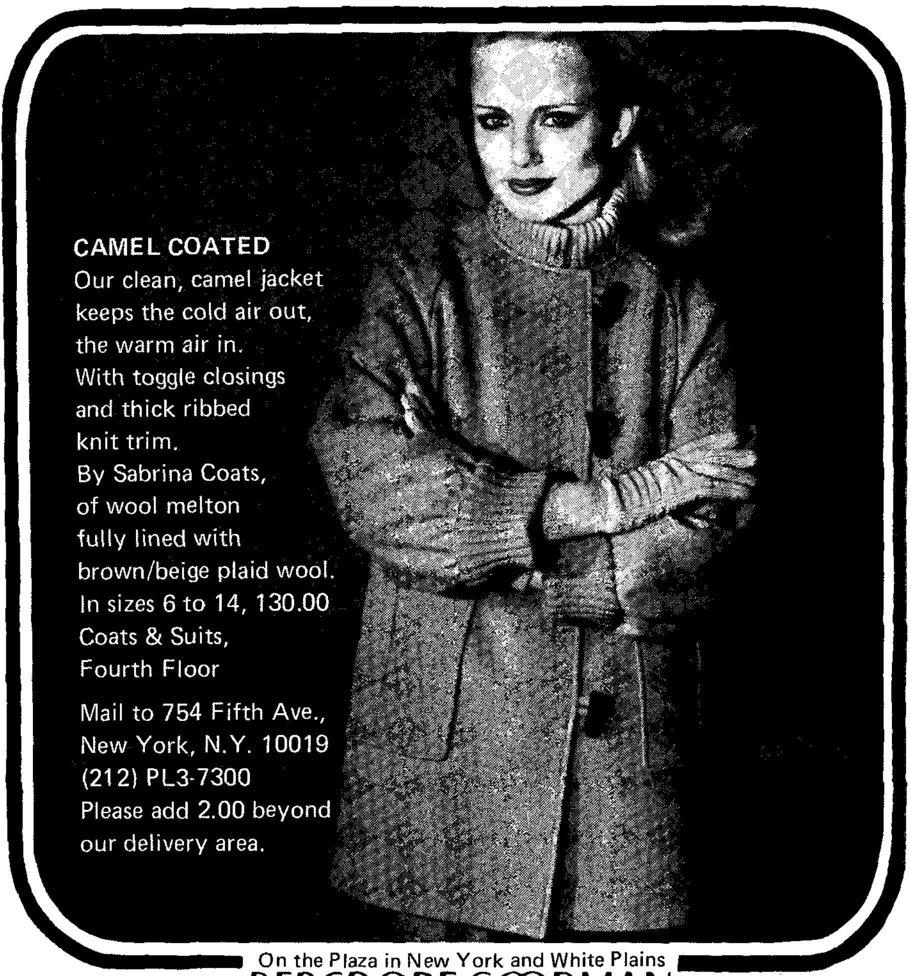
I said, "The master bedroom." She opened the door and gave a little gasp.

"More of a mistress's bedroom," said Stephen.

Suzanne said, "It's positively decadent."

"It is, isn't it?" I said.

Stephen stepped over the threshold and surveyed the room, mentally tak-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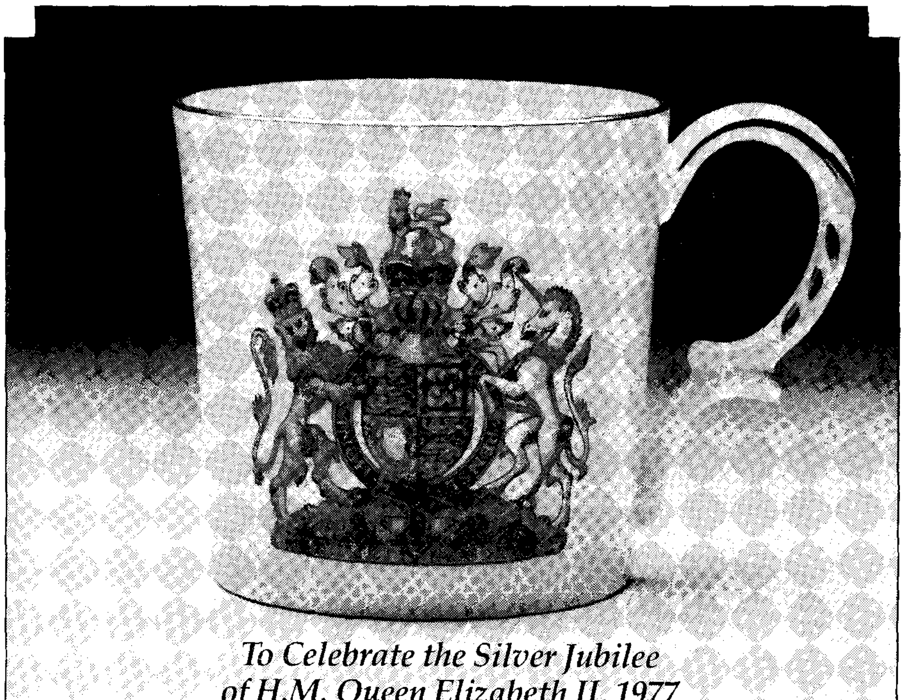
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ing its measure. "It's a good size," he concluded and stepped back out into the hall.

"Yes," said Suzanne. "Why aren't you using this one?"

I said, "I was told not to." I closed the door on the pink satin comforter, the unmade bed, the boudoir chair, the dirty clothes, the curlers. "What about tea?" I asked them.

Suzanne said, "Thank you, Ann, but I think we'll move along—though I'd love a glass of water."

We went back downstairs to the kitchen, where Stephen George and Bianca had got hold of a bag of mints I'd left on the table. "Please put those back," said their father.

"Can't they have one?" I asked.

Suzanne and Stephen exchanged a look that was both discreet and thoroughly intimate—the house had done the trick. They'd begun to remember what they meant to each other and what they'd done for each other—she, thanks to him, and he, thanks to her, would in all probability never be faced with so desolate a prospect as that house in Castle Court. "Maybe just one mint apiece," Stephen said. Stephen George took a mint for himself and one for his sister, unwrapped them, and threw the papers on the floor.

"Pick up the sweet papers," Stephen said. Bianca dropped her mint and began to cry. "May she have another, Ann?" asked Stephen.

I said, "Sure."

Bianca grabbed the bag and threw the mints on the floor. Mortified and amused, Stephen said, "We'd best be going."

I walked them to the door. "How much longer will you be here?" asked Suzanne.

I said, "Another three weeks."

"We must see each other again," she said. "We might have lunch in town one day."

I said, "Yes," but I doubted that we'd be having lunch in town or anything else. It would only be a repetition of the afternoon we'd just spent together—another skirmish in an undeclarable war of which I had to end up the loser, as I was the loser now. But if you're going to be a loser you might as well be a good one, you might as well play the part. I followed them outside and stood on the doorstep with my arms folded across my chest, my head slightly tilted. I made a pathetic picture, standing there alone in front of that awful house, but I wasn't as pathetic as I looked. Nor were the Cronins, as they slammed and locked their car doors, so very safe. For, with all the resources it has to command, happiness remains a shaky fortress. Sorrow is the stronghold. —Elizabeth Cullinan

* * *

Chapter 2 of the General Laws is hereby amended by adding after section 13 the following section:

Section 14. The poem of the commonwealth shall be the following:

Massachusetts

Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee dee dee
Our state bird sings from the tall elm tree
Across the Frog Pond shines the State House dome
And the Freedom Trail calls the Capitol home.

We have a lovely blossom the fragrant mayflower
It twines the rooted trees in hidden mossy bower
Bright cranberries red are scooped from the bog
While ships in the harbor anchor in the fog.

Pilgrim and Indians portray our history
And Boston bears the name: "Cradle of Liberty"
For the Bay State is famous for its heritage
Of freedom that created our country's image.

Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee dee dee
Come to Massachusetts, here is what you'll see
Universities, church spires, many historic sites
Cultural exhibitions and children flying kites.

Upon our state flag you'll see the symbols of
Liberty under peace for our spirit is the love
That centuries of citizens found in the dream
Of working together for democracy's theme.

Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee dee dee
I'm proud of Massachusetts for it belongs to me
Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee dee dee
I love Massachusetts for it's part of my country.

—*Bill introduced in the Massachusetts legislature.*

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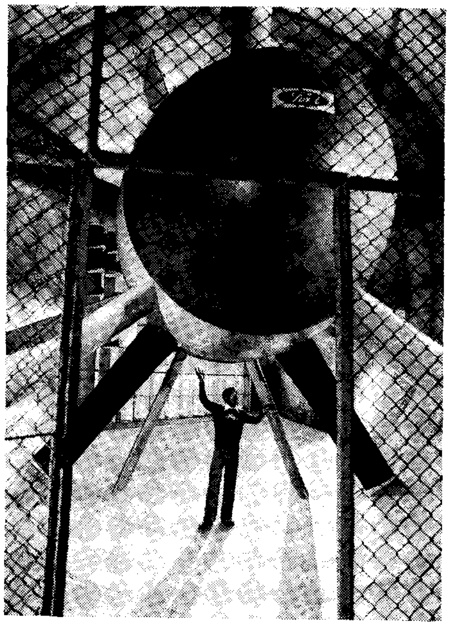

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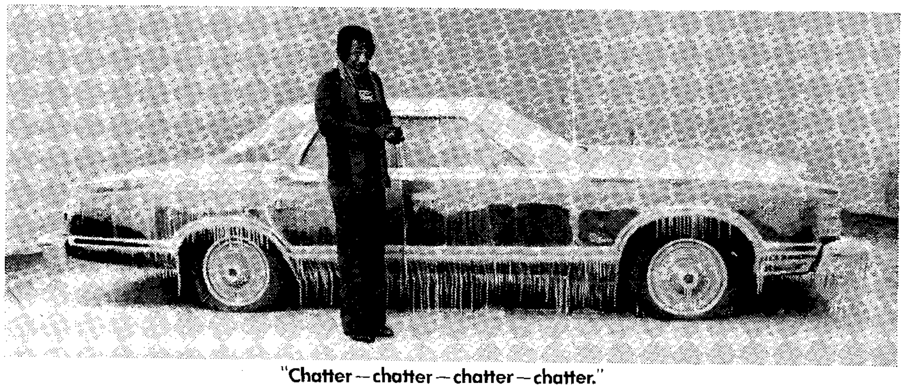

"Chatter—chatter—chatter—chatter."

Tough Test #2.

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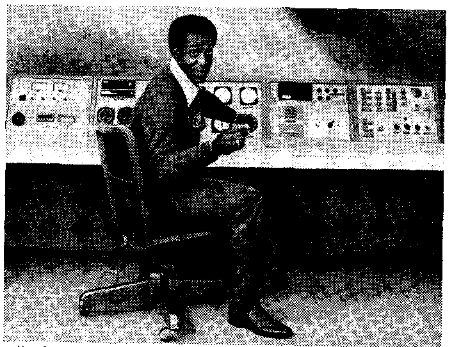

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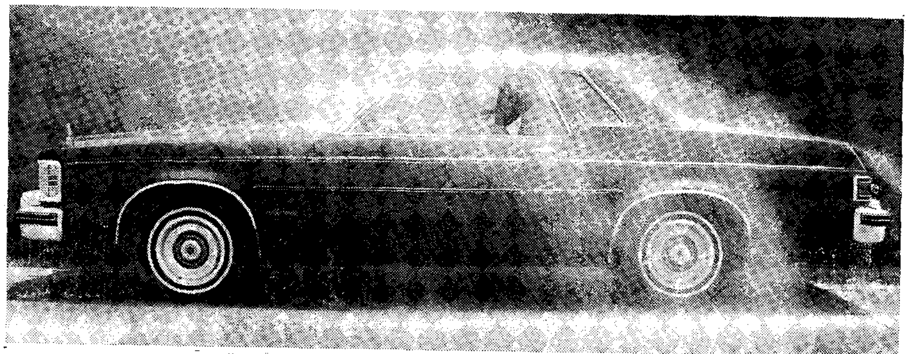

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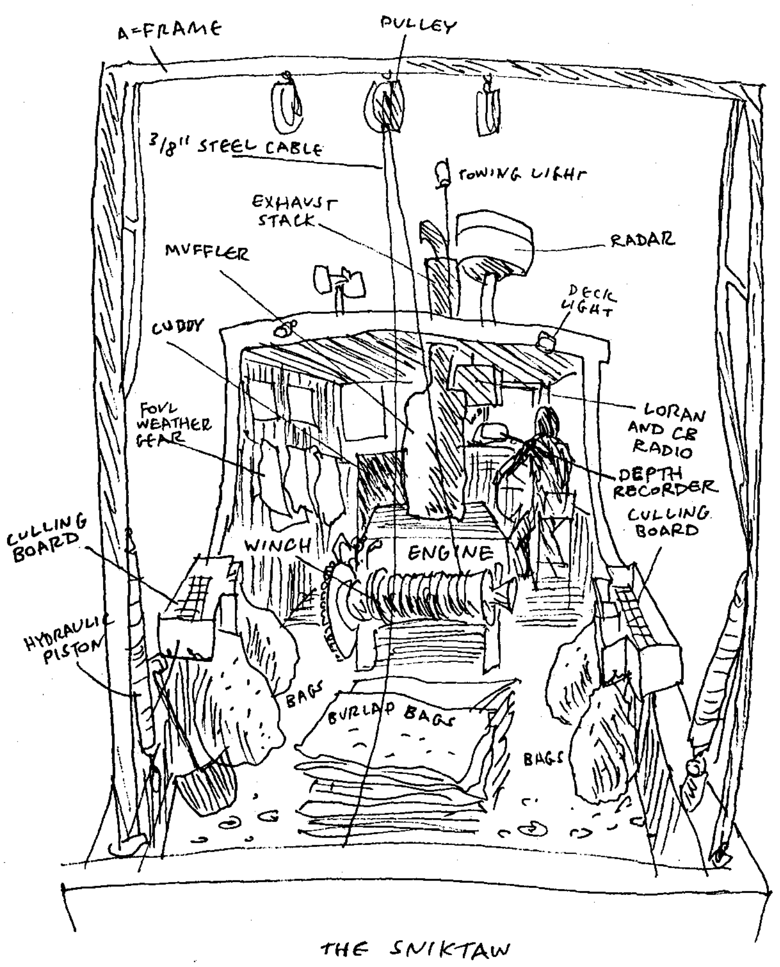
SCALLOPING

IT is 9 A.M., and a perfect day. The air is soft; the sun is warm; the light-blue sky soars without a cloud from the gray-shingled rooftops along the Cape Cod shore to the horizon of open ocean to the east. There is no wind. The Sniktaw III, a forty-foot scallop boat, is moving rapidly southward down the channel between Chatham and the long, pale sandspit called North Beach. A wild, bubbling wake tumbles from the stern—foam leaping, churning, dancing—and seems to chase the boat rather than fall away. A hundred yards behind us, the sea is nearly flat again; only a wiggly white calligraphy records our passing.



THE SNIKTAW

"We're going to go out through the Chatham bar!" yells John Tuttle, the twenty-four-year-old man who, with his partner, Henry Stout, who is twenty-nine, operates the Sniktaw. Tuttle, dressed in T-shirt, jeans, and rubber boots, spreads a wrinkled chart on the wooden surface of the engine housing and draws our course with his finger. "The Chatham-bar channel changes from week to week!" he yells, over the noisy engine. "The sand keeps shifting around. The depth varies from fifteen feet to three feet, and it gets treacherous in winter weather. We draw about three and a half feet." His finger moves through the channel, then southeastward from the elbow of Cape Cod. "We're going Down Below, I call it. Near the Boston shipping lanes, about twenty-five or thirty miles off Nantucket. We'll be working along the thirty-fathom edge." He indicates pale-blue depth lines on the chart. He jumps up and climbs around the house—the sheltered part of the deck containing the engine and the helm—and takes a position on the bow, standing spread-legged and looking down into the water ahead. We have turned east and are going through the Chatham bar. Stout watches Tuttle intently, turning the wheel as Tuttle points to shallow places.

Tuttle is of medium height; is muscular; has black curly hair; and has a rose tattooed on his arm. He resembles Jean-Paul Belmondo, the French actor, and he has an agreeable mischievous quality. He seems to be the kind of person that other people count on for laughs and a good time. But there is a precision and toughness about him, too, as there is about his partner. Stout looks like a guitar player in a rock band, except stronger and healthier. He is around six feet, has a mustache and collar-length black hair, and is handsome. He is a little more pensive than Tuttle but similarly funny and affable. He seems sensitive to others, and is generally soft-spoken; one also detects determination in him. On short acquaintance, I conclude that in difficult times I would count on both of them.

I look over the side with Joe Young, a nineteen-year-old Chatham native with a blond beard and an eagle tattooed on his arm. We can see the bottom clearly now; the sand is a luminous green under the water, and is marked by ridge lines from the waves. Joe, who generally keeps his own counsel, tells me that he is hoping to get a site—a job—on the Sniktaw. He is aboard as a helper, and this is his second trip. (It is my first trip. A couple of days before, I met Stout and asked about the possibility of going along as an observer. He said that it was fine with him, and that he would check with Tuttle. Tuttle said fine, too, even though my previous experience on the sea had been largely limited to the Staten Island ferry and the Statue of Liberty boat.) In a few minutes, we have cleared the bar and are moving into the Atlantic. The land recedes. There is no swell on the dark-blue sea except for our wake, and that soon vanishes. A seagull is accompanying us, flying above the stern. It veers off suddenly and heads for England; we are alone. The sea is exhilarating and liberating and beautiful, but I view it with a certain awe. Last night, in a jam-packed Chatham barroom, a bearded young fisherman, hearing of my plan to go out on the scallop boat, said, almost angrily, "Don't romanticize this life. It's not romantic. Everything depends on the weather, and you can't count on anything. You can make good money going out, but then the wind comes up and you can't go out for four days. And it's dangerous. I've lost some good friends out there. Last winter, a boat went over, and seven men were lost." He paused, and added, "The fishermen get screwed, too. They don't get as much money as they should for their catch, and there's nothing they can do about it."

Somebody at the table suggested that maybe the fishermen should have a union.

The young fisherman slammed the table. "I'd *never* belong to a goddam union!" he yelled.

Earlier this morning, walking around the Chatham fish pier and looking at the

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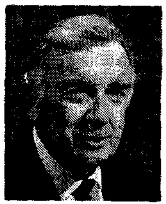

Walter Cronkite

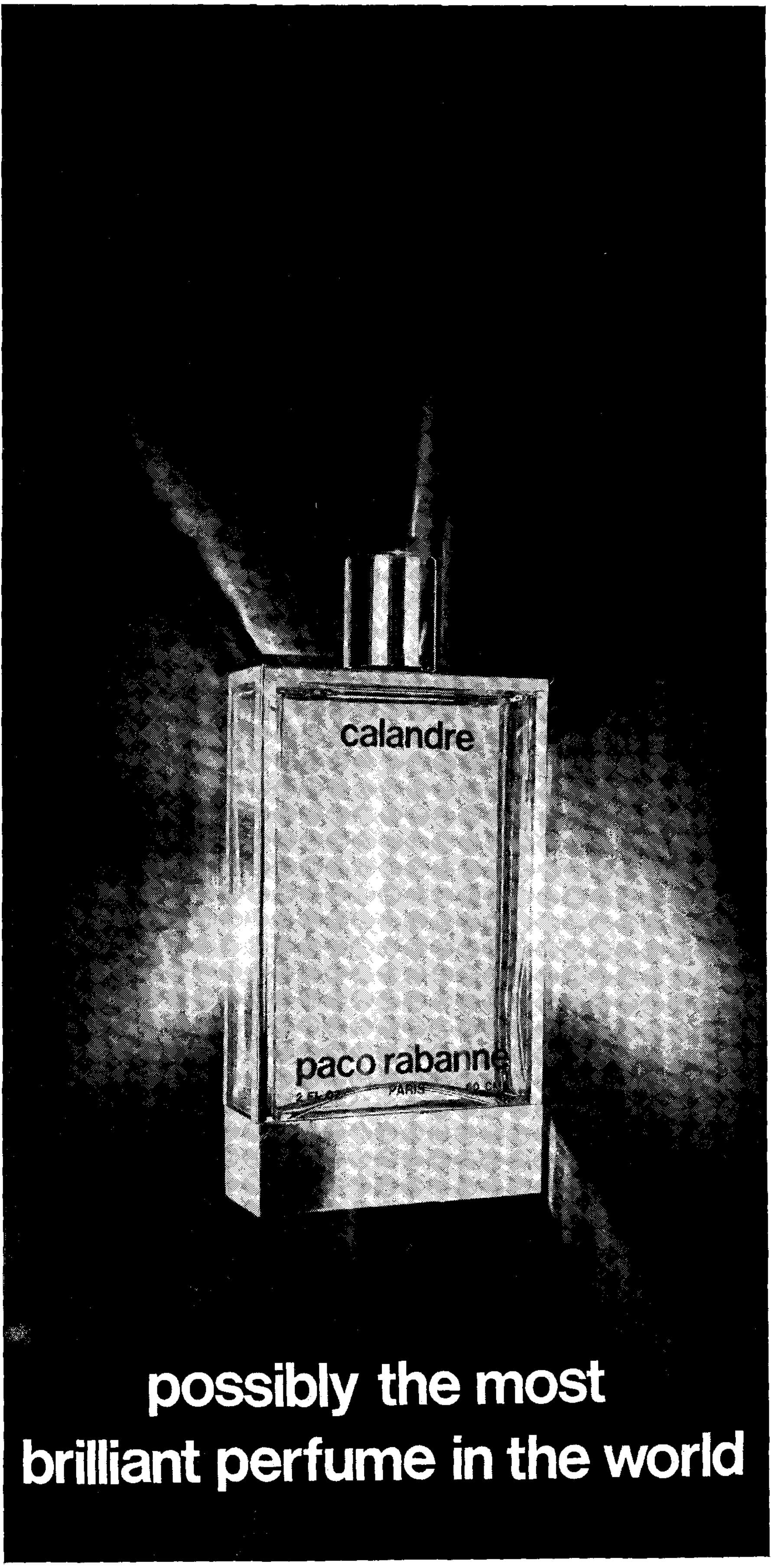
Charles Kuralt

Dan Rather

Charles Osgood

Win Elliot

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK



On the Plaza in New York and White Plains
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sunrise, I talked with a young Coast Guardsman. "Nice calm day," he remarked, looking me over. "Even the tourists can go out today and not get seasick."

I asked him if he ever got seasick.

"Sure," he said. "I remember the night a boat went down last winter. We'd got a report from one of the other boats near it, saying, 'Hey, we've lost contact.' We went out after it, and as soon as we got around the Chatham bar we hit ten-foot breakers. I was seasick; my entire crew was seasick. We never found any trace of the boat. It just went straight down. Only about four miles out."

Tuttle, back from the bow, explains the workings of his boat to me. He points out what is called the A-frame—a rectangular metal structure rising from the stern. "Henry and I built that," he says. The drag—a net made of steel rings and twine hung from a steel frame that holds it open—is attached to a steel cable and thrown over the stern; it sinks to the bottom. The cable runs from the drag up to a pulley on the A-frame, through it, and down to a hydraulic winch on the deck. "We make twenty-minute runs, and then haul in the drag," Tuttle says. When the winch has pulled the drag out of the water and it swings free, hydraulic pistons shift the A-frame forward so that the drag hangs over the deck. The cable is released, and the drag and its catch fall to the deck. A line from another pulley is attached to a dumping bar at the bottom of the drag and is turned by the winch, lifting the steel net upside down and dumping its contents on the deck. The crewmen take big shovels and throw the scallops and whatever else has come up from the bottom into culling boards—wooden boxes on either side of the boat. Each of the boxes sits on the rail, half over the water and half over the deck. The section over the deck is bottomless; the section over the water has for a bottom only a wire screen with openings about two by three inches. Although there is no size regulation on sea scallops, any scallops that fall through these openings are regarded as too small to be worth keeping; pebbles, shells, and other matter also fall through. A man standing with his chest to the box culls the catch, throwing skates, starfish, and other undesirable creatures overboard and simultaneously sweeping the good scallops toward him; they fall through the bottomless part of the box into a burlap sack that is hung from nails below. When the bag is full, it is removed, and a new one is attached to the nails. Meanwhile, the drag is out at the end of its cable, scraping the ocean floor for more scallops. The process goes on, dragging, culling, bagging, until the boat has a satisfactory catch—eighty bags for the Sniktaw, say—or until the weather goes bad. It is three hours each way to the scallop beds, and a normal trip might last eighteen hours. "It's feast or famine in this business," Stout had told me two nights earlier. We were in his house—an aging structure on a side road in Chatham—and he was kneeling on a sofa in the living room changing the diaper on his baby. His wife and their three-year-old son were standing by. Stout had just come in from an eighteen-hour trip and was putting in some time with his family; presently, he would sleep for four hours and then go out on the Sniktaw for another eighteen.

Tuttle takes the wheel, and Stout shows me the radar, the loran, the Citizen's Band radio, and the depth recorder, all crowded into the house. The loran is a square box suspended from the ceiling near the helm. "You can get your location from this," Stout says. "The Coast Guard has stations all over sending out steady signals that are marked on the charts. The signals give you your cross bearings." He turns some dials and produces on a screen two light-green, looping graphlike lines, then adjusts them so that they merge into one. "That's where we are," he says. The CB radio is attached to one side of the box. "The CB is good for only about ten miles. When we get to where we're going, we'll be out of contact. Some of the other boats have VHF radios, though—they're good for up to fifty miles—so if we get into trouble they can radio for us. The scallop beds we're heading for were discovered about a year and a half ago. They supposedly go all the way, off and on, to Maine. Scallops are this year's thing. Before that, scalloping wasn't very big around here. Now there are almost a dozen boats that go out from Chatham regularly, and a lot—some of them as big as a hundred feet—that come from other places." He points to another box, sitting near the wheel. It is slowly extruding a two-inch-wide strip of graph paper. "This is the depth recorder," says Stout. "The tape is marked for thirty, forty, and fifty fathoms, and the recorder is scratching a steady, grainy pattern between thirty and forty. "Sometimes, this will record a school of fish down there," Stout says. He points to a small, isolated blur a quarter

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of an inch above the regular pattern. "That could be one," he says. The radar screen sits next to the depth recorder. "We use radar at night or in fog. We go into the middle of the shipping lanes, and those supertankers come through going twenty to twenty-five knots, throwing up a twenty-foot wash in front of them." Then, with hardly a change in his tone of voice, he says, "There's a whale."

A hundred yards off the bow, a huge brownish-black form is rising smoothly from the water; it rolls, gleaming wetly. A tall, glistening fin appears. The enormous back slides downward and is gone. The surface is flat once more. I am suddenly conscious of the noise of the Sniktaw's engine. Somewhere below us, the whale is moving silently through the sea. Moments later, off the starboard side, the placid surface erupts—a cloud of spray flies up and the great back rolls into view again. I am stunned by its slow grace, the serenity of it. The sea and this creature are in absolute harmony. Slowly, almost delicately, the whale dives and vanishes.

THE day before, I drove out to a place I'll call Duffy's, where shuckers remove the meat from scallops, for delivery to restaurants and fish markets. Duffy's consists of a couple of small, unpainted one-story buildings on a sandy hill of scrub pine. At nine in the morning, there were about a dozen cars in the gravel parking lot. A steady clattering noise came from the open doors of the larger building; it sounded like a waterfall, but not of water—crockery, perhaps. I approached the building—a powerful smell extended into the parking lot—and looked in through a door. The walls were white tile. In the center of the room, a dozen plump burlap bags sat on a duckboard platform. Around the room, waist-high, ran a varnished wooden counter. Seventeen people, of all sorts and ages—young women, longhairs, old geezers—stood elbow to elbow at the counter, working rapidly. In front of each was a pile of scallops; next to it was a shallow white plastic pail; below were a big garbage can and a larger white plastic pail. The workers wore rubber boots, rubber aprons, rubber gloves, and something—a bandanna, a cap—to keep their hair back. Each held a short-bladed knife with its handle wrapped in tape. The noise was thunderous and continuous.

I watched a pretty, dark-haired girl of about twenty. She would grab a scallop in her left hand; insert the

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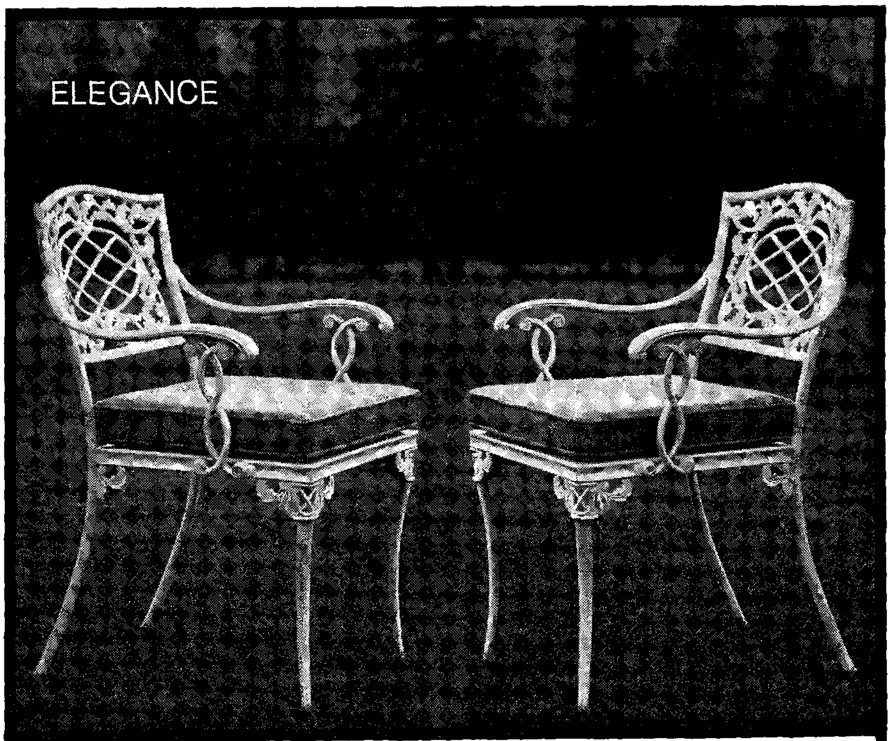

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blade of the knife between the shells; flip the scallop open and send the top shell flying into the garbage can; insert the blade under the black edging of tiny tentacles that encircle the bottom shell; scoop the tentacles and the attached entrails out in one sweep and into the garbage can, leaving the white adductor muscle—the edible "meat," or "eye"—which she flicked a foot and a half through the air into the plastic pail on the counter. The whole process took a little over a second, and then she grabbed the next scallop. When the pile of scallops on the counter was gone, she walked to the center of the room, picked up a new sixty-pound bag, walked back, flung it up onto the counter, dumped the scallops out, and started in again. When the pail was full, she poured it into the larger pail under the counter and resumed her work.

By nine-thirty, the last bag on the duckboards was gone—the shuckers had been shucking since six-thirty that morning—and it was time for the weigh-in. The workers dumped their garbage pails into bins outside and carried their large white pails to the adjacent building, where a young man waited by a scale that hung from the ceiling. The shuckers stood in line, laughing and talking, and each in turn poured his pail into a larger pail that the young man then hooked onto the bottom of the scale. "Forty-four pounds," he might announce, and a woman with a pad and pencil would write it down. The next boatload of scallops would not arrive until the afternoon, a worker told me, so the shuckers would now be paid—they get forty-five cents a pound—and would have time to go away for a while. Waiting for their money, they sat on the fenders of cars, smoking cigarettes and talking.

I saw the dark-haired girl, and asked her how long she had been working at Duffy's.

"A couple of months," she said. I remarked that it must be pretty tiring.

"You get used to it," she said. "At first, I didn't know so many things could hurt. Your back kills you; your neck is stiff; your legs ache; it feels like your whole body is falling apart. You wake up in the middle of the night with your knuckles throbbing. And you've got blisters, of course, on all your fingers and along your palm. But that comes partly from gripping your knife too tight."

I told her I admired her speed.

"The point is to go as fast as you can," she said. "A lot of us sing to ourselves to keep a rhythm. I prefer

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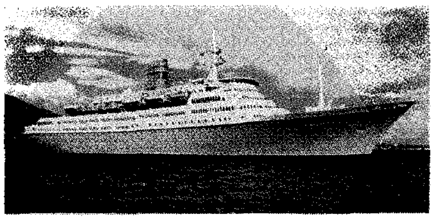

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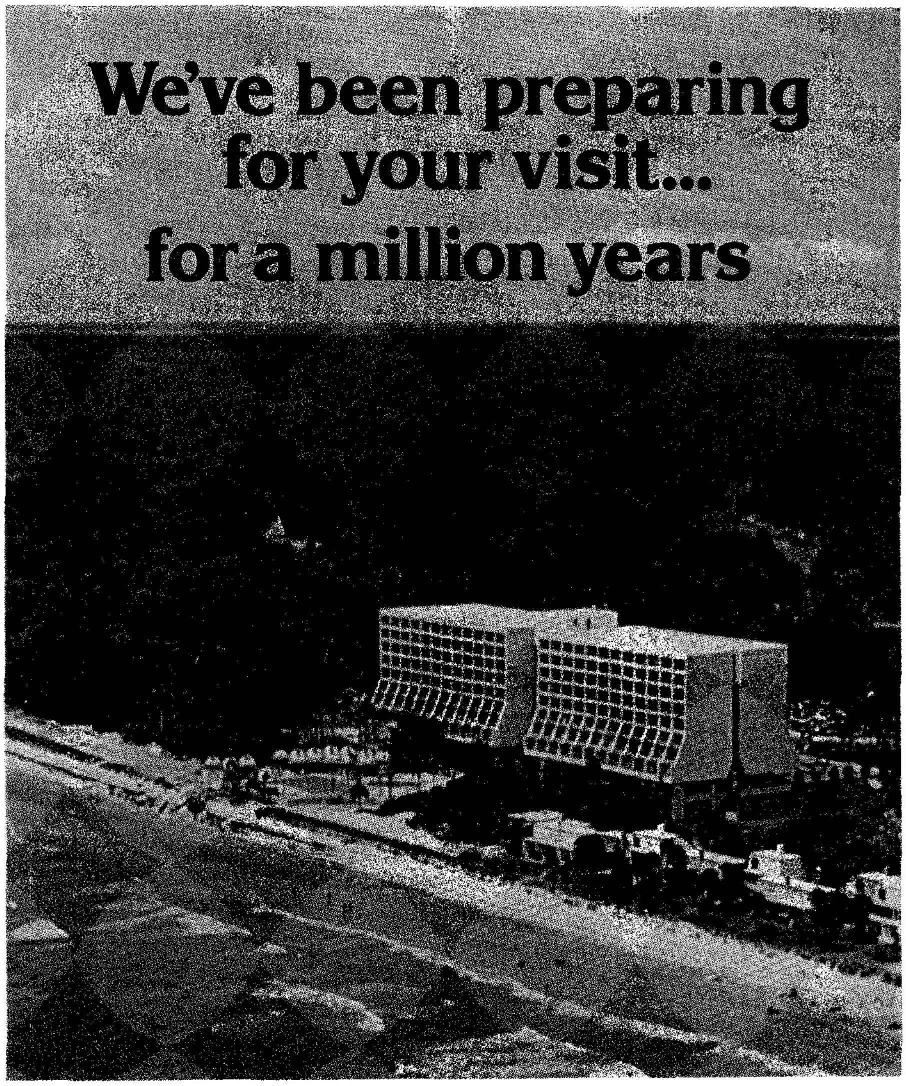

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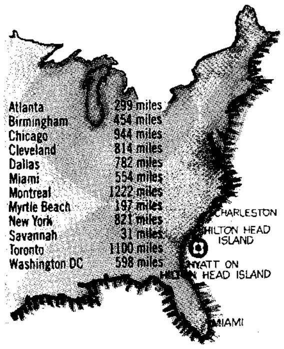

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The girl laughed, and went on, "You try to stay ahead of your neighbors, and if they're ahead you watch and try to figure out why. When you're first starting out, they'll show you how to do it, but they'll show you really fast—to impress you. Once you get going, it's hard to slow the process down and explain it to somebody else, it becomes so smooth."

I asked her how she liked the work.

"I like it," she said. "One thing is, you get paid in cash. So you always have money in your pocket when you leave, no matter how little. If you want more money, you just try to work more and faster, but you can only work when the boats come in. You feel independent, and it's a skill. There's an art to it, so you can feel proud of it. You get to know people, and build friendships. Some of the shuckers are townies, some are drifters, some are old lobstermen or clammers or fishermen. Sometimes, there are people who are too weird to do anything else—but they're accepted here. You can be a person of very few words and be a shucker; nobody bothers you. You eventually become buddies with quite a few people, because you've all been through the lousy work together. There's a lot of banter and joking around; that's nice. And a real community spirit. People help each other lift bags, share bags, carry buckets, and so on. Camaraderie."

I mentioned the continuous noise.

"It's better than the slamming of a hydraulic press on an assembly line," the girl said. "And, at least, scallops are half alive. They don't have much personality, but you get somewhat acquainted with them. There's the surprise of opening the bag. The shells have subtle colors and variations of design. And sometimes you find sea urchins and starfish and a big array of slimy creatures. The worst is the sea cucumber. There is nothing more disgusting. It has no head, no tail, no top, no bottom—no identity at all. Just purple-and-pink mush. You don't know what it is, but you know it's alive!"

She laughed again, and said, "I like living here, too. I like the quiet and the water all around, and the early-morning hours when only you and decent, hardworking people are up. I admire the shuckers and the fishermen—they're people who put their bodies and themselves on the line, doing hard physical work. Also, the people are loose. It's 'Hey, hey!' around here, instead of 'Is Pierson getting his raise before I get mine?' They always ask if you're hung over. The harder you work, the harder you play, and this is a small town with not much to do. So people get incredibly drunk at night. But after spending the night passed out in a telephone booth or something they turn up for work the next morning."

The word went around that it was pay time, and the shuckers filed into the larger building. The girl jumped off the car. "One thing about shucking is you get into a kind of meditation," she said. "You look at what's come out of the bag, and daydream about what's under the ocean. You get a great sense of peace." She went into the building to pick up her pay. In a few minutes, she was out again, tucking money into the pocket of her jeans and grinning. "Twenty bucks," she said. The soft sound of guitar music came across the parking lot; a girl was sitting on the hood of a car playing a guitar, and others stood around listening. A light rain began to fall.

STOUT is standing at the wheel when the engine power suddenly drops. "We must be running out of gas," he says. I glance around; the land has long since vanished from sight. Tuttle picks up a stick with a hook on the end and pries a small metal cap from the deck. He flops down, peers into the hole, and pokes around with the stick. "We've got a full tank," he says. "We just have to switch tanks." The power resumes, and Tuttle goes to work on the depth recorder with a long screwdriver. By this time, about ten feet of graph paper has emerged from the recorder and draped down to the deck and is curling its way down the steps to the forecastle—or "cuddy," as Tuttle calls it. In the cuddy are a couple of bunks fitted into the V-shape of the bow; there is about a foot and a half of headroom for the sleepers. The space between is packed with big, round inflated marker buoys and other gear. Be-

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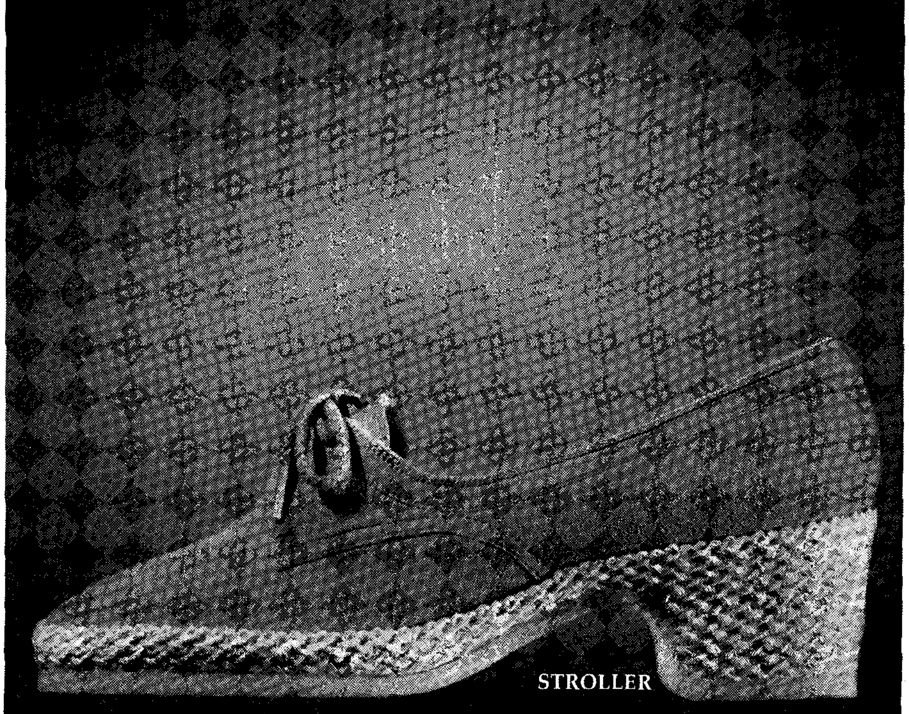

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tween the bunk area and the steps to the deck is a cramped compartment used mostly for storage: there are toolboxes; sledgehammers; plain hammers; portable iceboxes; engine parts; an anchor; clothes; ropes; and a six-pack of beer. There is also a brown paper bag containing three grinders I have brought aboard for the trip. I bring two of the sandwiches topside; I am extremely hungry, having had a light breakfast around 4:30 A.M. Now it is noon. Tuttle, Stout, and Joe each accept half a grinder, and I eat the fourth half. It is gone in a flash. I think about the remaining grinder sitting belowdecks: will it serve as the entrée, divided four ways, at dinner tonight? On the Sniktaw, there seems an enormous lack of concern about meals. As Tuttle eats, I ask him what he did before he went into the scallop business. "My family has always lived around here," he says. "When I was seventeen, I had a Class-1 driver's license; I drove an eighteen-wheel tractor-trailer. It was a twenty-speed diesel. I carried seventy-three hundred gallons of oil from Boston to Chatham. I did fishing, too, and I worked in construction. I put in asphalt paving and sewage systems, and I was a bulldozer operator, driving bulldozers, pavers, and backhoes. But I like the independence of this, though it's hard to make a living in the winter."

We have reached Down Below; we are forty miles out. Other scallop boats are visible in the vicinity. Joe goes to the stern and, as Tuttle works the winch, guides the heavy drag over the stern. Stout guns the engine, and Tuttle releases the cable. The drag splashes into the sea as the boat races away, the cable whizzing off the winch and stretching down from the A-frame into the water at a twenty-degree angle. Green pieces of rope are intertwined with the cable at eighty and a hundred and a hundred and twenty fathoms. Stout slows down a bit when the drag nears the ocean floor; Tuttle applies the hand brake to the winch after the hundred-fathom marker disappears. There is nothing to do but wait and let the drag do its work in the darkness below.

Stout, at the wheel, tells me that he joined the Marine Corps after high school and served four years, much of it as a gunner on a helicopter in Vietnam. After that, he sold electrical cable with his father in the Pittsburgh area for a while. "Then I took my wife up to Maine and I built a house—built it myself—on three acres of land right on the ocean, twenty miles from the

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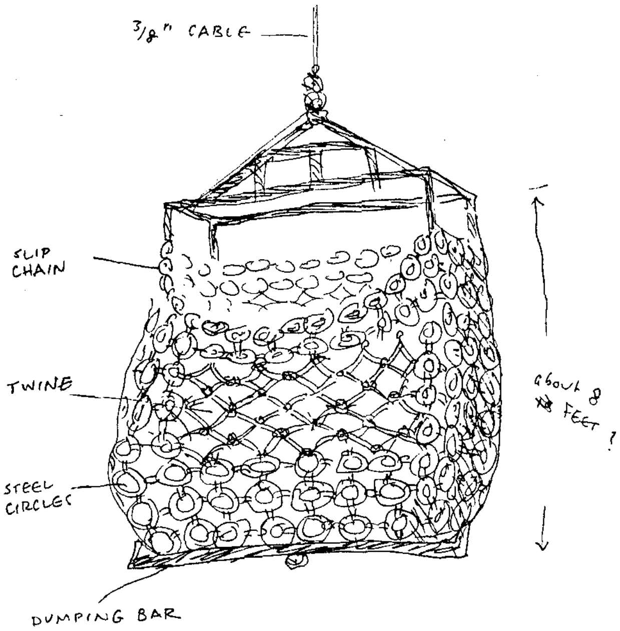
Canadian border. There was nobody around for miles. I was fishing for a living, but when we had a child we decided we didn't want to raise him there, so we moved down here. John and I were working on a big scallop boat, not getting paid enough, so we got together, borrowed some money, leased this boat, and fixed it up. So far, it's not a bonanza. There are labor costs, maintenance, the lease, insurance, and so on. Also, of course, the weather keeps us in for days, even weeks, at a time. In a few years, I may be back selling cable in Pittsburgh. There's money in that. The middleman in anything always makes money; there's never any money at the labor end of the stick. But I love the Cape. I like fishing. I love the water. And I like the independence."

The drag is on its way up; the winch is turning. The wet cable is snapping and crackling as it returns and tries to find a place on the drum. Abruptly, off the stern, the top of the drag breaks the water, and a few moments later it is swinging free, dripping. It has an odd, sparkling magnificence. The steel rings of the net—four inches in diameter—resemble medieval chain mail. Each one is loosely joined by metal links to four other rings. A section of the drag is made of twine to reduce its weight, and the twine is tied in graceful diamond patterns. The total effect is of a giant, jewelled purse—and in the pocket is a treasure of red-gold shells, ignited by the sunlight.



THE DRAG

The net is swung aboard, and hits the deck with a clatter. Stout gazes impassively at the catch, and says, "A bad tow." The drag is only a third full. The crew puts on foul-weather gear: Tuttle wears orange pants; Stout wears black; Joe wears yellow. The net is lifted upside down, dumped, and sent overboard again; the boat speeds up. Joe, holding the stick with the hook, examines the catch. He spots a large skate and, using the stick like a hatchet, stabs it in the back with the hook, lifts it, and hurls it overboard. He does the same to a brown-spotted goosefish, a ghastly-looking creature that is almost exclusively jaws. He and Tuttle grab shovels and heave the rest of the catch into the culling boards, and the work begins. I offer to help out; no one objects, and I take a place next to Joe. Tuttle works the opposite board. In front of me is a small mountain of scallops, ranging up to six or seven inches in diameter, and among the shells are starfish of various sizes; pebbles; rocks; the skinny pink legs of crabs waving in the air. There are sea urchins; sand dollars; small silver fish; empty shells of all kinds. Wearing gloves, I grab the starfish by the arms and throw them over the side like boomerangs, then dispose of the smaller items; by the time I get to the scallops themselves, Joe's burlap bag is partly full. I set to work to decide which scallops are too small, and waste time trying to stuff individual scallops through the wire screen, turning them this way and that to see if they'll fall through. I find a stone that looks like jade. Meanwhile, there is the steady clatter of scallops falling into Joe's bag. I hesitate over certain scallop shells: some are pale lavender, some the color of parchment; others are ivory, orange, pink, tan. Some have light-purple stripes; others have rings like the cross-section of a tree; some are barnacled; some are smooth; many are chipped. (Sea scallops do not have the wiggly edge that bay scallops have; other than that, they differ mainly as to size: sea scallops are much larger.) I work faster; try to estimate sizes; become ruthless. I hurl big scallops overboard and drop scallops that are too small into my burlap bag. Some scallops open and shut, as if protesting, but all it serves to do is call my attention to them: I grab

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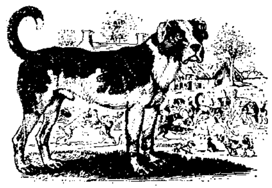
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them instantly and flip them into the bag, sentenced to death. Stout calls to Joe, "Got one bag?"

"Yop," says Joe.

"Hooray," says Stout, grinning.

Joe removes the bag from its nails and lugs it to a position against the bulkhead, near the engine. My pile is almost undiminished. Joe keeps scooping mine away to his part of the screen to speed things up and help me. When my bag is at last full, I unhook the top from the nails and bend to lift it. I pull with both hands. Nothing happens. The bag sits placid, wet, apparently immovable. Joe reaches over and swings it easily off the deck and tosses it next to the other bags. I am grateful and humiliated. Half a dozen bags now sit in the shadow of the house.

For the next six hours, the process is repeated: the drag goes out, the catch is culled, the bags pile up, the next catch comes. If the last scallop is in the bags before the next netful arrives, everybody has a cigarette, talks, looks at the sea. The weather is changing. A slight chop develops. The air cools. A slow swell begins. My feet, despite big rubber boots, are wet and cold. The sun is moving down the western sky. There is a solid band of dark-purple cloud on the horizon.

Toward darkness, the swells increase; the deck is only briefly horizontal now. "Hey, there's Charlie!" Tuttle shouts. He grabs the CB microphone and hails a blue scallop boat that is approaching. "Come on over, Charlie, and I'll take your picture," he says. Tuttle gets an Instamatic from somewhere and leans out the window by the helm.

Charlie, a mustached man, is grinning gleefully from his pilothouse window as he brings his boat, the Ready Boy—about the same size as the Sniktaw—within thirty yards, bouncing along in our wake. "Where's Charlie's Angels?" asks Stout, gazing at the boat.

"I don't see 'em," says Tuttle.

Stout explains to me that Charlie likes to take women along as cullers on the Ready Boy.

Tuttle, on the CB, asks Charlie where his helpers are; he listens, and then turns to us. "They're sleeping below," he says.

Tuttle points the camera at Charlie. "Got it!" he cries exultantly.

The Ready Boy veers away; Charlie waves gratefully, and we resume our culling.

The sea is higher. Water keeps funnelling in through the scuppers at the stern; it floods the deck, and gurgles out again when the boat rises. Half an hour later, a big fishing boat passes, moving fast, and we are caught in its enormous wake. Tuttle yells in alarm to Joe, telling him to plug the scuppers with bags. As the Sniktaw dives and a huge wave moves toward our stern, Joe snatches up some empty bags and jams them into the openings. Some of the wave breaks over the deck, but no water comes through the scuppers. "We could have been swamped," says Tuttle. The boat leaps this way and that in the wake, and Tuttle glares angrily at the fishing boat.

The work goes on. The orange sun moves toward the dark horizon and sinks into the purple cloud bank. Soon only a sliver of sun is visible over the cloud; it shrinks, and is gone. A filigree of cloud floating low in the sky catches the light from the sun we can no longer see; its edge burns like a brushfire and goes out, and it is twilight. The sky darkens swiftly. We are bobbing on a restless sea, forty miles from the Cape. There is no blue in the water now—only grays and black. I wonder when we will head home. Tuttle, Stout, and Joe work faster.

They are pleased with one particular haul, and conclude that there must be a plentiful bed below. An inflated marker buoy is dropped over the side with an anchor to mark the spot, and they decide that it is best to tow only in the direction of the tide. Between each haul, Stout goes full throttle back to the general area of the buoy; the Sniktaw rises and plunges as it races through the waves. During one of these trips, Joe is at the stern, trying to keep his feet as he reaches up to guide the empty drag over the side, when suddenly the winch slips. The drag—heavy metal bars and chains—falls and crashes on the deck, hitting Joe, who tumbles onto his side as the others shout. Joe gets to his feet. He looks at his arm; there is a raw abrasion below his elbow. "I'm O.K.," he says. He lights a cigarette and resumes his work. Tuttle examines the winch; part of a belt is wet. He dries it off with a rag and puts a slicker over it to protect it from the spray.

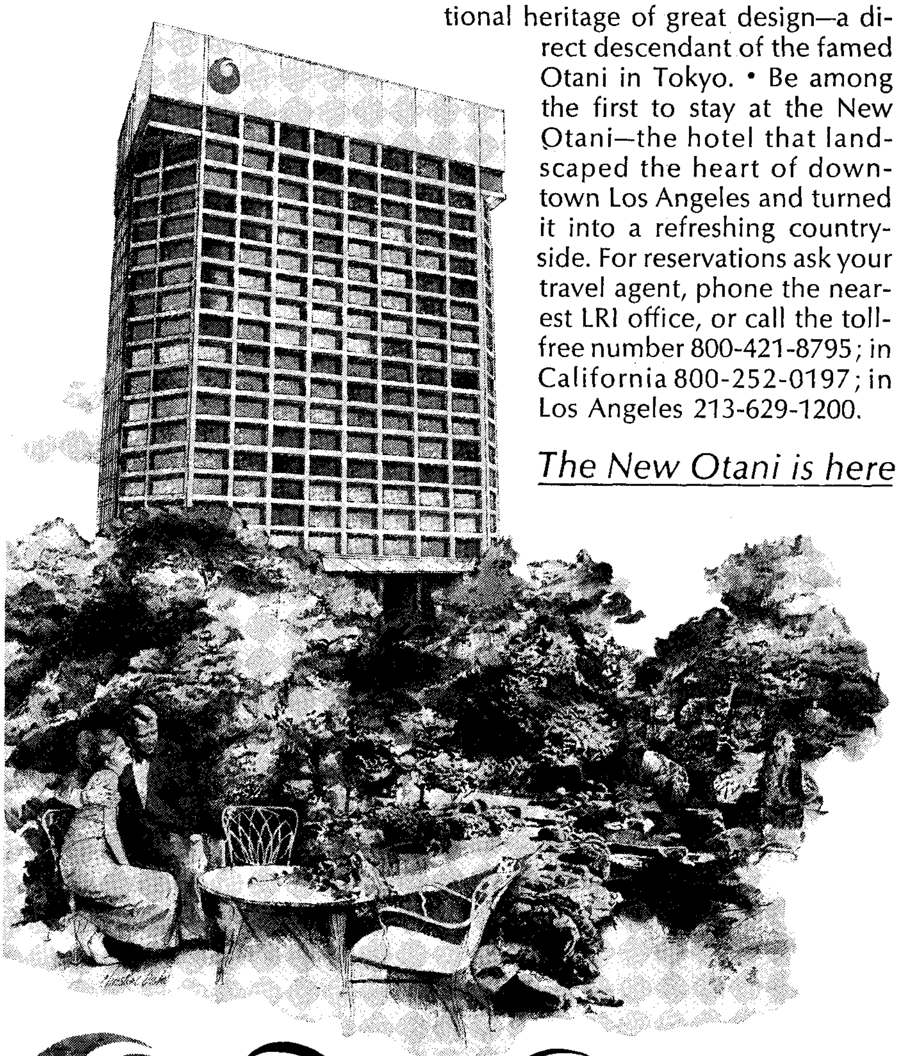
It has been about nine hours since lunch, and, during a break, I go below and get the last grinder. I am tired to the bone; chilled; wet; obsessed with hunger. The others never seem to eat. Will they want to now? I bring the grinder topside. I feel compelled to offer it around.

"Want some grinder?" I ask gallantly.

"No, thanks," says Joe.

"I'll pass," says Stout.

The suspense is unbearable. In a low



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voice—almost inaudible—I offer some to Tuttle.

"Thanks!" he says.

I unwrap the foot-long grinder; it sits on its paper, bulging with ham and cheese, neatly divided in half. But not *exactly* in half. One half is clearly a quarter of an inch longer than the other. That half becomes—to my mind—infinitely more desirable than the other half. There is simply no comparison between them. It is the only half to have. And I *must* have it. Tuttle turns away for an instant. Filled with self-loathing but moving swiftly, I snatch the bigger half. Tuttle turns back, accepts the remaining half gratefully—unaware of the difference between halves—and is impressed by my generosity.

In the darkness, Charlie's boat—the Ready Boy—comes by again. We wave. On its deck, lit by electric lights, two women are standing shoulder to shoulder, hard at work. It is a strange scene: if it weren't for the heaving sea, it would look like a lighted farmhouse window in Nebraska.

We work with our own deck lights on, and the boat is tossing constantly. Waves hit the bow; the spray flies over the house and falls like rain on the afterdeck. The catch has grown to forty-five bags, heaped one on top of another all around the boat, sodden and lumpy. There hardly seems room for more, but the catch is far short of the eighty bags that Tuttle and Stout hoped for. It is dismaying: they have worked as hard as they can, for longer than they should, but the yield is poor. All they have to do to measure the disappointment is count the bags and multiply by the price they will get onshore: After all their expenses, the forty-five bags will leave them about a hundred dollars to split—a little more than a dollar apiece per bag. Down below somewhere are beds still full of scallops, and under different conditions Tuttle and Stout would just keep on, drag and cull for more hours and miles, but the wind is rising steadily, and the sea is forming small, jagged mountain ranges, and Chatham is three hours away. "Let's head home," says Tuttle, finally. Stout agrees. Tuttle guns the engine, and the boat leaps forward.

Joe grabs the rail. "It's a hell of a life, ain't it?" he says to me cheerfully.

An hour later, the wind is up to thirty miles an hour, and the Sniktaw is racing ahead, crashing into large rollers; dropping; surging forward; smashing into the next wave. It goes up; falls; goes up again; slams down. Sheets of water strike the windshield;

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there is no visibility. Stout braces himself at the wheel, peering into the darkness. The deck lights are out; Tuttle and Joe have gone below to sleep. I sit on the engine housing, hanging on to its lid with one hand and clutching the exhaust muffler with the other. My hands are freezing, but the muffler is hot. When the hand on the muffler loses its chill—and almost instantly starts to burn—I switch hands, quickly; otherwise, I get thrown from my perch. As the boat lurches, pails and shovels go flying from one side of the deck to the other; foul-weather gear hanging on a clothesline by the port bulkhead swings out until it is nearly horizontal, slaps back against the wall, and swings out again. A pot skitters past me across the engine housing, smacks the bulkhead, and falls open on the deck. Fried chicken—an enormous amount of fried chicken—tumbles out. I stare at it bleakly, all passion spent. I am no longer hungry; I am cold, tired, and scared.

I keep falling asleep, and then the boat dives, and I snap awake in mid-air, grabbing frantically for handholds. I stare out the window at the relentless waves; the water on the pane distorts them. Fatigue produces fleeting hallucinations: I begin to see indistinct forms just beyond the farthest waves. There are stands of trees, and houses: woods. I look at Stout standing steadily at the wheel, and I brood about how alien this is; how accustomed I am to safety and comfort, ample food, warm shelter, regular pay, plenty of rest. Unlike Stout and Tuttle and Joe, I lead a life that has no significant relationship to nature—either to its harvests or to its beauty or to its savagery. Stout reaches up and turns a knob attached to a windshield wiper; for an instant, it clears the wet glass in front of him, and then the spray covers the glass again. He leans forward over the wheel, staring ahead. The waves hurl the Sniktaw upward, and we plunge shuddering into the trough. In seconds, the next wave will come. How big? The land is two hours away. —JAMES STEVENSON

•

August 2—All programs and activities must be accessible physically to the handicapped except where structural changes are required. A school could comply, for example, by moving classes from one floor to another, putting in wheelchair ramps, or providing certain auxiliary aids like interpreters for the dead.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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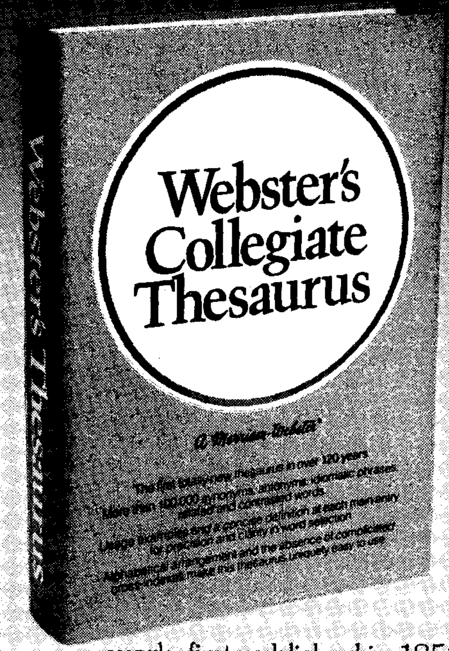

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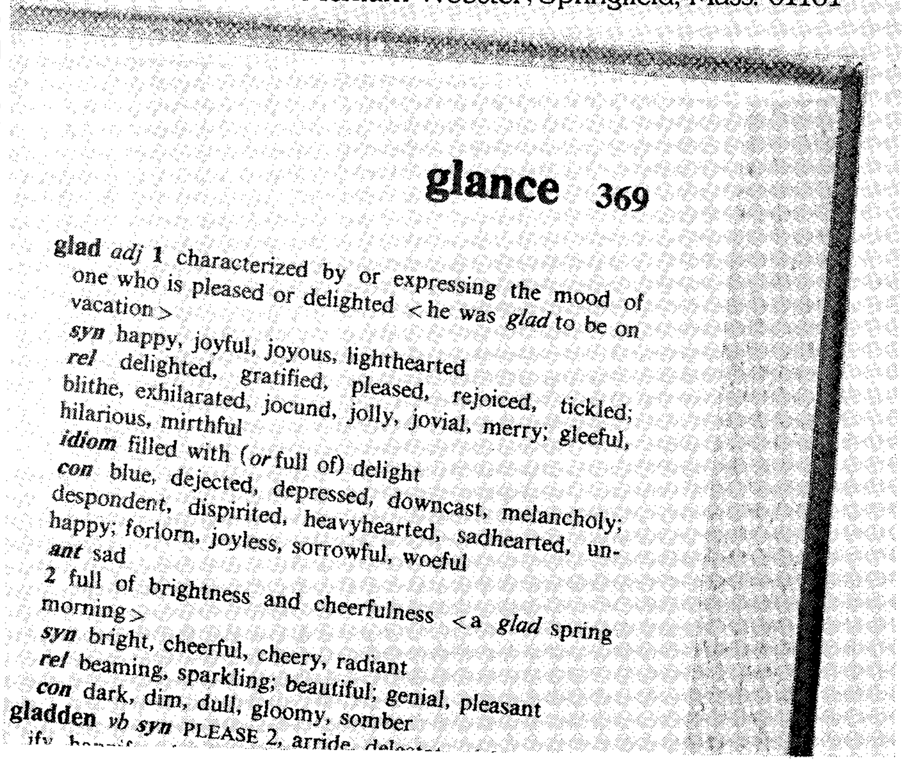

glance 369

glad *adj* **1** characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden *vb* ***syn*** PLEASE 2, arride,

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Japanese Friends, a German Agent Provocateur

FIRST, the Japanese film, a marvel: "Sandakan 8," directed by Kei Kumai. A young Japanese woman historian wearing Western clothes is doing research into the lives of young prostitutes who were sent to the colonies in Southeast Asia in the early twentieth century. Her name is Keiko (Komaki Kurihara). On Kyushu, Japan's most southern island, she finds a little colony of shacks. An old, old woman called Saki (Kinuyo Tanaka) lives alone in one of them with innumerable cats. Saki is like the woman character in Beckett's "Happy Days" who lives up to her waist and then her neck in sand but greets every morning with a ceremonial laying out of her toothbrush. The conditions of Saki's existence are nearly intolerable, but she makes excited leaps into the air when something minimally good happens. Keiko's appearance is one of those things. Keiko accepts an invitation to eat some wretched food and have a rest. Hurrah! The day is suddenly turning out well. The old woman describes her to an inquisitive neighbor as her daughter-in-law. Why? Well, why ask? Doesn't an occasion for celebration make its own rules? The thing is to leave air around people.

The first time the friends meet, Keiko leaves after spending the day. A while later, she comes back, out of the blue. Saki grins widely, too pleased to be able to speak. As to why she called Keiko her son's wife—well, the shack is such a filthy place, but Keiko still came in. Saki's son's wife wouldn't even come to the village, but Keiko, a stranger from Tokyo, came in and took a nap. The young woman had seen that the straw floor covering was alive with bugs, but she had said nothing, had lain down and slept, accepting the old woman's life as it was. As to why Keiko has returned, she says simply that she wanted to see Saki again. Yes, she would like to stay for a time; she would like it very much. After a while, she brings a new straw mat, new sliding doors for the room. The beauty of it! Saki jumps up and down, clasping her knees like an old man enjoying a joke in festive company.

Saki prays to the sun: "Please protect my son's family from traffic accidents." To pray for a family that has treated her like dirt, to pray for protection from something as unknown to her as traffic: this is abiding affection. Keiko and she live on barley, and potatoes seasoned with salt. They go for a walk, and Keiko asks a traveller with a camera to take a photograph of them together. Something is sealed. Saki had her photograph taken once in Borneo, she says, beguiled. She has lent Keiko a mattress stuffed with kapok; the kapok came from Borneo. Again, this mention of Borneo. The story of how Saki got there comes out gradually. As a child, when her father died and the family house had to be sold, she was smuggled out of Japan to reduce the number of mouths to be fed. Her mother made a kimono for her, to dull the pain and fear of departure. She wove the cloth for the kimono herself, at night, secretively, because Keiko's stepfather didn't approve. Saki thought she was going to a boarding house as a maid. One sees her as a young girl (Yoko Takashi) twirling in the kimono, entranced. Then the kimono turns up again and again as the lonely exile, now in Borneo, at Sandakan, scrubs floors for the prostitutes in the brothel to which she has been sold, aged thirteen. Old Saki points to the mattress without sentiment. That cloth on the mattress is the kimono; she took special care of it, in spite of its comedown, and made this beautiful mattress out of it.

BEWARE!
SKITTISH DOG
BOOTH.

Plans make the nearly unbearable possible. She had told her young brother before she left Japan that she would send home part of her wages every month so that they could buy back the childhood house. The project is an aid when she has to start practicing prostitution with the other girls; she fights like a wolf to stave it off, but she has to give in. Made up, with lipstick dabbed jammily in the middle of her mouth, hair stiff as a doll's, she looks like a miserable child being punished for playing with a grownup's makeup. She falls in love for the first time, with a young Japanese client who has been adopted by a rubber planter in Borneo, but it comes to naught when he complains with hypocritical shock that he has to share her with other men. Then the pimp who brought her here from Japan suddenly dies, and Saki is sold to work in another brothel, run by a kindly woman named Kiku, who advises her prostitutes never to go back to Japan. She also tells them about a cemetery that she has built for them in the jungle, knowing that they will never get a conventional burial.

In spite of the warning, Saki goes back to Japan in 1931. We see her in a bath at what she thinks of as home, accidentally overhearing the brother, whom she has trusted all these years; he and his wife are talking of her as if she were someone dingy and dangerous, to be hustled quickly out of sight. All they can think of is the peril that she might say that the house is hers—as, indeed, by all rights it is. "Suppose she refuses to go," she hears in her bath. Saki has longed to see her country again, but it turns its back on her. The old woman cries.

With the refurbishing of the shack—"It's a palace," says Saki, laughing—Keiko is driven to ask why Saki never put any questions to her. The old woman's decorum is its own answer. People have their reasons to be silent. You would have told me anything you wanted to. Keiko says that she must go back to Tokyo now to look after her daughter. Tomorrow. Saki's new world, lost in a day. So it goes. She has come to look on her friend as her son's wife in the last three weeks. Then Keiko breaks down about her masquerade: "You don't know who I am, and yet you let me stay. Don't you

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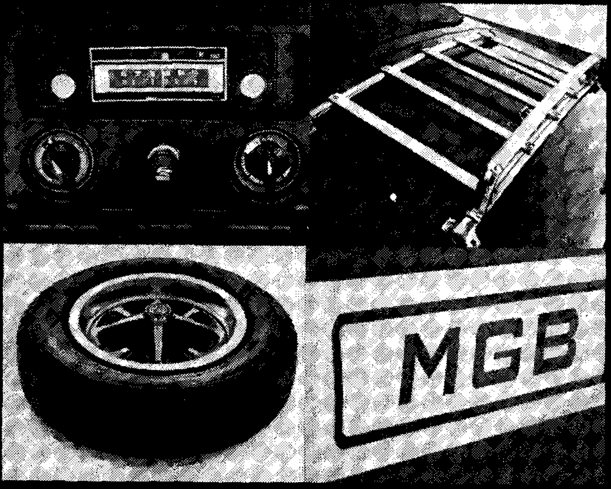

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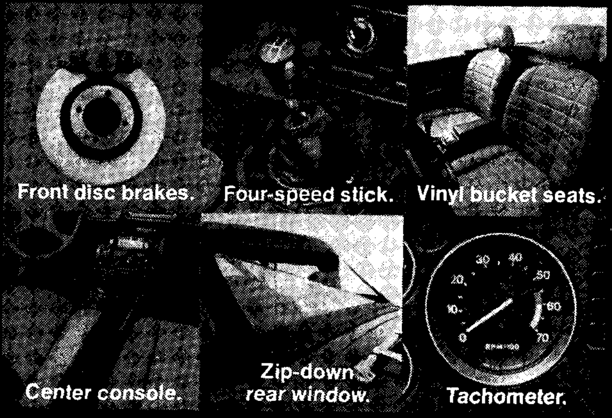

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want to know who I am?" She deceived Saki. She is writing about her; that's why she stayed. Saki, mortally wounded, comforts her; says softly that at first she thought Keiko had wanted to leave home. "But if you write the truth you have nothing to fear." As Keiko packs, she tries to give the old woman money. Saki refuses, of course. But—shyly—if Keiko could leave her towel behind, as long as she has others in Tokyo . . .

Later on, Keiko and a band of men hack their way into the jungle and find that the cemetery for prostitutes indeed exists. Keiko suddenly asks a man with a compass where Japan would be from here. The headstones of the wretched graves all have their backs turned on Japan.

"Sandakan 8" is in a class of its own. When Saki enters into this venture in friendship that will surely end in loss, she does it with the fortitude of an old boxer coming back into the ring. The slow alternations between the scenes in the shack and the memories of Borneo give an impression of time passing at life's pace, of immense endurance, which would be lost in a smartly cut Westernized film. Kumai has given us a true account of virtue thrust into a dark corner. Only the two women's directness is visible there. Sentimentality, nostalgia, regret: the upholstered and opulent emotions wither before this precision of detail.

RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER's "Satan's Brew," with Kurt Raab as a writer who has stopped writing, is a deliberate slap in the face. Kurt Raab plays a slob called Walter Kranz, who operates from the same feckless, uninhibited, unscrupulous, and unpredictable position that Fassbinder does in hurling this movie at us. The film creates an irritable weather all its own. People behave like cross morons, pretend to less intelligence than they actually have, move with the gestures of wooden puppets on tangled strings. Kranz came from the petite bourgeoisie. He has some success as a writer and then, looking for something irreducibly silly to do, returns to a proto-Fascist petit-bourgeois manner, to the accompaniment of mischievous music. He suddenly writes a line or two, plagiarizing Stefan George, whom he decides to become. This means collecting homosexual listeners to pay homage at readings that he gives from George's work, wearing makeup and a black Edwardian suit.

Fassbinder has made this shock-the-middlebrow picture go at a rattling

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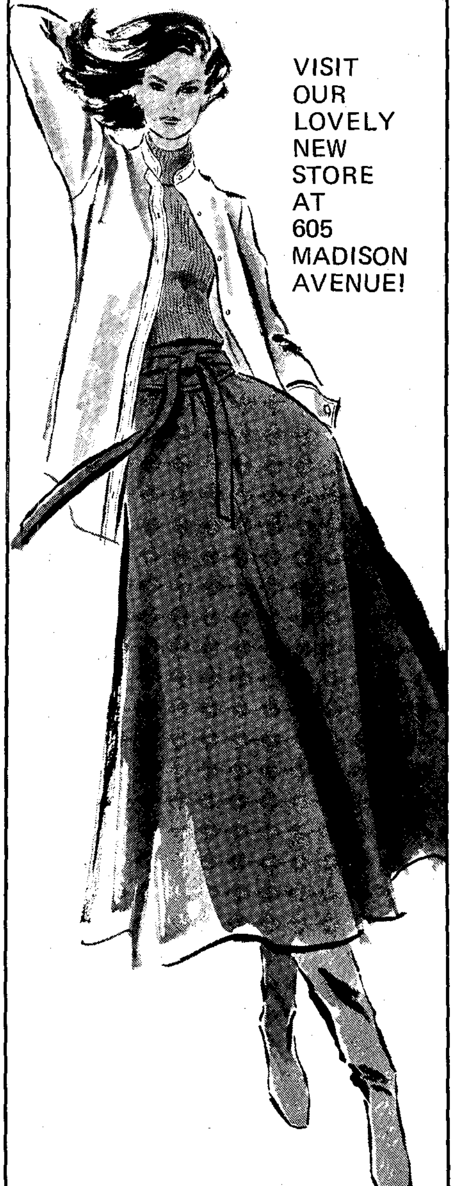

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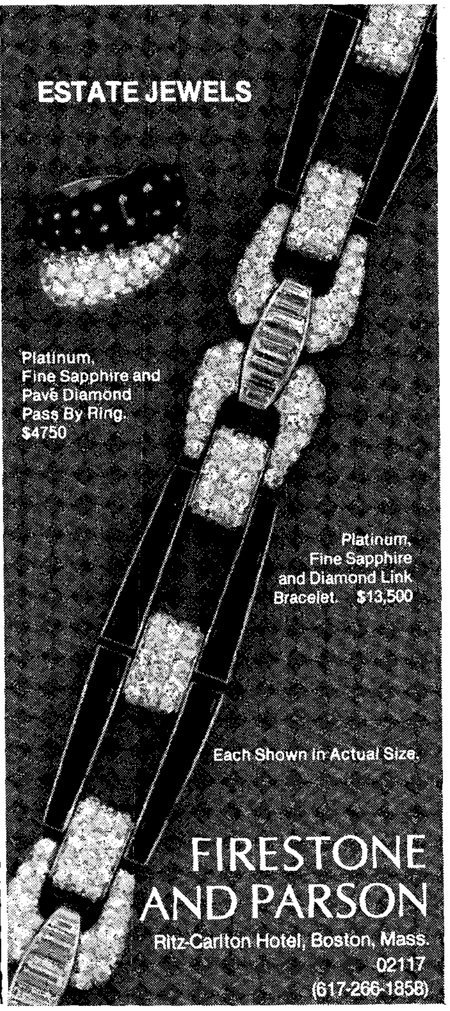

pace, piling on evil comic details to see how much we will take. Kranz's brother is simpleminded and collects dead flies. Fassbinder plants warts on the face of the beautiful Margit Carstensen and gives her a pair of spectacles that make her eyes look deranged, and when she says how much she hates her sister, it is with a sweet smile that would go more aptly with the opposite statement. Fassbinder forever pits words against physical expressiveness in this film, and throws sense out of joint. A policeman with no shoes on investigates a murder and catechizes the murderer with a look of immovable amiability. Kranz is someone who thinks that to be free may not necessarily mean to be bohemian or libertarian; that it could just as well mean being free to express rigidity, authoritarianism, cruelty. The contrary-minded man realizes that he has very little talent. But he has a gift for selling himself, which he accepts as a sufficient substitute. He assimilates nothing; he will never grow up, because he merely reënacts situations without changing them. Fassbinder has given himself the license to go haywire, perhaps in the interests of testing our endurance while we are having a sadomasochistic charade thrown at us like so much mud. Spattered and spluttering, we must be prepared to roll with the punch. Exceptional talent—and Fassbinder appears to possess it—often has moments of running amok. Better to go too far than not to move; and there may even be a compassionate nut of truth about the fate of the underendowed buried somewhere in this gaudy piece of provocation. —Penelope Gilliatt

•

ON MAKING HIS BED ONE MORNING

I've considered light. I like better
looking into the dark. Absence
surrounds your glitter, Big Bear.
We're regular little planets
watching each other spin
and harden.

Next time
let's refuse what we can't break out of,
or outlive. Weren't my mother,
grandmothers, aunts
happy brides?

Grandmother,
wanting someone to turn up the heat,
rose last night, and flapped her way
out of the blackness in me.

—Elizabeth Libbey

"New York and I
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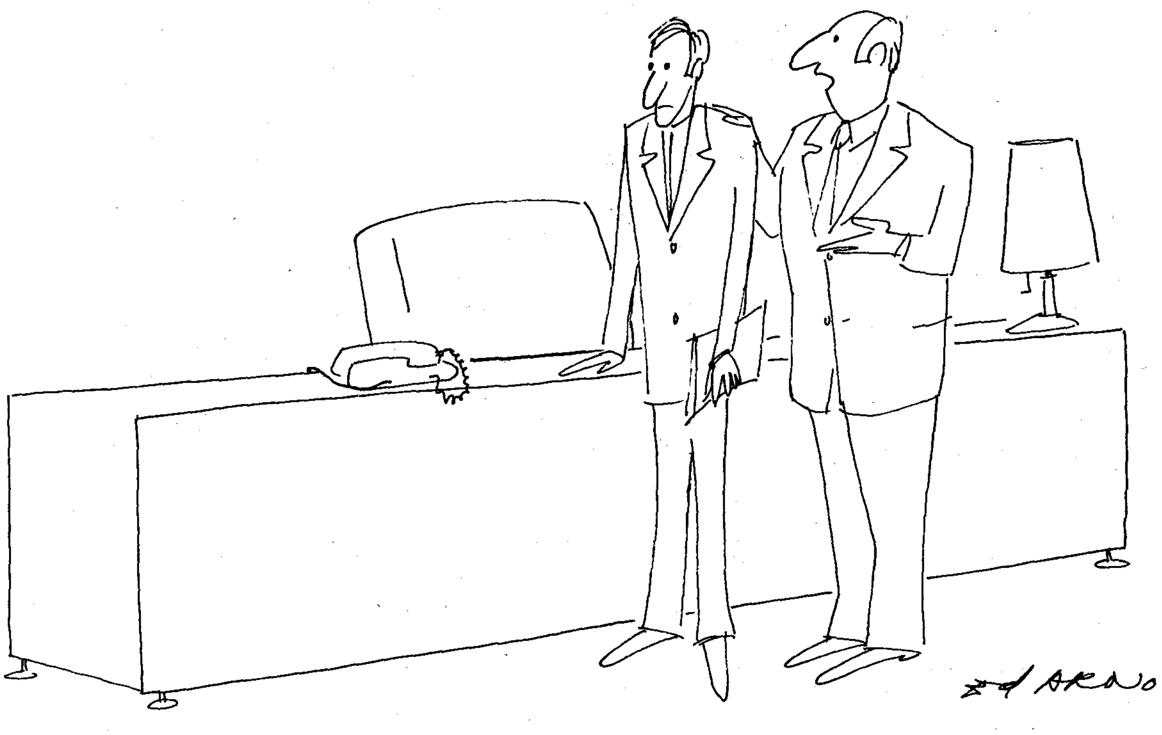
AROUND CITY HALL

FRIENDS IN NEED

WHEN someone is struck down by a sudden disastrous accident from which it could take years to recover, it is customary for there to be a rallying around and an outpouring of offers of help and expressions of sympathy—messages that are no less comforting because those sympathizing may have been moved in part by the thought that, but for their good luck, the disaster might have struck them down instead. This was not the kind of response that New York received from many quarters last month after lightning hit six upstate power-transmission lines and Consolidated Edison's inability to cope with the emergency led to a twenty-five-hour local blackout, during which a number of neighborhoods in poorer sections of the city were looted and burned by people who lived in them. Instead of comfort, what New York received in the first days after the disaster was often the punitive judgment that it had got just what it deserved, considering the kind of place it is.

On July 16th, two days after the lights finally came back on here, the Washington *Post* declared that what had happened during the blackout "laid bare the real heart of New York City," and added that "the looting and burning in the poorer sections of Harlem, the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn are terrible indictments of the state of the city, its government, and its people." The *Post* did not mention that after earlier riots in, for example, Detroit and Newark in July, 1967 (the Newark rioting began on July 13th, a decade to the day before the recent disorders in New York), the *Post's* editorial indictments had been levelled not at the governments or the people of the troubled areas but at the nation's failure to attend to the plight of those living in the poorer areas of all American cities. At a City Hall press conference in New York a few days after the blackout, a correspondent for the British Broadcasting Corporation asked Mayor Abraham Beame whether "the rapacity and intensity of the looting" weren't proof that the city was even "more rotten to the core" than people had thought it was. Later in the month, after New York had applied for assistance under the Federal Disaster Relief Act, a cartoon by the Richmond, Virginia, *News Leader's* Jeff MacNelly—a drawing that was reprinted in scores of newspapers around the country—showed a rather disreputable-looking figure labelled "Beame" carrying a shiny new television set marked "Looting Damages" into a store whose sign read "U.S. Pawn Shop." MacNelly's point seemed to be that the mayor of this city, representing New Yorkers generally, was cashing in on the events of the blackout by demonstrating that crime does in fact pay.

In its July 16th editorial, the Washington *Post* (whose views are of concern here, since they are likely to reach leading figures at the White House and in Congress, whose good will is critical for the city) also said of New York that the blackout had revealed the good as well as the bad behind its "once-slick but now-tarnished image." The only good cited in the editorial was the fact that "those who live in affluent sections of the city took the darkness in stride . . . helping themselves and others cope with adversity." Ten days after the lights came on, the *Post* took back most of the compliment. In an article entitled "Blackout Follies: New York's Ill-Behaved Rich," one of its correspondents, Susan Jacoby, devoted the better part of a page to an account of how the affluent residents of the Yorkville area had spent the blackout hours in such exercises as being arrogant to doormen and quarrelling with the clerks in Gristede's. The theme of the article, printed in italics under a picture of the darkened skyline, was "I have a sad suspicion that many of the rich who say they love New York are saying they love New York as long as their money can isolate them from the city's real problems"—an observation that presumably would not apply to Georgetown (the District of Columbia is seventy-one per cent black) or to *Post* readers who have taken the precaution of moving to places where they have no poor neighbors at all. Apparently, this city was a hopeless proposition on nearly every level. (An article by Henry Fairlie in the Washington *Post* in March, 1976, had already announced that New York "no longer has any real or symbolic role to play in the life of the country," since Washington was becoming the nation's cultural as well as political capital.) Endorsing this view, about a week after the blackout, in a *Times* survey of how Americans elsewhere viewed New York after the looting, the executive vice-president of the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce was quoted as saying that "most of us expected the worst" and the city "didn't let us down."


"Peyton, you've become indispensable to us, and I'm afraid we can't permit ourselves to be in a situation where any man is indispensable."

This kind of response to last month's sad and alarming news from New York was very reminiscent of the period toward the end of 1975 when the city was making almost weekly hairbreadth escapes from bankruptcy and the contribution to local morale from many Americans in other parts of the country and from their congressional representatives was to make it clear in surveys, statements to the press, and personal telegrams to the Mayor's office that nothing could delight them more than to see the city go under. It is little wonder if Gerald Ford was persuaded that attacks on the city of the sort that resulted in the famous *Daily News* headline "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" would be a big political plus for him nationally. During that period, when Congress was holding out against giving the city any help at all (the eventual rescue scheme passed the House of Representatives by only ten votes), Manhattan Representative Edward Koch commented that he had been stunned by the intensity of the hatred for New York among his colleagues on Capitol Hill. Last fall, a few days before the election, Jimmy Carter vowed to local citizens that if they voted for him and he then won the Presidency, they could count on never receiving a drop-dead communication from the Carter White House. Last month, however, Felix Rohatyn, the Lazard Frères partner who has been a leading figure in the refinancing of the city's vast debts and in otherwise keeping it afloat financially, told a meeting of local businessmen that although the rhetoric has changed since Ford left Washington, as far as hope of getting long-range help for New York is concerned "the message is essentially the same." After the blackout, the White House declined to declare New York a major disaster area, thus cutting it off from various helpful emergency benefits that have been awarded to fourteen other areas of the country this year—including, as Brooklyn Representative Elizabeth Holtzman pointed out, Georgia-coast fishing areas where last winter was too cold for the shrimp. The comment of Koch, who is currently among the candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor, was "Carter promised he would never tell New York to drop dead. He just did."

IN the nearly two years since the city's money crisis was at its height, even some of the most parochial citizens elsewhere have come to a grudging understanding that a number of the fiscal maneuvers and budgetary tricks that got New York into trouble differed only in degree from those practiced during the last expansive decades by

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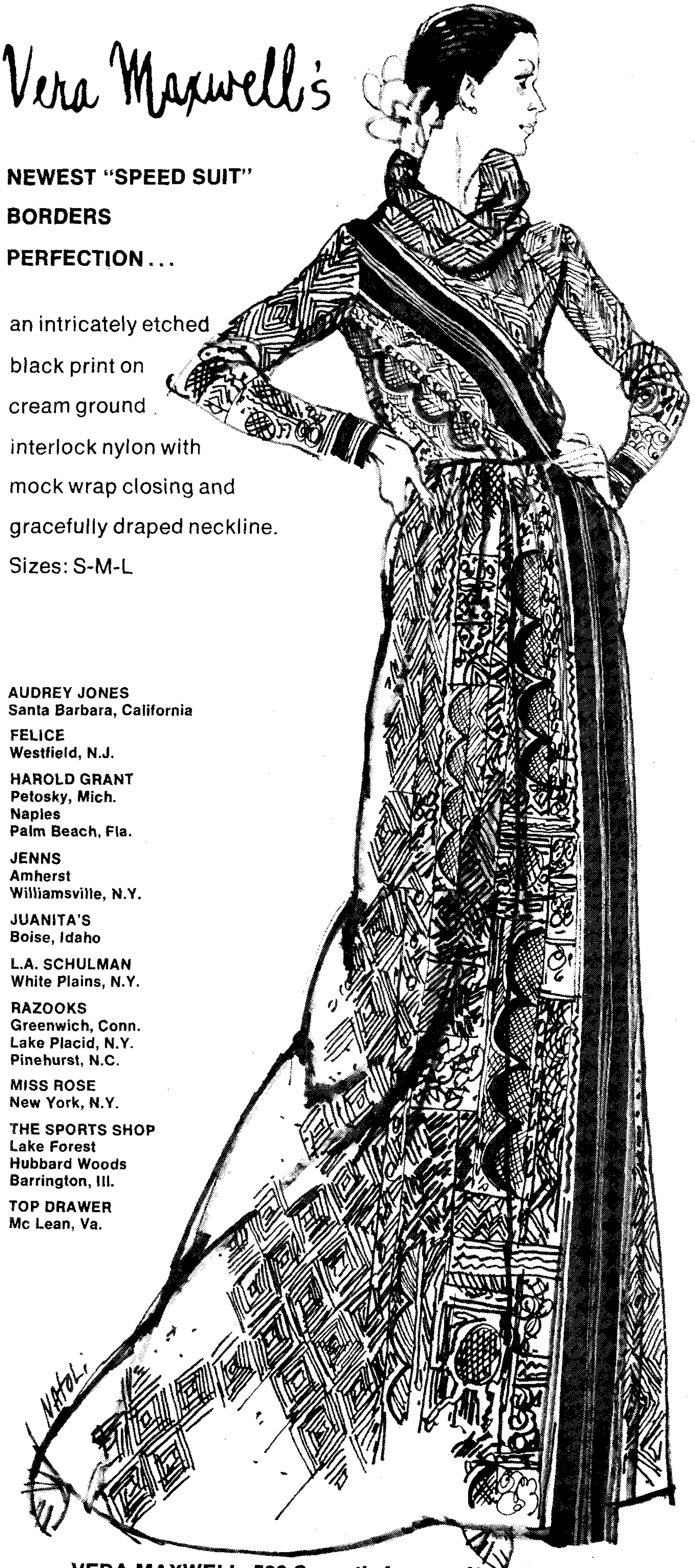

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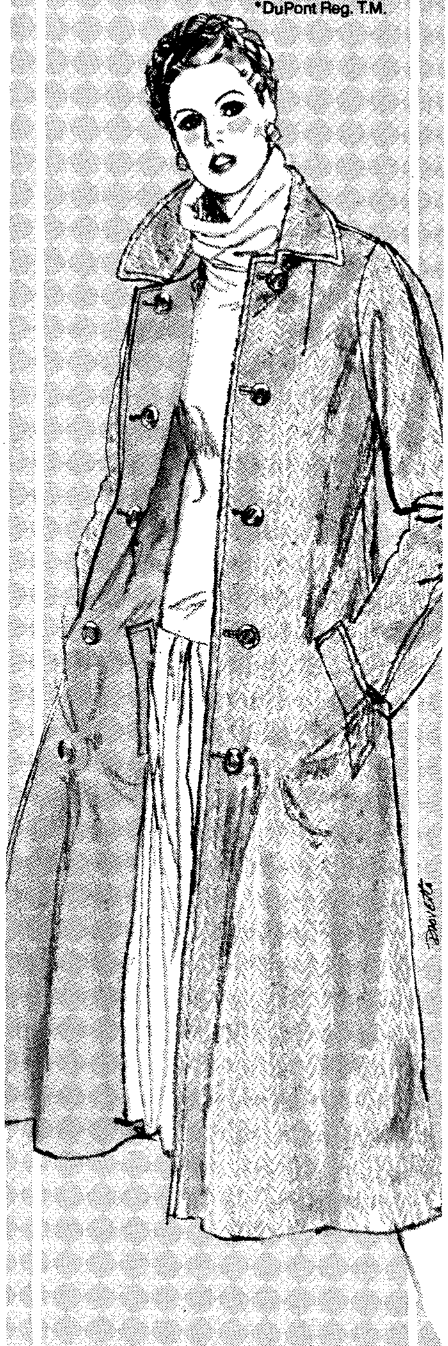

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other local governments, which thus may have been saved from a similar fate by New York's horrible example. Denouncing the excesses of this city is an established national pastime, however, and for a while after what was widely referred to as "the night of the animals"—a phrase attributed to a nameless police officer—there seemed to be a danger that the widespread serves-them-right judgment that greeted New York's misfortune would encourage the White House and Congress to dismiss the problems it was giving the city and the questions it raised about what had gone wrong as merely aspects of New York's latest weirdo sideshow, having little national significance and little claim on national remedies.

A series of timely coincidences averted this prospect, which could only have increased the city's distress. The blackout, for one thing, came just eight days before the President was scheduled to go to Yazoo City, Mississippi, in the second of the visits intended to inform him at close quarters about what is on the minds of the American people (his earlier visit having been a March stop in Clinton, Massachusetts). James Wieghart, the chief Washington correspondent of the *Daily News*, suggested that, in view of the recent disturbances in New York, instead of making another visit to small-town America, where what he was likely to learn would "be a good deal more reassuring and a lot less relevant to the nation's problems," the President might switch his destination to the South Bronx, Harlem, or Bedford-Stuyvesant. The *Times* thought so well of the idea that it took the unusual step of endorsing the proposal of a *News* columnist.

"I know the President recognizes there's a lot of unfairness in the world," Representative Holtzman said as the President continued to treat New York's July disaster with what was interpreted locally as rank indifference, "but I would hope he doesn't take it out on the city." By another coincidence, the blackout came a day after the press conference at which Carter, in defending his belief that it was all right to have abortions made readily available to women with money but not to women without it, borrowed John F. Kennedy's remark about the inequities of a military callup: "Life is unfair." (The handy use to which this justification may be put in the future was suggested a few days later, when Francis Purcell, the Republican supervisor of the Long Island town of Hempstead and a candidate for Nassau County Executive, was asked whether he thought it was right that ninety-three per cent of the public summer jobs in Hempstead had gone to the families of Republicans rather than to ordinary citizens, whatever their politics, who might need the jobs more. Purcell pointed out that life was unfair.) Representative Holtzman had criticized the President's position on abortion, and columnist David Broder wrote after the blackout that it was ironic that soon afterward her central-Brooklyn district was ravaged by looters, which Broder saw as "a reminder to Carter and the rest of us that the social consequences of unwanted, uncared-for children are felt by everyone—not just their mothers." The problems of this city were given a central place by Vernon Jordan, the executive director of the National Urban League, in his now celebrated confrontation with Carter at the annual Urban League meeting in Washington, which was held, also by coincidence, ten days after the blackout. "If the President can go to Clinton and to Yazoo City," Jordan said, he should "signal to the nation his concern for the cities and for the poor who live in them" and go to the South Bronx, Harlem, and Bedford-Stuyvesant, where, Jordan carefully specified, he could speak with the looters *and* the looted. When the President, showing no interest in this proposal, told Jordan the following night that critics of his polices toward poor city residents might only hurt the people they were trying to help—a remark that set off further criticism—United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young suggested that Urban League members would do well to trust Carter because they had "nowhere else to go."

There was irony in the fact that a trip to the areas devastated in the blackout was being offered to Carter as a way of learning what might be wrong with his policies toward the cities, since few local black leaders had excused the looters on the ground that they were merely the victims of callous government policies. To some black commentators, the answer to what happened here on the night of July 13th was simple. Clayton Riley, a teacher at the Africana Studies and Research Center at Cornell, wrote in the *Times* that "the welfare agencies may buy what people *need*, but in a nation of such conspicuous consumption . . . people steal, or loot, or riot, because they do not have the money to buy what they *want*." In Geneva, importuned for a statement, Ambassador Young said, "If you turn the lights out, folks will steal. They'll do that in Switzerland, too . . . especially if they're hungry." (Columnist George Will had a simple response to Young a few days later. Young, he wrote, flinches from the fact that "unlike Switzerland, the United States has within its urban population many people who lack the economic skills and acquired civility necessary for life in a free and lawful society.") But from prominent black figures closer to the scene there was a different reaction. The *Times* editorial that found the "rage" of the looters understandable in view of the national indifference to the problems of the urban poor was far more sympathetic than its counterpart in the *Amsterdam News*, the nation's largest black weekly, which condemned the night's violence as "criminal, outrageous, and damnable" and recommended that those convicted be sentenced to a year of labor to rebuild the shops they had looted and burned. Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, who is a candidate to become the city's first black mayor, took the pulpit at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church to denounce the looters as "marauders" and "criminals" who would "drag an entire people backward and downward into the primeval ooze and slime of riot and disorder." And a Cuban businessman who suffered heavy losses in the blackout recalled favorably Mayor Richard Daley's calling for the National Guard and giving the police shoot-to-kill orders because of the Chicago riots in 1968.

On the question of the National Guard, some of the city's best-known liberal politicians, including mayoral candidate Edward Koch, Representative Holtzman, and two other Brooklyn representatives—Frederick Richmond and Shirley Chisholm, the first black woman member of Congress—denounced Beame and Governor Hugh Carey for not having summoned the Guardsmen to the scene. Representative James Scheuer, whose district straddles the Queens-Brooklyn border, insisted that federal troops should have been brought in. It was the editorial writers of the *Daily News*, famously scornful of softhearted liberals and their coddling of criminal types, who declared, in an editorial headed "We Beg to Differ," that the calling out of the National Guard would have been "ill-advised and potentially dangerous" and would have led to "even greater outbursts of violence and destruction."

The theory that a look at precedents would settle the rights and wrongs of what William F. Buckley, Jr., described as "a wild antinomian twenty-four hours" ("Antinomian: opposed to the doctrine that the moral law is obligatory"—Webster's) was not really

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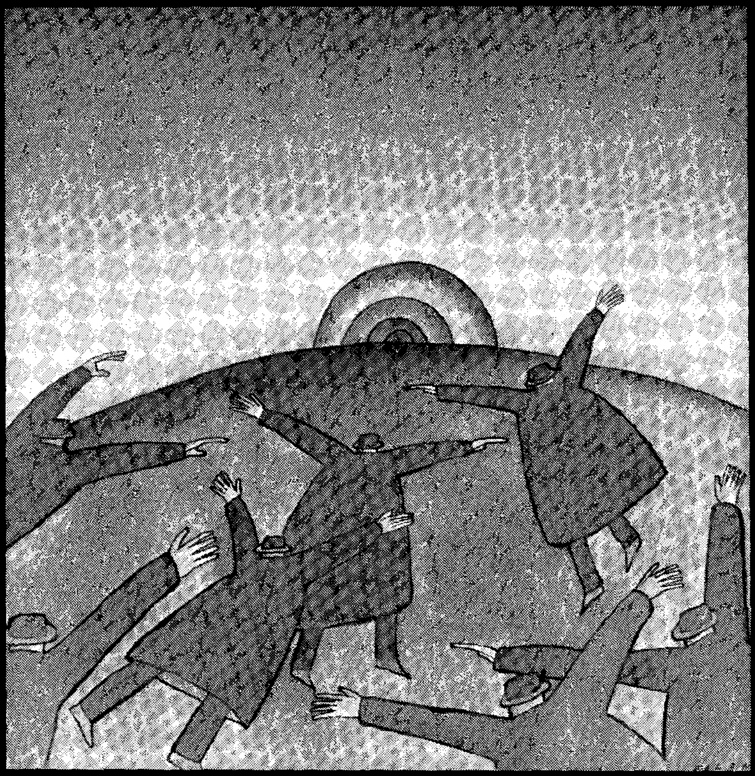

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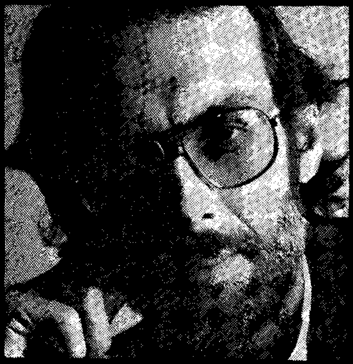

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borne out by the lessons in local history to which New Yorkers were treated almost daily after the blackout. For some reason, the parallel most often cited for the looting spree was not the major civil disturbance in local ghetto areas in July, 1964, or even the uprising in Harlem in 1943 (that time in August, another very hot month), when Governor Thomas E. Dewey did summon the National Guard. Most frequently mentioned instead was the bloody rioting against the military draft by local Irish immigrants way back in 1863—rioting that, as it happened, also broke out on July 13th. On a single morning, five days after last month's blackout ended, two *Daily News* columnists, Jimmy Breslin and Patrick Buchanan, each found some moral in the disorders of a hundred and fourteen years ago. Breslin suggested that the nearly four thousand people who were arrested during the blackout and were then jammed together in cells and detention pens in terrible heat until the overwhelmed criminal-justice system could deal with the mountains of paperwork that might free them on bail would not have cared to settle for the way things were handled in 1863. Then, as he described it, "the police and militia shot two thousand of the Irish and called it even." Though this was an overstatement, hundreds of people did die in the 1863 riots and no one was killed as a result of police action during this July's violence. Nevertheless, Buchanan described the earlier riots as "a minor version of what occurred last week" in New York, which the longtime staff member of the Nixon White House blamed on "permissiveness" and "lack of moral fiber." He described approvingly the way the earlier troubles were handled: "With a clear conscience, President Lincoln dispatched the Army of the Potomac, which in turn dispatched a number of the rioters."

Because of a particular aspect of the recent looting, an effort was made to point out that the city, in its time, had had trouble with Jewish rioters. In contrast to the way things were in the local disturbances of the nineteen-sixties, a sizable number of the burglarized storekeepers were black and Hispanic—and surely this growing movement of members of minority groups into the entrepreneurial class represents progress, although many of them, after the experience of being wiped out last month, may question whether it was worth it. As has been the case for generations, however, a large percentage of the merchants in the city's ghetto areas are Jewish. Immediately after the blackout,

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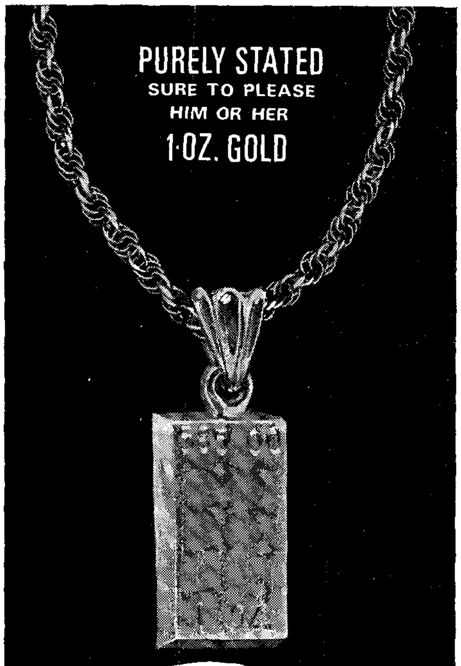

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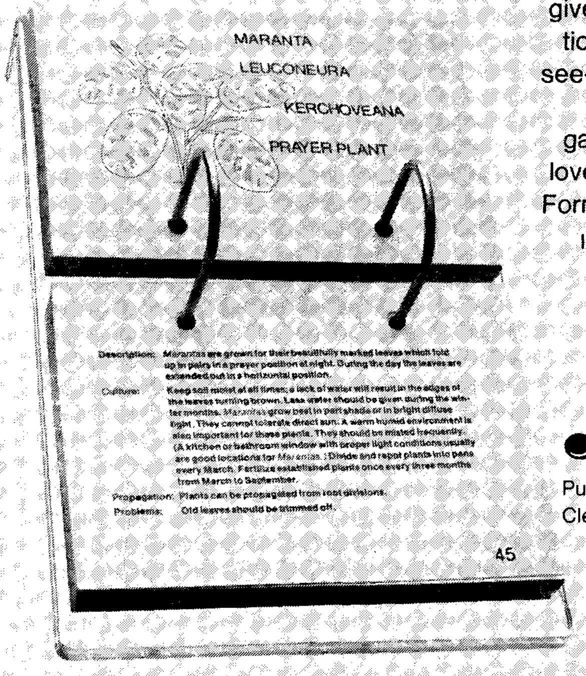
one shopkeeper said of the looters, "I went through Auschwitz and Buchenwald. The only difference is that there they wore boots and here they wore sneakers"—as emotionally provocative an analogy as there is in this city, and one that was taken up by the Conservative Party candidate for mayor, Barry Farber. To demonstrate that violent behavior might be related more to poverty than to what Percy Sutton later called "guilt by pigmentation," Herbert Gutman, a professor of history at the City University, described the 1902 riots against higher meat prices by poor Jewish women, who, he noted, were denounced as "a pack of wolves." He also mentioned that many of the areas where the 1902 riots had taken place, then occupied by poor Jewish immigrants, were the same South Bronx and Brooklyn neighborhoods, now taken over by blacks and Hispanics, where the looting took place last month. No one expected, of course, that the revelation of these points in common would mean there would be greater rapport in the damaged areas when the looted reopened their stores with loans from the federal Small Business Administration and the looters returned to their old blocks, perhaps fresh from jail and very likely jobless. Unfortunately, the newspaper photographs of many of them gleefully getting theirs (as it was sometimes described) on the night of the blackout would not recommend them or their friends as future employees.

THERE were a few bright spots in the dismal local picture during the days after the lights came back on. One of these was the evidence that some of the nineteen members of the city's congressional delegation have become increasingly aggressive and agile in pursuing the city's interests. In the 1975 fiscal crisis, the city's representatives played no significant role, spending much of their time complaining that nobody told them anything. It is evident that since then they have become far less willing to go along with the congressional leadership's traditional means of dealing with the anti-New York feeling on Capitol Hill, which has been to try to camouflage the fact that a given bill might be of benefit to the city—news that it was believed would make any bill a sure loser. (A few years back, when the House of Representatives was about to vote on a procedural bill affecting federal aid to education in urban states, including New York, that have especially large numbers of poor schoolchildren, Minnesota Representative Albert Quie, a member of



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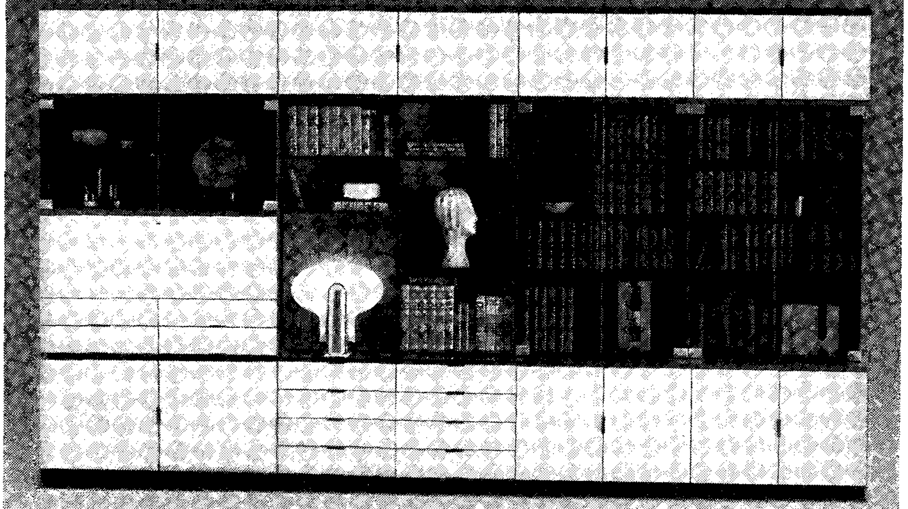

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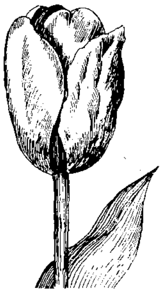

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Gerald Ford's weekly prayer-meeting group, was seen standing in the doorway of the House chamber advising his colleagues as they came in, "This is just for New York." In the subsequent vote, New York lost, 234 to 163.) New York's congressmen have begun to devise various means of fighting back against such treatment, one of the more effective being a new alliance with rural legislators: the two groups, each with a large number of constituents living below the poverty level, often find now that they have more in common than either of them has with delegations from the nation's affluent suburbs. Representative Richmond's recent steering of President Carter's food-stamp program through the House Agriculture Committee—on which, Richmond now says, he deliberately chose a post with the urban-rural alliance in mind—will surely not hurt the city's cause in the Oval Office.

New York's new Democratic senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, expressed the view last month that the President was "transparently concerned about poor people—particularly the poor people of the sort he knew in rural Georgia," and that now others must try "to bring him to an understanding of the poor in Northern cities." Moynihan had already offered to take Carter on a personal tour of the South Bronx, saying, "If you ever see what's happening there, it knocks simple ideas out of your head once and for all." There is no assurance that Carter would welcome such a seminar under the direction of Moynihan, whom he is reputed to distrust because their backgrounds are so different—and perhaps even more because of a suspicion that the Democratic senator has Presidential ambitions that might assert themselves earlier than the end of Carter's second term. On the other hand, Moynihan's alleged ambitions do not hurt New York's cause among those members of Congress who wouldn't mind seeing a challenge to Carter, or at least wouldn't mind having word get around that people in the cities and poor minority-group communities (Moynihan frequently mentions that he went to high school in East Harlem) might in fact have somewhere else to go. There is no question that Moynihan is the strongest force in the attempt to shift New York out of the congressional pariahdom to which it has long been consigned. Instead of accommodating himself to the bias against New York, he is leading a vigorous counterattack. In a long, scholarly document entitled "The Federal Government and the Economy of New York State," which

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he prepared earlier this summer and gave to the President, the former Harvard professor concluded that, far from being a leech on the federal treasury, as it is often viewed in Congress, New York State in 1976 sent at least 7.4 billion dollars more to Washington than it got back, while for other states the imbalance is often the reverse. The misapprehension was encouraged, he reported, by what he later described as "rigged" federal figures, which count New York as receiving from Washington "half the interest on the public debt and forty per cent of foreign aid: the evident explanation being that the transactions take place in downtown Manhattan"—that is, at the Federal Reserve and other large banking institutions. Turning things around, Moynihan has said that he doesn't know how much longer New York can keep on supporting the rest of the country in this fashion. Last month, when there was a complaint about the percentage of federal welfare expenditures that would come to New York under a proposed Moynihan bill, he mentioned slyly that his state didn't receive any peanut subsidy at all. Some matters, however, are better handled with diplomacy, with which the former ambassador has had some experience. On the question of the confrontation between Carter and Vernon Jordan over Carter's interest in helping poor people, Moynihan said, "That's an argument between two Georgians, and, as a New Yorker, I'd like to stay out of it."

Most of the candidates in the current local mayoral race have not hesitated to take sides in that dispute. Since the blackout, instead of running against each other they have been running against Consolidated Edison, and lately most of them have also been running against the President. The rhetorical shifts are not too difficult. Even Mayor Beame, who had been treating his good relationship with Carter as a big political advantage in his campaign for reëlection, decided that the greater benefit lay in being on the other side and at the head of a program to send up to a million signatures to the President demanding that he immediately keep his preëlection promise to relieve the cities of their welfare burden. The six other candidates for the Democratic nomination for mayor have the additional problem of trying to decide whether to credit the polls that have been showing Beame with only thirteen or fourteen per cent of the vote or to fear that he may sweep to victory in the September primary thanks to the inevitable advantage enjoyed by an incumbent as a news

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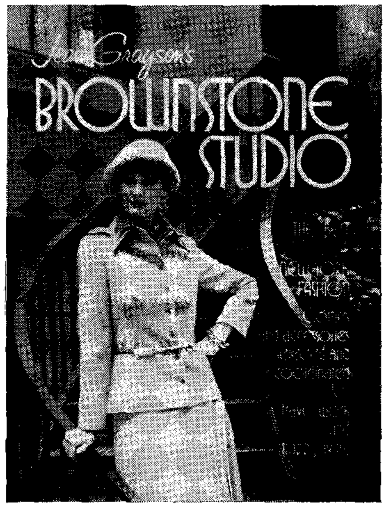

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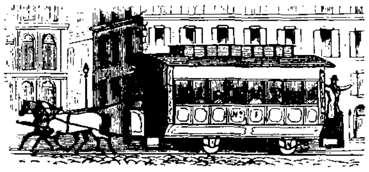
center—and, indeed, as a controller of news—during a severe local crisis like the blackout. "You couldn't buy this attention," commented one of Beame's deputy mayors happily on the day after the lights went out. The Mayor's picture appeared on the front page of the *Times* ten times in the next fifteen days. But the Beame campaign leaders now have a problem of their own: trying to assess the value of the *Times*' July 31st endorsement in the Democratic primary of Mario Cuomo, the secretary of state in Albany and Governor Carey's choice for mayor, whose picture in recent months has appeared on the *Times* front page only once—on May 11th, the day after he announced his candidacy. The *Times* explained that it was giving its support to Cuomo because he would bring unity, conciliation, and vigor to the office of mayor. After the blackout, the opinion was widely expressed that the mayoral candidacies of Percy Sutton and Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who is Puerto Rican, were now hopeless, because of local rage over the actions of a small percentage of blacks and Puerto Ricans while the lights were out. The melancholy presumption of many Sutton and Badillo supporters is that such views may be self-fulfilling.

Among the ironies that have often been cited in discussions here of the events of the blackout was the fact that the outbreak of looting came on the eve of the first anniversary of the nomination of Jimmy Carter at the Democratic "love-in" at Madison Square Garden. At the Convention the night before, on a happier July 13th, the Democrats had adopted a platform that promised "a massive effort" to help New York and other "older cities." The Convention itself was the culmination of two triumphal weeks, during which this city's stunning celebration of the Bicentennial and the parade of the Tall Ships seemed to prove to the world that in spite of its widely publicized financial disasters, New York was not down for the count after all. But, as was not widely noted at the time, the big, expensive Bicentennial party was of no great interest to most local Hispanics or to many of New York's black citizens, whose ancestors' independence and rights and privileges of other kinds had been of no great interest to the men who declared Americans' freedom two hundred years earlier. Some of those who felt that it was not their party last year made sure that this July's big local event would be, in its own way, even more memorable.

—ANDY LOGAN



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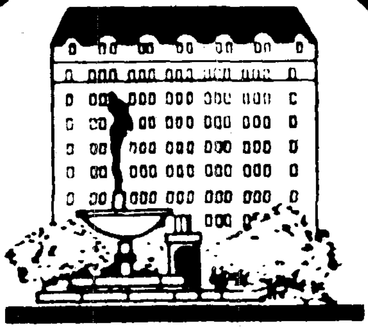

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

Antal Dorati's recent adventures with the operatic works of Franz Joseph Haydn are encouraging a total reëvaluation of that genial composer's importance and power. The latest Haydn opera to be recorded by Mr. Dorati is "La Vera Costanza," an astonishing work that closely resembles the music of the mature Mozart (Philips 6703 077; six sides). The rather inconsequential libretto concerns the difficulties surrounding the marriage of an aristocrat to the sister of a fisherman. (It may be a prefiguring of the democratic ideas found in Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," and like "Figaro" it contains a few comic scenes as well as a great deal of suffering.) The music is of such sublime quality that one wonders how Haydn managed it. The singers are Jessye Norman, Helen Donath, Claes H. Ahnsjö, Wladimiro Ganzarolli, Domenico Trimarchi, Kari Lövaas, and Rolfe Johnson, with the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne.

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Puccini's "Suor Angelica" has always suffered during performances of his "Trittico," because it has seemed dull in comparison with the melodrama of "Il Tabarro" and the farce of "Gianni Schicchi." Taken by itself, however, it is a little masterpiece, and it has recently been lovingly recorded by Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Ileana Cotrubas, and others, along with the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, the Desborough School Choir, and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under Lorin Maazel (Columbia M 34505; single disc). Puccini's "Tosca" has also received a new recording—and a superb one (Philips 6700 108; four sides). The cast includes Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, Ingvar Wixell, Piero de Palma, and Samuel Ramey, with the Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Colin Davis. Wixell is a terrifying Scarpia, and Caballé is in glorious, passionate voice. An excellent performance by all concerned.

Is the current neglect of the operas of Meyerbeer justified? I think so. His music is rather pompous—very formal and old-fashioned, even for its period. A recent recording of his "Le Prophète," which was revived last season at the Met after years of absence from the repertoire, seems to confirm this judgment (Columbia M4 34340; eight sides). The performers are the best—Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Renata Scotto, and Jules Bastin, with Henry Lewis conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus—and there are some inspired moments and some likable melodies here and there, along with some exceedingly difficult and spectacular singing, but there are also many dull spots, and the libretto concerns an obscure footnote in history—the doings of the Anabaptists in Germany. Nevertheless, the work is interesting from a historical point of view, and this is the only available recording of it.

Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy" has been recorded, for the first time, by Eve Queler and the Opera Orchestra of New York, with Montserrat Caballé, Paul Plishka, Mark Munkittrick, Luis Lima, Louis Quilico, and Natalya Chudy (Columbia M3 34575; six sides). This opera was a huge success for a few years after its composition but fell into neglect afterward, and today it is almost forgotten. It is about the death of a husband at the hands of a servant egged on by the victim's abandoned wife, with whom the servant is in love. It is in every way first-rate Donizetti, and is extremely well performed.

Massenet's "Esclarmonde" is probably more satisfactory on records than it is in the opera house. At any rate, that was my conclusion following the lack of enthusiasm of some New York critics on the occasion of the opera's recent performance at the Metropolitan. True, it has some dull passages, and its story—of an enchanted island and so on—strains credulity, but its music is quite skillful in the Massenet manner, which is very reminiscent of Wagner, and it contains some beautiful melodic ideas. London's recording of "Esclarmonde" has Joan Sutherland in the title role, with Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Clifford Grant, Louis Quilico, Ryland Davies, and Robert Lloyd in other parts (OSA 13118; six sides). The John Alldis Choir, the Finchley Children's Music Group, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Richard Bonynge, complete the list of forces involved. Miss Sutherland, who has never been noted for distinct enunciation,

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Rossini's "Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra" has received its first recording, with Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, Valerie Masterson, Rosanne Creffield, Ugo Benelli, and Neil Jenkins (Philips 6703 067; six sides). The London Symphony Orchestra, under Gianfranco Masini, and the Ambrosian Singers provide the background. The singing is brilliant, and the work is in every way outstanding Rossini. It is surprising that this opera is not heard more often.

Jon Vickers is magnificent in the title role of Verdi's "Otello" (RCA AGL3-1969; six sides). Leonie Rysanek, Tito Gobbi, and Florindo Andreolli are also in the cast. Gobbi is heard at his peak, and the performance, involving the Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus, under the direction of Tullio Serafin, is generally very good.

Verdi's "Macbeth" has had yet another recording, with Sherrill Milnes, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, and Ruggero Raimondi, along with the Ambrosian Opera Chorus and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Riccardo Muti conducting (Angel SCLX-3833; six sides). I prefer the Deutsche Grammophon version, with Shirley Verrett, Placido Domingo, Piero Cappuccilli, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, on the ground that Verrett is the ideal Lady Macbeth and Domingo is a bit superior to Carreras. Nonetheless, the Angel version is an admirable one. Cossotto is excellent, and Milnes is, of course, superb.

Giordano's "Andrea Chénier" is performed by Placido Domingo, Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Kraft, Maria Ewing, and Michel Sénéchal in the principal roles (RCA ARL3-2046; six sides). The orchestra is the National Philharmonic, James Levine conducting, and the chorus is the John Alldis Choir. This is a robust recording of a very robust opera, and, for me, it supersedes the previous Angel and London discs. Domingo, Milnes, and Scotto are a combination hard to beat.

An all-star cast, including Leontyne Price, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Fiorenza Cossotto, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier—along with the London Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of James Levine—has made a magnificent recording of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" (RCA ARL4-1864; eight sides). I recommend this record highly.

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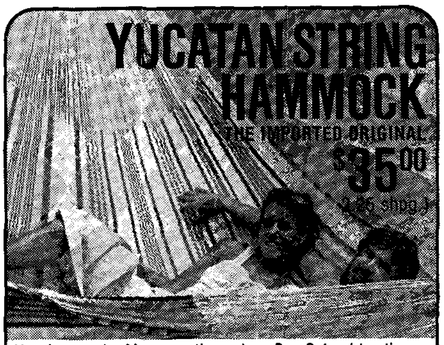

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Offenbach's operetta "La Vie Parisienne" has been recorded by Angel with an unusually fine cast for this sort of work (SX-3839; four sides). The singers include Régine Crespin, Mady Mesplé, Luis Masson, Michel Sénéchal, Jean-Christophe Benoît, Christiane Château, Éliane Lublin, and Michel Jarry. Accompanying them are the Orchestre et Chœurs du Capitole de Toulouse, Michel Plasson conducting. This operetta, like most of Offenbach, is rollicking, spicy, and totally delightful. All its sparkle is retained here, but there is a great deal of spoken conversation, and it may not be for anyone who cannot understand rapid French.

COMPOSERS RECORDINGS, which has, in my opinion, been involved in a number of unsuccessful endeavors, has finally come up with a winner. It is John Powell's "Sonata Teutonica," Opus 24, performed by the pianist Roy Hamlin Johnson (CRI SD 368; single). This is a powerful Romantic work, grand in conception and beautifully worked out. Powell (1882-1963) was a Southerner, and he wrote a large number of works that would probably be worth reviving. It is important to note that he was a concert virtuoso, too, as were most important composers from Bach to Rachmaninoff.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Washingtonwent over in a boat skippered by Capt. William Blackler, a Massachusetts fisherman, with Nawould be blowing on the backs of the Americans and in thnt as the storm was, it would be blowing on the backs of the Americans and in the faces ofstorm was, it would be blowing on the backs of the Americanne road; send another colum miles above Trenton. He will take a column down one road; send another column down theve Trenton. He will take a column down one road; send another column down theve Trenton. He will take a column down one road; send another column down the other. Hon. He will take a column down one road; send another column down the other. Hon. He will take a column down one road; send another column down the other. He had one ill take a column down one road; send another column down the other. He had one partinke a column down one road; send another column down the other. He had one partinke a column down one road; send another column down the other. He had one partinke a column down one road; send another column down the other. He had one partinke a column down one road; send another column down the other. He had one parting word:

—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

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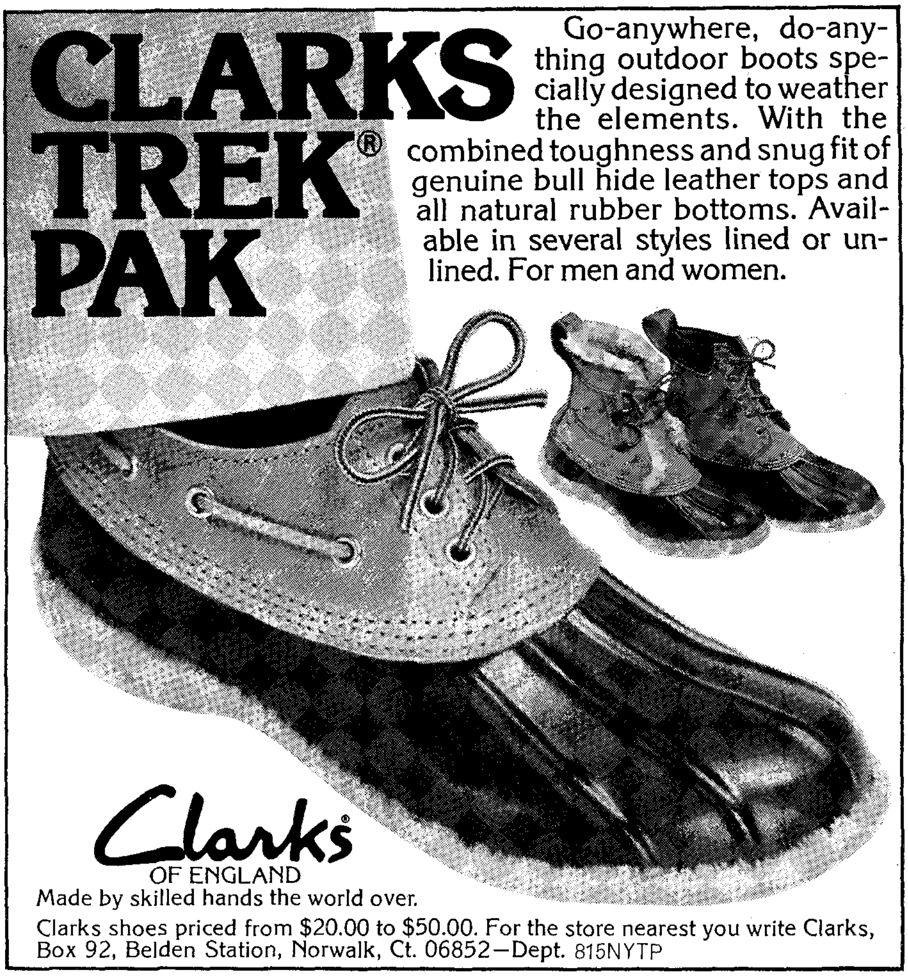
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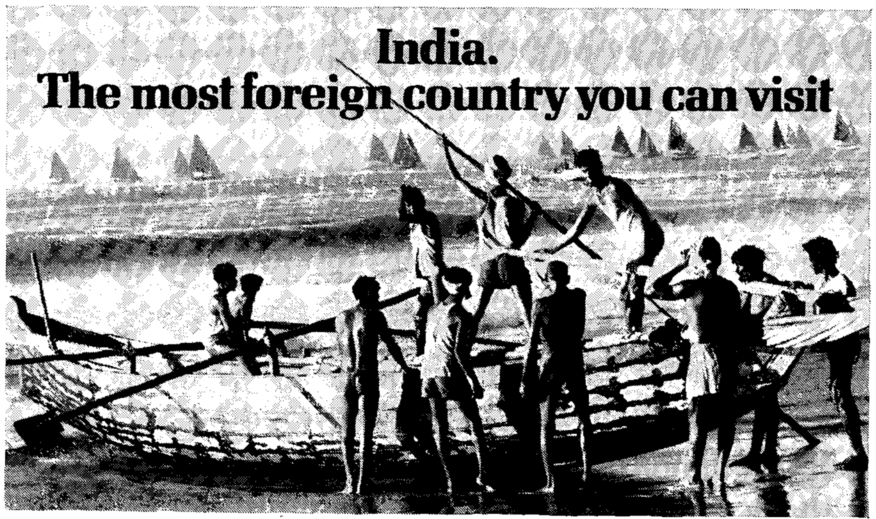
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A SOFTBALL, A LUMP

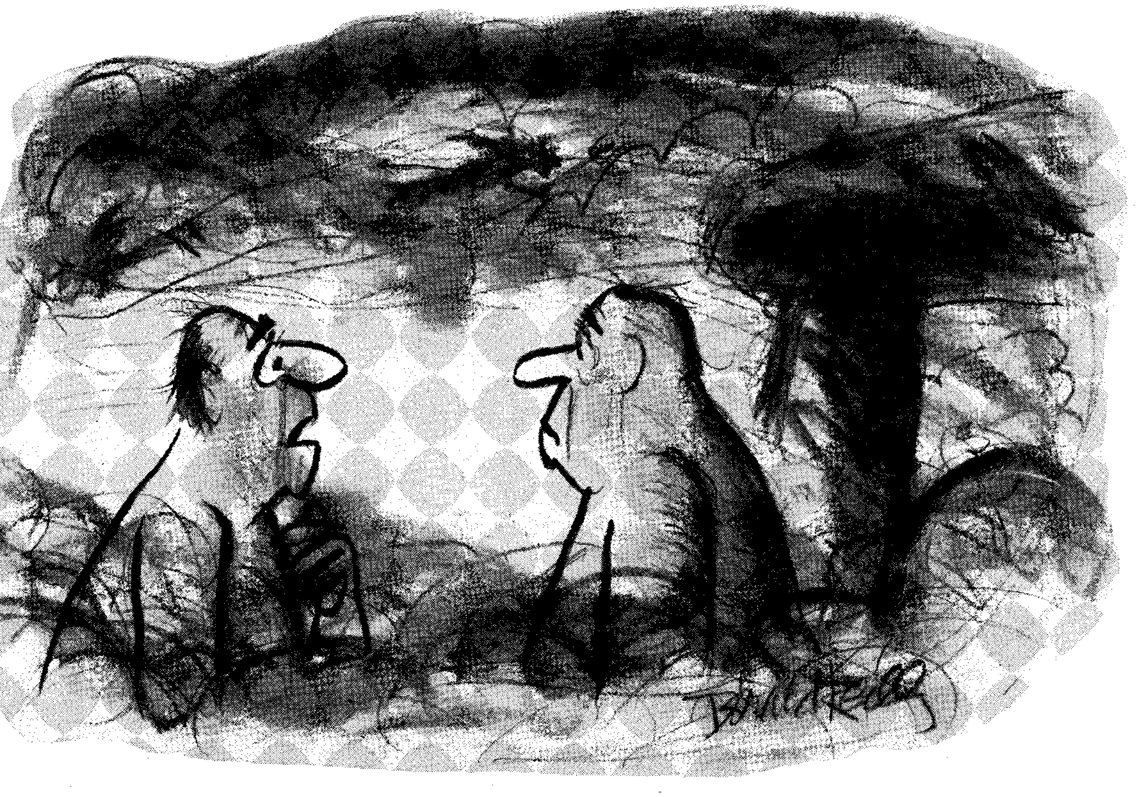
I KNOW three young lawyers in Omaha who are aware of the city's limitations as a gastronomic capital—all of them having at one time or another tasted the delights of Kansas City. The one generalization that it may be safe to make about lawyers—except, of course, for the statistically incontrovertible one that this country has quite a few more of them than it has any need for—is that the profession includes a large number of serious eaters. When some employees of a noted steak house in Washington were arrested on narcotics charges last spring, the waiters involved found themselves with immediate legal aid from attorneys who had represented some of the most prominent Watergate figures, and the maître d' showed up in court with a partner in the firm headed by Edward Bennett Williams. One of the three Omaha lawyers, a hefty young man named Daniel Morisseau, who works for the Union Pacific Railroad, has about him such a palpable interest in food that a taxi-driver who once took him and some other travellers from the Memphis airport to downtown hotels pointed out governmental and cultural sights to the passengers in general, then slowed down at a corner, looked straight at Morisseau, and indicated the entrance of the city's premier barbecue establishment. In the rather informal survey I have taken over the years on intensity of interest in food by profession, lawyers rank only a few trades below concert pianists, who are as a group undoubtedly the most devout searchers-out of quality restaurants—a phenomenon I can account for only with the theory that concert pianists, who travel constantly, quickly come to realize that the alternative to finding a decent place to eat on their own is having dinner at the home of the chairman of the local philharmonic's hospitality committee. Reporters rank pretty low in my survey, partly because of the curse they share with the Irish. I once lunched regularly with the members of a newsmagazine bureau in Paris who had the custom of eating lunch as a group every Saturday, and the restaurant they favored always turned out to have been chosen for the perfection of its dry Martinis. Once they found a bartender who had mastered the art, they tended to follow him from restaurant to restaurant, the way a group of concert pianists would follow a gifted but temperamental sauce chef.

The three lawyers I know in Omaha did not grow up there—they were raised and educated in various parts of Missouri and Kansas—so when they talk about restaurants with the sort of nostalgia that can sometimes make up for whatever the sauce lacked, they are talking about restaurants in some other city. The nostalgia does not seem associated with restaurants of their childhoods. Michael Fenner, a Creighton University law professor who grew up in St. Joseph, Missouri, recalls having practically no interest in eating until he happened to go to law school in Kansas City, where he met Dan Morisseau, and where, judging from their reminiscences, the two of them must have had to pick out the words in their contract texts through the barbecue-sauce stains. Fenner also spent a few years in Washington, working for the Justice Department, and he shared quite a few meals there with John E. Smith, a lawyer from Atchison, Kansas, not far down the Missouri River from St. Jo, who was then working for Senator Dole and is now the house attorney of an Omaha trucking company. Fenner still likes to talk to Smith about eating in Washington—the Cuban food at the Omega and the Middle Eastern food at the Calvert Café and the chili at Hazel's Texas Chili Parlor. Fenner believes that Hazel's recipe was so secret that she carried it with her to the grave, although some others believe it was handed down intact to a man with a tattoo, and still others believe that it was not the sort of recipe anyone would have to guard closely. Fenner's favorite restaurant in the Washington area was the renowned Silver Spring fish house called the Crisfield Seafood Restaurant. Fenner misses practically everything about Crisfield's.

"They know how to treat children," he said recently.

"They know how to treat oysters," said Morisseau, who has done some eating in Washington himself.

The exchange came in the midst of one of the discussions the three lawyers have had about how the food in Omaha compares with the food in other cities they have lived in. They all seem to like Omaha, and they're adventurous about seeking out the food of ethnic groups that Easterners might not expect to find in Nebraska—Mexicans, for instance, and Bohe-



"*Mine was the sin of overdiversification.*"

mians. But Morisseau has, after some careful research, concluded that what passes for barbecue in Omaha is just beef covered with a mixture of ketchup, Tabasco sauce, and a concoction called liquid smoke. Fenner says that Italian food in Omaha amounts to pouring red sauce over whatever happens to be on the plate. Morisseau recently made a trip to New York, and has not yet shaken his astonishment at rediscovering that there are Italian restaurants without red sauce and Chinese restaurants without chow mein. "We gave up a lot of food when we came here," one of the lawyers said during the discussion. "What we got was steak."

I had met Fenner and Smith and Morisseau because Fenner wrote me to say that they had discovered the greatest steak house in the world—a place that served sirloin steaks described by Fenner as "the shape of a softball, only bigger." Omaha, of course, has a few dozen steak houses—typical Midwestern red-meat palaces except that, the proprietorship being almost universally Italian, the customary side dish is spaghetti rather than hash browns. But the steak house Fenner mentioned, a place called Dreisbach's, is in Grand Island, Nebraska—a hundred and forty miles away.

FENNER and Smith and Morisseau had last eaten at Dreisbach's on the way to a law seminar in Kearney, Nebraska, but they seemed to be untroubled about just driving out there to dinner from Omaha. Morisseau—the only one of the three who might qualify in some circles as an Easterner, having been raised in Kirkwood, Missouri, near St. Louis—has a fondness for the West that encompasses pioneer history and Western railroads and driving across the flat reaches of Nebraska which have caused many other travellers to sum up the state as being "just too far across." Smith and Fenner once drove an hour and a half to Peru, Nebraska, to eat dinner in a restaurant called Peru Seasons. (They liked it, but the proprietors have decided to move to Costa Rica.) The trip to Peru was an activity of an informal eating club that they and their wives and four other couples belong to. Every other month or so, the women of the club cook a special dinner out of a particular cookbook or from the cuisine of a particular country. Twice, the club has had lobsters flown in from Maine. The men handled one meal, in the summer, and, having travelled to Kansas City for the supplies, they held a sort of tasteoff between the barbecue sauces provided by the two preëminent

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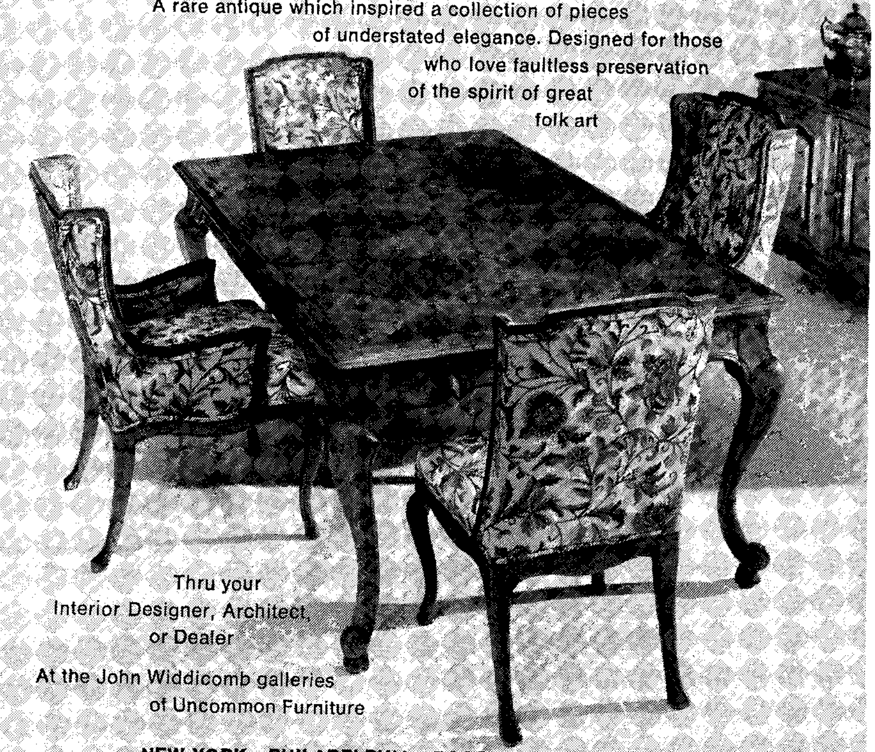
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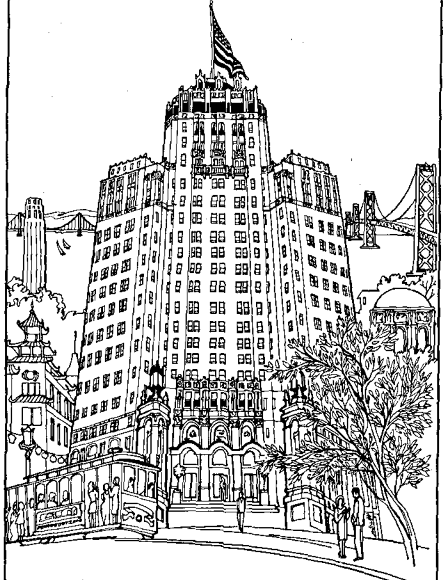

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It is not the sort of club in which a lot of eating time is wasted on talk about the bouquet of the wine or the texture of the crêpes. When it's called anything, it's called the Omaha Gourmands. The most memorable remark made at any of its functions came when one member was finishing up some of the main course directly from the serving platter—an understandable way to pass the post-meal lull as far as I'm concerned—and another member said, "Please don't eat the spoon." There was some talk of translating that into French and putting it on a club T-shirt. Morisseau is not a member of the club, but he may be even more interested in quantity than the Omaha Gourmands are, particularly when the quantity in question is of beef. One of his complaints about Omaha's requisite French restaurant in its requisite restored market is that it has no steak "except that fancy kind." The steak rumor he is most interested in investigating is a tip that a twenty-eight-ounce T-bone is available at the Elks Club in Ogallala, Nebraska.

I LOOKED upon Fenner's invitation to eat steak at Dreisbach's as an opportunity to try overcoming what I acknowledge to be a strong prejudice against steak houses. It is a prejudice I blame partly on living for some years in the East, where the atmosphere in most steak houses is the strongest argument I know for vegetarianism. While the rest of the country is becoming littered with steak houses that have "themes" like Old Depot or Western Barn, the theme of New York steak houses remains The Big Shots Meet The Tough Guys. Doormen say "O.K., Mac" as they accept five dollars for parking a customer's Mercedes; waiters say "Yeah, lady" when a female patron asks if she may have the sixteen-dollar filet. The male customers tend to have the look of people who are proud of themselves for having just slipped the headwaiter about what they paid their secretaries that day and for figuring out some way to take it off their taxes. Aside from the fact that the atmosphere of most New York steak houses is a threat to anyone's digestion, I must admit that, unlike many of my countrymen, I do not feel the need of a pound or so of red meat every day or two to stave off the perils of anemia. My mother has often said that I am not "a real steak eater"—real steak eaters being, I think, people who hold up dessert for a long time while they gnaw on the bones. I

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have long suspected, in fact, that a blind taste test would be as embarrassing for the people who go on about the superiority of one steak restaurant or another as it would be for the people who have taken a blood oath of loyalty to a particular brand of Scotch. On the other hand, I do like steak. There used to be a steak restaurant on the outskirts of Kansas City I loved going to, but since I heard some rumors a few years ago that it had switched from charcoal broiling to gas I have not been back—partly because a spectacular fried-chicken restaurant has interposed itself between the steak restaurant and town, and partly because I might find it embarrassing to finish off a twelve-ounce filet and still not know for certain whether the rumors were true.

FENNER's letter was enthusiastic about the eating opportunities in Omaha; Midwesterners are noted for making the best of any situation. He suggested that I come at least a day early to try the local specialties before we drove to Grand Island, although when I arrived he seemed to be strapped about where he and his wife and I should go for lunch. He had heard—incorrectly, as it later turned out—that the obvious place, a stockyard bar that served Mexican food and was called V.I.P. South, had closed. He settled on Joe Tess' Place, which specializes in scored carp, although there is no mention of carp on the menu. Perhaps because the carp has had some difficulty overcoming a reputation as an ugly-looking beast that spends a lot of time nosing around in the mud, Joe Tess' menu has always identified the specialty merely as Famous Fish. Joe Tess charges sixty-five cents for a Famous Fish Sandwich, with an extra ten cents for specifying a rib or tail cut. The rib cut costs the same as the tail cut; it's the luxury of making the choice that costs a dime. Apparently, bitter words are spoken now and then at Joe Tess' Place when a diner who has paid a dime for specifying ribs finds that his dining partner got ribs just in the luck of the draw. There is some controversy about what the best part of the carp is, and there are, of course, a good many people who believe that there isn't any best part of a carp. Mike Fenner's wife, Anne, sounded like one of those. The best she could manage after trying her first plate of Famous Fish was "Well, that's got to be unique."

Her husband seemed discouraged. "You kind of hate being from a place that's famous for that," he said.

John Smith told us later that the se-

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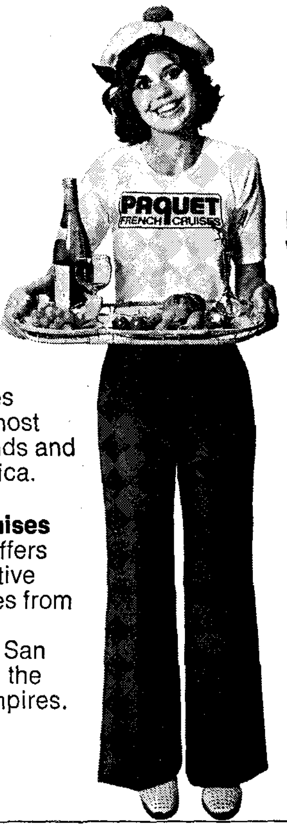

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cret is in the preparation. "In Atchison, you nail the carp to a board and lean it up against the fire until the board starts to get kind of black," he said. "Then you turn it over and nail it to the other side of the board and lean that next to the fire until that side of the board gets kind of black. Then you eat the board."

Smith offered the Atchison recipe as we drove to lunch the next day at Stella's Tavern, a hamburger place near the S.A.C. airbase, where the three lawyers and I planned to stoke up for the drive to Grand Island. Our dinner the previous evening, at a cheerful Bohemian bar, had been particularly notable, I thought, for Morisseau's responding to a choice of two vegetables by saying, "I'll take double dumplings—that other stuff grows under the ground." Morisseau arrived at Stella's with some random train talk he apparently considers appropriate to the beginning of any journey ("The Ford FAST's running on time. The ARRO's five minutes late. Trains are speeding the nation's vital resources to their destination so *that American consumers can consume* everything that can be scratched out of the ground") and some words for Smith's benefit on the trucking industry ("Will the slaughter on our highways never stop? Is there no end to the carnage wrought by the Killer Trucks?"). Stella's served up, as Fenner had predicted, a quality cheeseburger—not Kansas City quality, perhaps, but certainly nothing that would force anybody back into nostalgia for a Cuban restaurant in Washington. The cheeseburgers were accompanied by red beer—beer that has been mixed, for reasons that defy the imagination, with tomato juice. Smith remarked that the red beer served some years ago at Sellen's Pool Hall, in Russell, Kansas, was better than Stella's, and I think he must be right. Everyone was looking forward to the journey, although for long drives Morisseau prefers the stark plains of western Nebraska to the central part of the state, where he has been heard to complain, "There are trees blocking the view."

I asked about the steak served at Dreisbach's, thereby launching my companions into what I believe lawyers call a colloquy:

"It's like a softball—sort of round."

"No, more like a lump."

"I'd prefer to say 'round' rather than 'like a lump.' "

All of the attorneys were willing to stipulate that the tenderness of a Dreisbach's steak was beyond question. Fenner had written that Dreisbach's fur-

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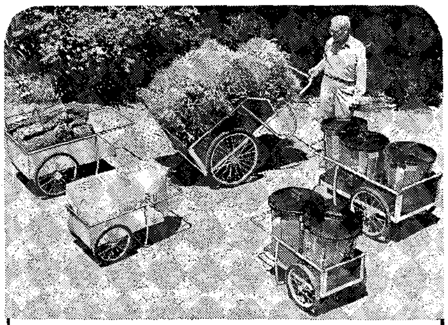

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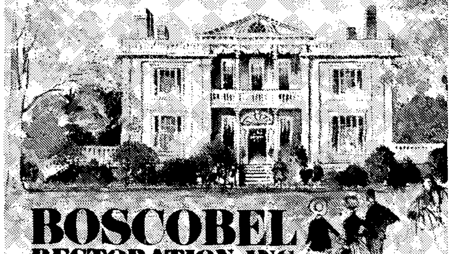

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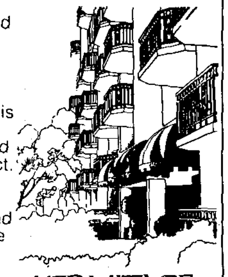

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nishes knives only on the chance that some diner might want to slice up the skin of his baked potato.

"MY mother often says I'm not a real steak eater," I said as we waited for our steaks at Dreisbach's. No colloquy followed. My dinner companions exchanged what I interpreted to be wary glances. Dreisbach's was full, even though it was only about six. We had found ourselves arriving an hour and a half ahead of schedule, despite a stop at a café in Wahoo whose chocolate-chip cookies Smith admires and a tour at the Stuhr Museum of the Prairie Pioneer and a slowdown to practically a dead stop at every railway crossing so that Smith could demonstrate to Morisseau the difficulty any innocent citizen out for a drive has in crossing the Union Pacific tracks without breaking an axle. Dreisbach's had turned out to be a huge, windowless brick restaurant hidden in a string of franchise joints along a double-lane just on the edge of Grand Island. A plaque in the lobby indicated an Award of Excellence for Bread and Rolls from the Wheat Division of the State Department of Agriculture. I was put off a bit by a subheading under "Soups" on the menu that said "Heinz Individual," but I was cheered by the sight of the other diners in the room—mostly families, with a pleasant absence of either Big Shots or Tough Guys.

The steak did look like something between a softball and a lump. I rather enjoyed it, even though the waitress had acknowledged that it had been broiled with gas, not charcoal.

"Well," I said to the attorneys as I finished the last of it, "I've tasted worse steaks."

"That is not exactly the response we were looking for," Morisseau said.

"Your trouble is that Omaha is not Kansas City," I said. I felt qualified to speak on the subject since, by chance, Kansas City is my home town.

"Omaha's not a lot of places," Fenner said, taking on a wistful, Crisfield's sort of expression.

"Well," Morisseau said, "at least you can come out here and eat steak without having someone shove cold spaghetti under your nose." Midwesterners are noted for making the best of any situation. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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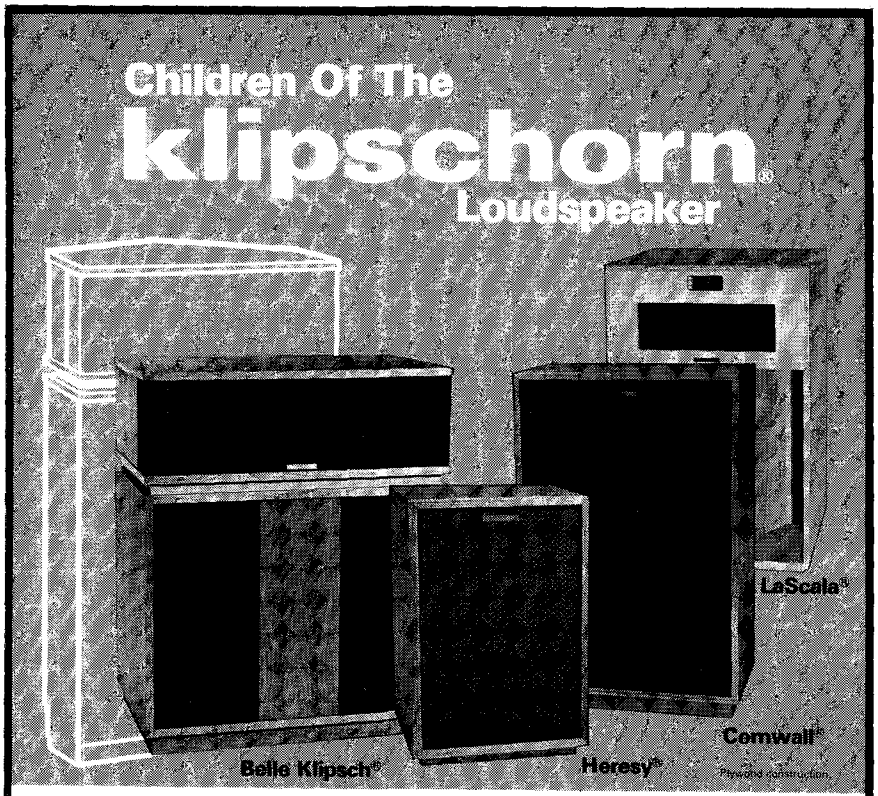

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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Surprise

NEARLY ON TIME, a gray colt carrying only 103 pounds, which included Steve Cauthen, splashed his way through a driving rainstorm to win the Whitney Handicap at Saratoga Springs on Saturday afternoon. Twenty or so lengths behind him, Forego, who carried 136 pounds, finished last in the field of seven. Saratoga is noted for its upsets, but this was a big one. Nearly on Time, a three-year-old by Pollux out of Nearly a Monarch, had won only twice in eight tries this season, and had no mud form, but he took the track and was never headed in the nine furlongs, winning by four and a half lengths from American History, with Dancing Gun third. The time was $1{:}49\tfrac{2}{5}$. The first reaction of the crowd of 28,819, most of whom had backed Forego at 4–5, was that the big fellow was over the hill. But Shoemaker, who rode him, said, "He simply never seemed to get hold of the track as he should have." Later, Frank Whiteley put the blame for Forego's dull effort on the heat wave the Spa has been having. "He hates hot weather," the trainer said. "He should improve as the weather gets cooler." Needless to say, there will be more letters from bleeding hearts protesting high weights in handicaps. We haven't seen the last of Forego.

The meeting, which will close on August 27th, opened with a bang on Monday: a crowd of twenty thousand, nine lively races, and one winning favorite. And Cauthen had a spill. Happily, he escaped with a shaking up. It happened in the fifth race, when his mount, Chairmanship, made a misstep on the turn into the stretch and fractured a shoulder. The colt had to be put down. Cauthen rode again in the seventh race. The Schuylerville Stakes for two-year-old fillies again had the place of honor. L'Alezane, whom Jean-Louis Levesque had brought down from Canada, where she won her last three starts, led throughout the six furlongs and beat Akita, winner of the Astoria at Belmont last month, by a nose. L'Alezane, a chestnut, is by Dr. Fager out of Northern Willow, by Northern Dancer, and Mr. Levesque gave $101,000 for her at the Fasig-Tipton sales a year ago.

The midweek event was the Test Stakes—the prep for the classic Alabama Stakes next Saturday—which was split and run in two divisions. In the first, Small Raja, sweeping past the leaders in the stretch, rolled home by six lengths in $1{:}21\tfrac{4}{5}$ for the seven furlongs; in the second, Northern Sea beat Northernette (both are by Northern Dancer) by three-quarters of a length. Our Mims will be the favorite for the Alabama, but Small Raja might be something to think about.

The Saratoga clubhouse has a new look. The stand has been lengthened by a hundred feet and has been given a more impressive entrance. There is much more room on the veranda for patrons who come to lunch and remain at their tables for the rest of the afternoon. Horses are still saddled under the trees in the huge paddock, as they always have been, but there are changes there, too. For one, the old shed where trainers saddled on rainy days is gone. In its place is a building with sixty mutuel windows. It's easier to get a bet down nowadays.

FOR THE RECORD: The Monmouth Invitational brought out seven runners at the Jersey track last Saturday, and Affiliate won it by a length from Don Sebastian. Iron Constitution was third. Silver Series, the favorite, did not like the track. —AUDAX MINOR

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ASSEMBLY OF CHAIRS 194 AND 242

1) Place the chair sides, as delivered, on a low table with their feet pointing towards yourself; one side on top of the other, but the foot of the lower side a few centimetres closer to the edge of the table than the other one.

2) Screw the seat stretcher (with the guarantee badge) tightly onto the lower chair side.

3) Turn the chair sides upside down, and screw the seat stretcher onto the other, now lower, chair side, simultaneously pressing the upper foot firmly forward towards yourself and downwards by means of the back of your head. Steer at the same time the seat stretcher by means of your right, alternately your left hand. The lower chair side must rest planely on the table.

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5) Turn the chair backside up and the unassembled side towards yourself.

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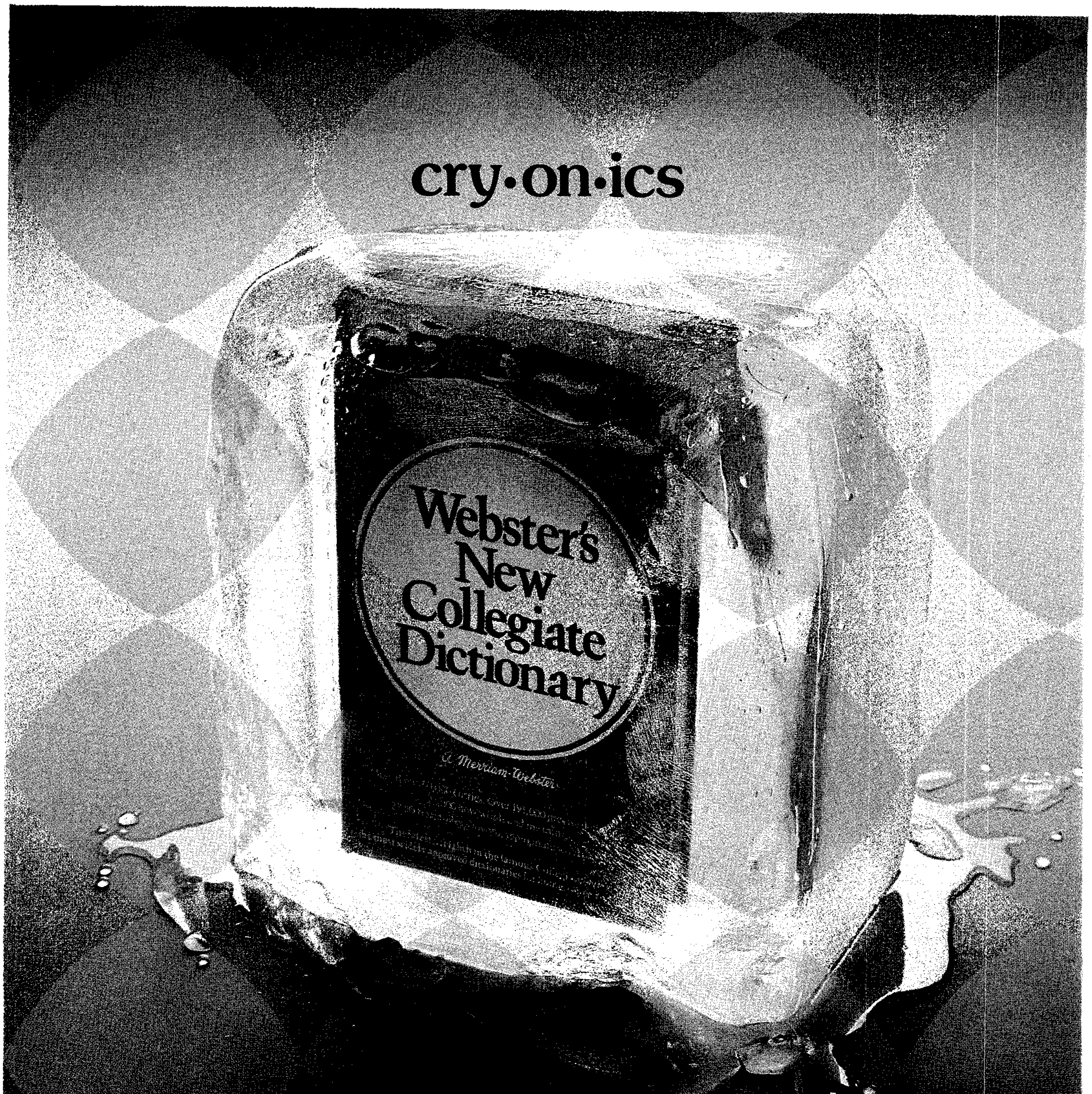

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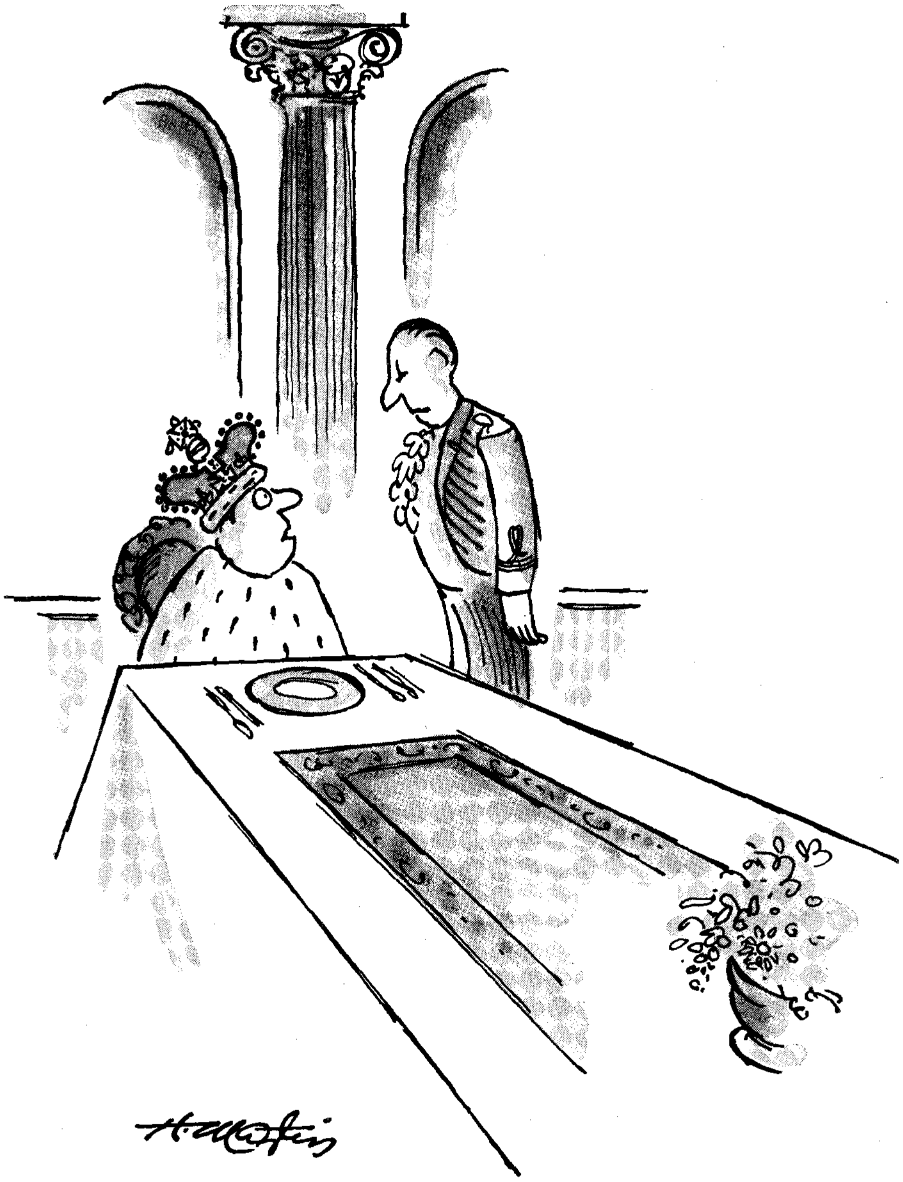
BOOKS

Unsentimental Education

IT is one of the responsibilities of the novel to chronicle small desolations. These are sold short in that harsh artifice of selective recall we set down as history. Whose birthday party was cancelled by the fires that leaped over Troy? Who, on the Friday after Robespierre's execution, paid the laundress who had kept the great man's linens starched? What notes of felicitation, bitingly missed, what letters of condolence waited for by the hurt, impatient heart went to oblivion in the mailbags of the Titanic? In the troves and vestiges of Pompeii, it is the form of a dog, wide-eyed with terror, still chained to his post, that numbs the spirit. The skein of experience is woven of these threads, of the immemorial weight of the particular—the appointments never kept because of some sovereign irrelevance (what breakfasts stood uneaten, what gardens untended on St. Bartholomew's Day?), the toys on the palace floor, the frocks worn only once before becoming the legacy of the wind. Of all remembrancers, the novelist is most entirely pledged to the mystery of private being. For the novelist, as "The Charterhouse of Parma" teaches us, the momentary vertigo and imperceptions of Fabrice equal—indeed, outweigh—the rhetorical immensities of the Battle of Waterloo. (What, on that June evening, became of the special hand lotion the Emperor invariably carried in his ormolu toilet kit?)

In this private world, the European novel assigns a dominant place to the individual's school years. This is one of the key aspects that distinguish it from American fiction. School can be important in the American saga. In the European scenario, it will, more often than not, be decisive. The Dickens world is rooted in the schoolroom; it is there that we first meet Charles Bovary and the adolescent demons of Gide and Robert Musil's tortured cadet Törless and the dream addict of "Le Grand Meaulnes." In the old order of Europe, schools were so masterful (in certain corners of French and British society they still are) that they did not so much form the child as hammer him into the shape, resilient or contorted, that he would retain throughout his existence. What the bleached portico is to Greek tragic drama, what the sudden wood in which the wanderer gets lost is to the Renaissance epic, the classroom, the ominous corridor, the walled strip of school gravel are to the classic European novel. The campaigns for captainship or survival waged there far outweigh the triviality of public Armageddon. Read, if your stomach is strong, "Tom Brown's School Days" or, for a modern instance, Montherlant's "La Ville Dont le Prince Est un Enfant." Look, where they are still standing, at the caryatids, Art Deco portals, aulae, prefects' rooms, *cours d'honneur*—none of these has any equivalent in the dictionary or substance of the American school—of those mints of men which made up the nineteenth- and earlier-twentieth-century German *Gymnasium* or French *lycée*.

The Karl Alexander Gymnasium in Stuttgart dates back to 1521. Latin began to be conjugated there, to the metronome beat of the *Magister's* ferule, in the year in which Luther stood before the Holy Roman Emperor. In 1932, Hans Schwarz is sitting on one of its benches, fighting the drag of sleep in the musty odor of forty damp winter overcoats. Germany has suffered defeat and revolution. We are in "Blue Angel" country, and the teachers are, as they have been for centuries, omnipotent eunuchs, risible idols with brusque powers of destruction. A new boy is brought in—this moment being itself one of the ritual trials, one of the moves of oracular ceremony in the European imagination and novel. (Remember Charles Bovary and his ludicrous cap?) The Newcomer—he is designated by a capital letter, just as the unknown paladin entering the tournament lists is designated by a mysterious blazon—is almost uncannily elegant, poised, and apart. He is Konradin, Graf von Hohenfels. In 1190, one Hildebrandt von Hohenfels



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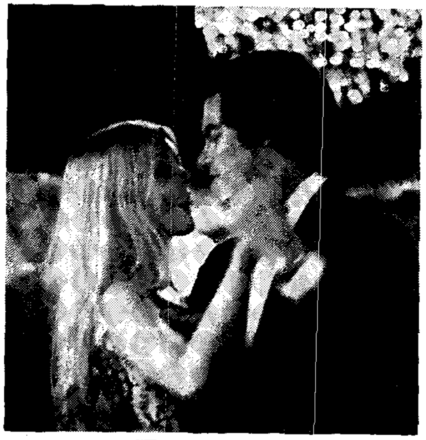
drowned while trying to save Frederick Barbarossa from a torrent in Asia Minor. Waldemar von Hohenfels fell in the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig in 1813. Two brothers died in the Franco-Prussian War, another member of the family at Verdun. In a Hohenfels, privacy is history. Hans Schwarz, too, has ancestors, but "how was one to know where they had come from?—Kiev or Wilna, Toledo or Valladolid? In what derelict graves between Jerusalem and Rome, Byzantium and Cologne were their bones rotting? Could one be sure they had not been here before the Hohenfels?" Anyway, who cares? For Hans Schwarz there is only one obsessive need: to capture Konradin's attention, to make a friend of him. "*Eines Freundes Freund zu sein* [To be the friend of one's friend]," says Schiller, defining the high, radiant goal of men's felicity.

Fred Uhlman's "Reunion" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is the story of a friendship. The alchemy of recognition takes place, and from that day on the two boys are inseparable. "There was our common interest in books and poetry, our discovery of art, the impact of Post Impressionism and Expressionism, the theatre, the opera." Such friendship transmuted the seasons and the light of day: "Sometimes we went to the Black Forest where the dark woods, smelling of mushrooms and the tears of amber-coloured mastic, were threaded through by trout streams with sawmills on their banks. Sometimes we wandered on as far as the mountain tops and in the bluish distance one could see the valley of the quick-flowing Rhine, the lavender-blue Vosges and the spire of Strassburg cathedral." German has a word for such adolescent friendships: *Schwärmerei*, the self-bestowal, the inebriation of Eros before it becomes selfish and carnal. "The next few months were the happiest of my life"—and it is almost impossible to believe that Fred Uhlman is not setting down autobiography.

In the empyrean there is a cloud no larger than a man's fist. Hans has often had Konradin in his house. The invitation has not been reciprocated. But then the wonder happens: the griffin-mounted gates open. "The time passed incredibly quickly and when two hours later, I left, I had neither missed his parents nor particularly considered that they might have been away from home." Bliss was it in those dawns to be alive, and together. Furtwängler comes to Stuttgart to conduct "Fidelio." (In the soaring rush of that



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prospect, how can Hans believe, even for an instant, that the photograph glimpsed in Konradin's house is of the lunatic Austrian rabble-rouser with the inane mustache?) During the intermission, the Hohenfels family sweep majestically through the foyer. Goaded by infernal doubt, Hans stands in their path. Will Konradin greet him? Will he at last introduce his closest friend to his parents? "No escape was possible. Then five yards, then four separated us. Suddenly he saw me, he smiled, his right hand went up to his lapel as if he wanted to remove a speck of dust—and they had passed by." Of such minutiae are cataclysms wrought. When explanation follows, it has a fatal banality. The Countess detests Jews. She loathes the very thought of her son's improper friendship: "And if you want the whole truth: I've had to fight for every hour I've spent with you; and the worst of all: I didn't dare talk to you last night because I didn't want to hurt you. No, my dear friend, you have no right to reproach me, no right whatever, I tell you."

After that, the hideous events in the outside world are merely a confirmation and an epilogue. The boots come hammering down familiar streets, and the blood-red flags flower among window boxes. Hans Schwarz's schoolmates turn to verse: "Little Yid—where will you be? Joining the Jews in Australie?" No, but in New York, with relatives who will arrange for him to complete his schooling. Dr. and Mrs. Schwarz stay behind. Germany is their beloved Fatherland; they had long before rejected what they regarded as the lunacy of Zionism. Anyway, the sudden torches in the night and the tinkle of broken glass are only temporary symptoms. Konradin's farewell letter is positive on this very point:

> I can't see any reason why you shouldn't come back later. Germany needs people like you and I am convinced that the Führer is perfectly able and willing to choose between the good and the undesirable Jewish elements. . . . I am glad your parents have decided to stay here. Of course nobody will molest them and they can live and die here in peace and security.

Now some thirty years have passed, and Mr. Schwarz is a successful lawyer whose apartment windows overlook Central Park. The Karl Alexander Gymnasium and the Palais Hohenfels have been reduced to rubble. But an appeal arrives, out of the blue, for a war memorial to the boys of the *Gymnasium* who fell in the Second World War. The appeal encloses a little book of names. How had they

William Humphrey
FARTHER OFF FROM HEAVEN

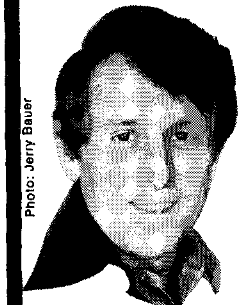
Photo: Jerry Bauer

The critics hail **the power and beauty*** of this **incandescent**** memoir in which the distinguished novelist, author of *Home from the Hill, The Ordways* and *Proud Flesh* remembers his small-town Texas boyhood

"Vibrantly beautiful... powerfully nostalgic in its strength of feeling and its keen sense of beauty in the commonplace... Humphrey treasures and savors the memory of every private moment shared with the father he lost." —Larry Swindell, Philadelphia Inquirer

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The New Yorker hails "This fine book, [this memoir] shaped by a searching imagination and the perceptive and dramatic skills of a novelist."

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"With his sinewy story, William Humphrey has fathered new lives for his parents—lovely again and lasting now." —Reynolds Price, N.Y. Times Book Review

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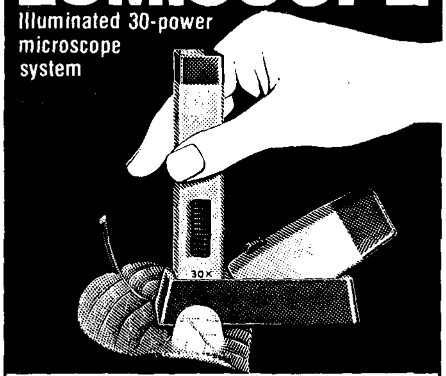

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got Mr. Schwarz's address? How had they found out "that a thousand years ago I had been 'one of them' "? (For those who experienced and survived the Reich, it had indeed, as Hitler boasted, lasted a thousand years, perhaps more.)

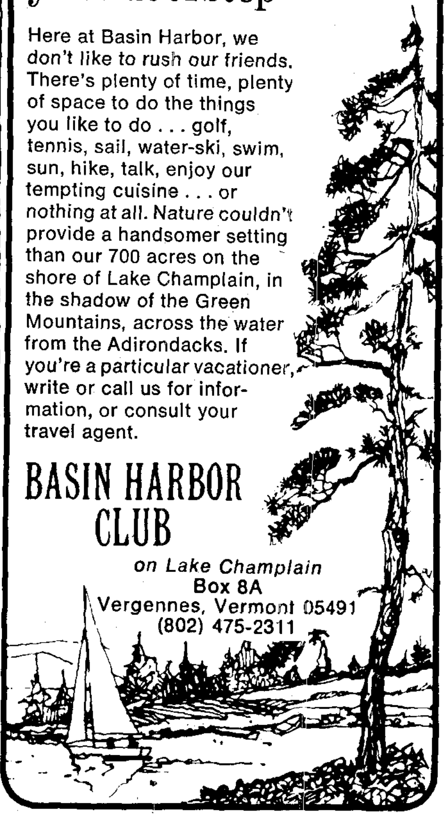
In his introductory note, Arthur Koestler judges Mr. Uhlman's novella to be a "minor masterpiece," and minor only in respect of its size and of the key in which it is composed. Hundreds of bulky tomes have been written about the long night of the Holocaust, "yet I sincerely believe," says Koestler, "that this slim volume will find its lasting place on the shelves." One sees why this opinion is offered. Fred Uhlman is a painter, and writes with an utterly unself-conscious sobriety. He is not attempting to be stylish. The compulsions here are those of an anguish presumably long-harbored and refined by irony. There is in this tale something of Turgenev's mastery over the pains that time has not healed but has made somehow luminous and creative in recollection. It is the end that betrays the teller and his story. We see it coming, and wince.

Mr. Schwarz reads the long catalogue of violent death: "missing in Russia," "dead, grave unknown." Four hundred names pounded to muck in the Russian wastes or choked in the sands of Africa. Schwarz avoids the letter "H." He makes phone calls, dictates a few letters: "And still I couldn't either let the appeal alone or force myself to look up the one name that haunted me." Finally, steeling himself, trembling in body and soul, he turns to the talismanic entry. Von Hohenfels, Konradin: "implicated in the plot to kill Hitler. *Executed*."

It is not merely that this O. Henry stroke fails in itself—too easy, too obvious. It is that its implications go against the grain of the whole narrative. Has Konradin's wretched end—the so-called traitors who engaged in the July 20th attempt on the Führer's life were done to death like dogs—cancelled the long debt? Are we meant to imagine that Konradin's motives were somehow related to the earlier savageries visited on Hans Schwarz and his kind? Mr. Uhlman knows better. In the officers' plot there were strong elements of just that extreme nationalism and pride of caste on which Hitler had played so successfully. The aristocrats of the officer corps finally acted—feebly, too late—in outraged decorum. Corporal Hitler nauseated them.

Nonetheless, this is a distinguished, rare piece of writing. Koestler speaks

No need to
hurry... it's all at
your doorstep



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of its sadness and aftertaste as Mozartean. Within its modest bounds, it tells of worlds extinct and of the very high price paid by every man and woman who has chosen or been thrust into the exile of survival. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

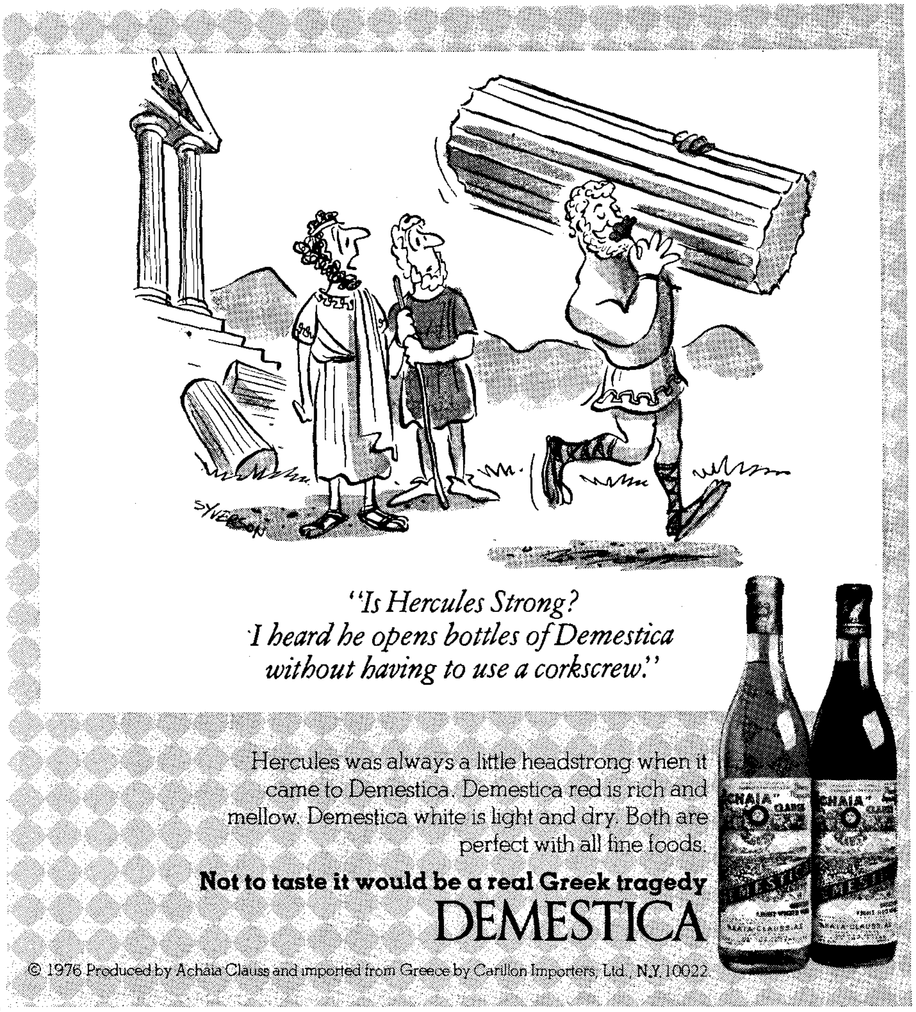
FICTION

KITH, by P. H. Newby (Little, Brown; $7.95). A strange, harrowing, hilarious story of love and lust set in Cairo in 1941 (on the eve of El Alamein), involving a callow young English Army private and his officer uncle's young Egyptian wife, and remembered—with pain, bewilderment, and joy—some thirty years later by the English lover. The theme here is the romantic temperament and the shifting, equivocal nature of the past. "If youth knew; if age could," the aging David Cozens muses. "What that leaves out is that age can forget. The experience of youth becomes remote and implausible. . . . There must have been anchorites at the end of long lives who were uneasy about the mortifications of the flesh they had practiced when young. Had it all really been necessary?" Mr. Newby, as always, is a magnificently straight-faced comedian.

THE ASHANTI DOLL, by Francis Bebey, translated from the French by Joyce A. Hutchinson (Lawrence Hill; $6.50). A good-natured, if somewhat flat and disjointed, novel about the changing society of Ghana. The story focusses on a beautiful young Ashanti marketwoman and her thorny romance with a handsome civil servant, and it touches on such various aspects of Ghanaian life as the style of its parliamentarians (very windy), relations between the country's literate and illiterate classes (very touchy), and the temperament of the marketwomen of Accra (very volatile and boisterous). Mr. Bebey, who lives in Paris, where he has worked for UNESCO, obviously feels a great deal of sympathy for his characters, but he doesn't give them enough flesh and blood to make the reader care about them one way or another.

GENERAL

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, by F.S.L. Lyons (Oxford; $20). The author, who is provost of Trinity College, Dublin, is a specialist in nineteenth-century Irish political history, and his biography is not only scrupulous but topical, for the life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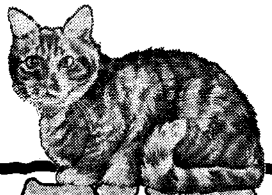
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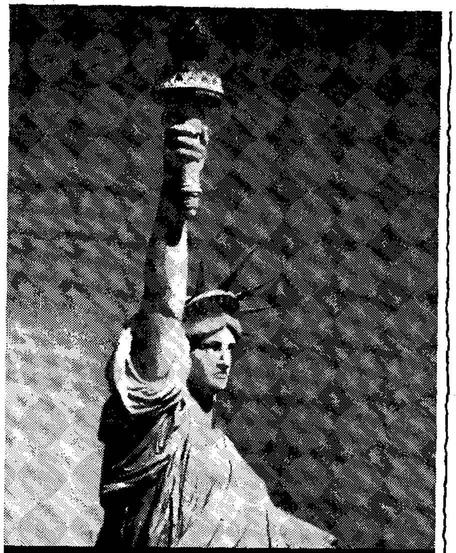

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and times of Ireland's eminent political leader (1846-91) illuminate the present; the complexity and, above all, the intractability of Irish problems are an old, old story. Parnell's political genius lay in his ability to unite the majority of his politically opinionated countrymen behind his leadership, though he did fail to win Home Rule. The fascination of his life, to be sure, is not merely political, and Mr. Lyons gives a full account of Parnell's passionate, unlucky affair with Mrs. O'Shea. Their romantic intensity is of the period, along with Captain O'Shea's outstanding caddishness, and the way that Gladstone could turn himself into a moral juggernaut. In fact, everybody in this book lived in capital letters, and the reader, absorbed in grand tragedy, forgets at times that it is not opera but history.

THE AUDEN GENERATION: LITERATURE AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND IN THE 1930s, by Samuel Hynes (Viking; $12.50). A year-by-year history of the writings of Auden, Day Lewis, MacNeice, Spender, Isherwood, Orwell, et al., tracing the effects of public events on private sensibilities. Mr. Hynes is concerned primarily with those writers who responded to an apparent crisis of civilization by turning to the political left. Though in this sense the book is not a complete history of literature and politics in England in the nineteen-thirties, it does take in considerable variety—enough variety so that the chronological approach keeps the discussion from having the incisiveness and concentration of Mr. Hynes's previous volume, "Edwardian Occasions." In many writers of the Auden generation, left-wing politics, however misguided they came to seem to the original zealots, were part of an ideology that refreshed the language, and this book is a useful study of the generation's achievement.

NOT ABOVE THE LAW: THE BATTLES OF WATERGATE PROSECUTORS COX AND JAWORSKI, by James Doyle, with an introduction by Anthony Lewis (Morrow; $10.95). *Another* book about Watergate? Yes, and a very good one. The author, who now works for *Newsweek*, was in charge of press relations for the Special Prosecutor's office that was set up in the middle of 1973 under Archibald Cox. Mr. Doyle's involvement with the staff and its work was intimate from the start. He takes us through the famous Saturday Night Massacre, and tells how Cox's tem-

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porarily leaderless army, including Doyle, distrusted Leon Jaworski, how Jaworski overcame that distrust, and why the staff often feared it could trust no agency of the executive. He explains what makes a legal case that will stand up in court (which, in turn, explains why some men were not prosecuted). He tells us why Jaworski did not press for Nixon's indictment, but also records the arguments of those men who thought the President should have been tried.

THE TOTALITARIAN TEMPTATION, by Jean-François Revel, translated from the French by David Hapgood (Doubleday; $8.95). A peppery polemic by a French observer, who states that his own long-range goals for humanity are Socialism and the abolition of the nation-state, and who thinks that capitalism, along with the kind of democracy we have in the United States, is more likely to lead to his utopia than the Soviet or Chinese system. M. Revel writes mainly for his countrymen, and his work gives the impression that almost all France's intellectuals, and perhaps half her politicians, are so besotted by the Soviet Union that they believe not in liberty, equality, and fraternity but in repression, hierarchy, and bureaucracy. Luckily, M. Revel has several voices—denunciation, irony, and humor. (His account of the way Italy is governed, for instance, is very funny.)

THE TUMBLEWEEDS: SOMERSAULTING UP AND OUT OF THE CITY STREETS, by Frederick Johnson (Harper & Row; $10). The author, a social worker, had intended to become an acrobat, but quickly found that he disliked the business side of show biz. He started working his way through college in 1953 as an assistant at a Police Athletic League center on West Seventy-ninth Street, which served a Puerto Rican ghetto, and he decided to teach the youngsters some of his tricks. Mr. Johnson found five boys between the ages of ten and thirteen who showed unusual aptitude for tumbling and acrobatics, and he coached them in an act—not, at first, with a view to turning them into professional performers but just to give them some pride. This project led the author to a much more intimate acquaintance with the barrio than he would ordinarily have had, and he is able to tell us, vividly and unsentimentally, about the background from which his quintet

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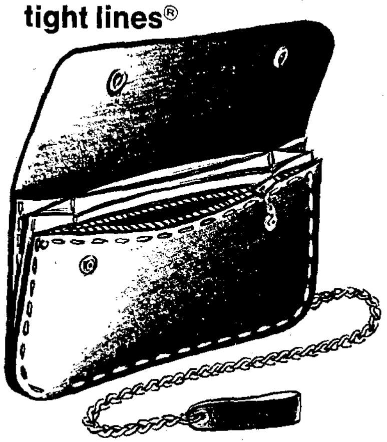

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emerged. The group did turn pro for a while, but the act fell apart as the young men pursued diverse paths. Mr. Johnson kept up with his protégés, and the book comes down to the present. It is a success story—most of the former tumblers are in the white-collar world.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CRIMINAL MISCHIEF, by Paul Chevigny (Pantheon; $7.95). A densely convoluted crime novel about a band of young New York radicals (the SoHo Six) who decide that the brutalities of a vicious police officer are sufficient to justify his assassination, and at once find themselves perilously and helplessly over their heads in trouble. Mr. Chevigny, an experienced criminal lawyer and a former staff counsel to the New York Civil Liberties Union, steps nimbly and entertainingly through the legal and ethical considerations involved in their starry-eyed conspiracy, and he deals with great sureness with the actualities of precinct station and courtroom. He also manages to give the young conspirators a satisfactory substance. But his convolutions, as so often happens in novels of this kind, are finally too much for him, and the dénouement is lame and tiring.

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Correction

In FR Doc. 77-11113 appearing at page 19934 in the issue for Friday, April 15, 1977, in the second line of the footnote at the bottom of the first column, "there is no reasonable indication" should have read "there is not no reasonable indication."—*Federal Register, Vol. 42, No. 84.*

Why can't people get things right the first time!

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

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From Miss Mary Stanford

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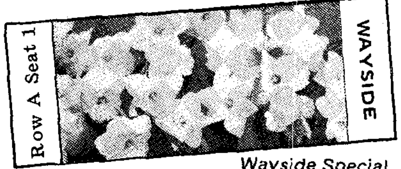

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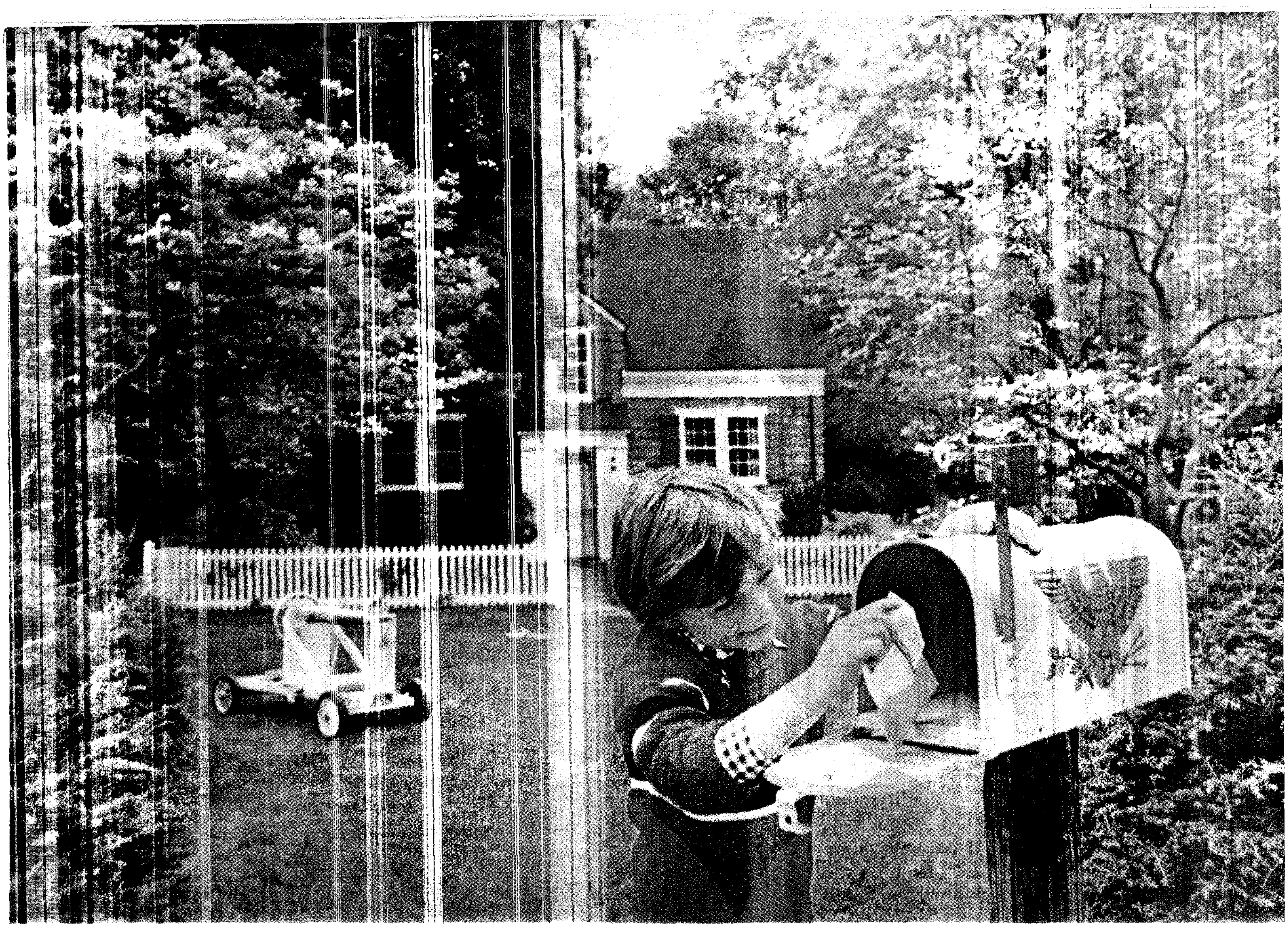

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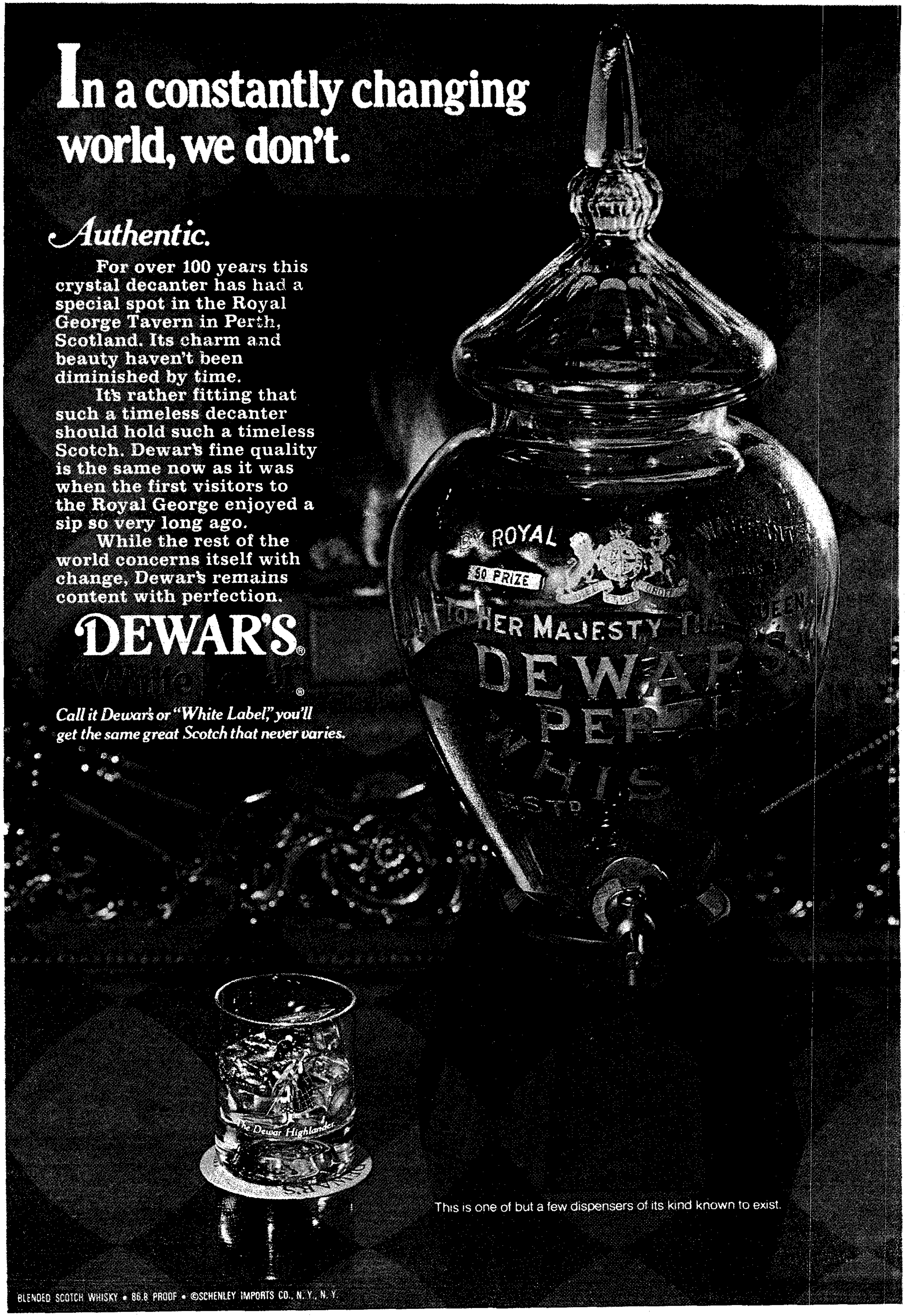

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